Collier's

JULY 30, 1949
15¢

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

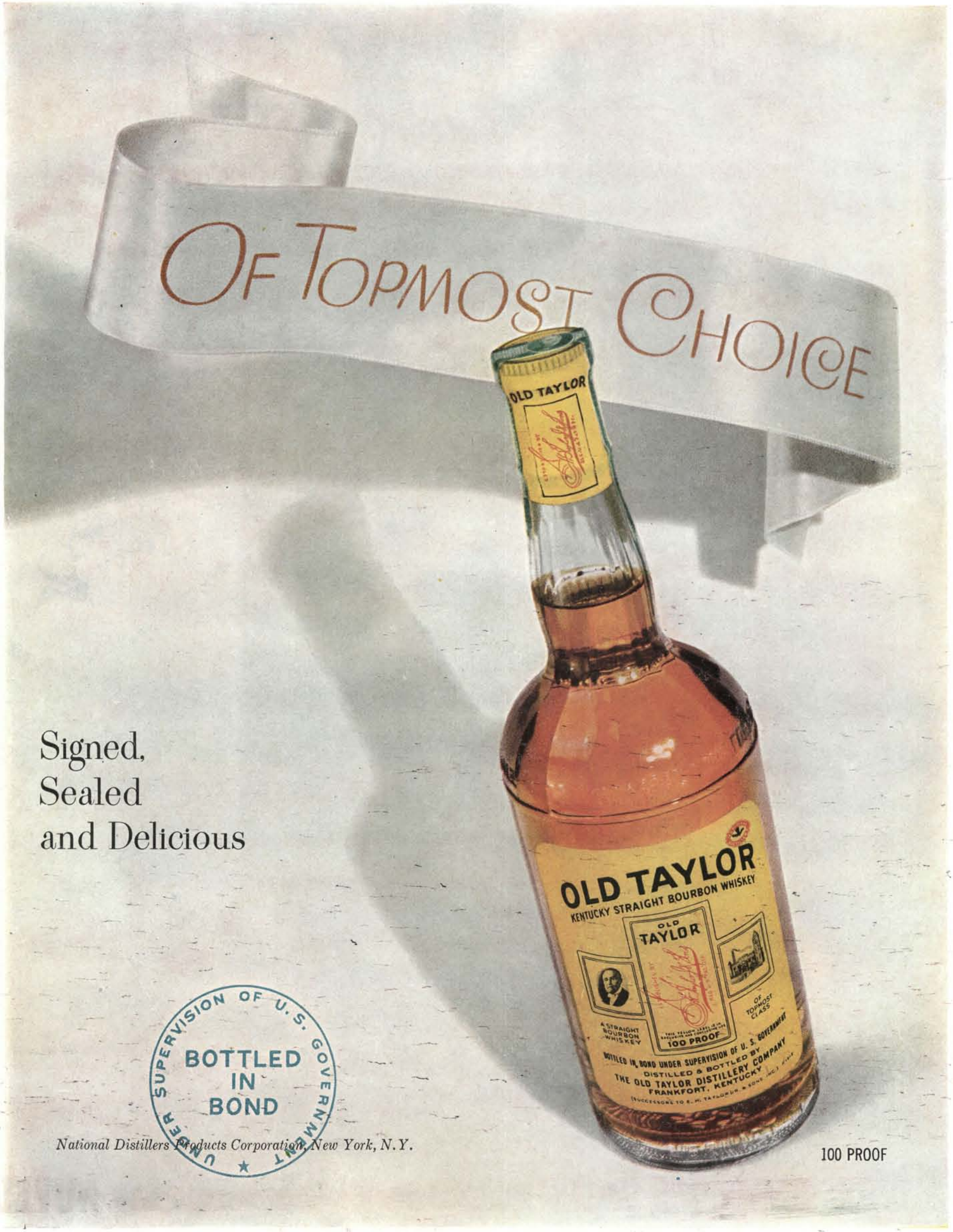
MY PAL, DREW PEARSON
By Robert S. Allen

A GAY NEW NOVEL
By R

Jly 30
949

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 8h538
R
19AU50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Signed,
Sealed
and Delicious

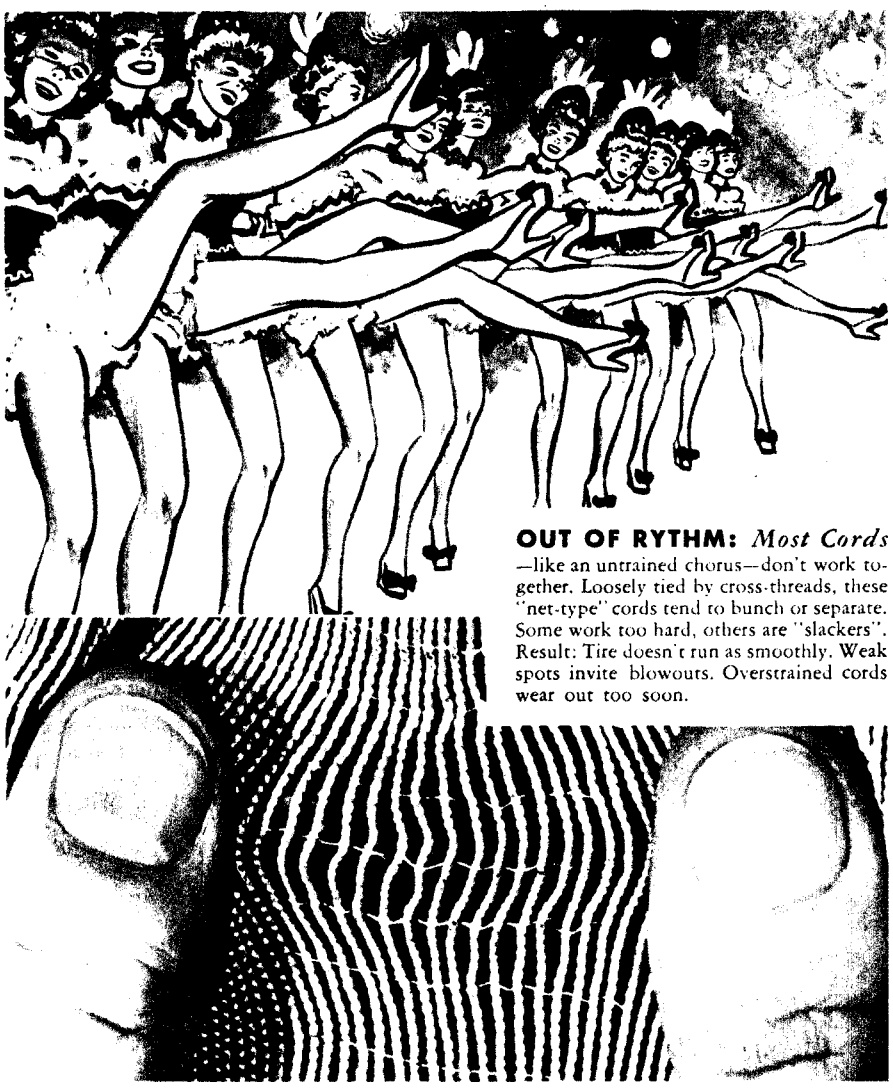
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y.

100 PROOF

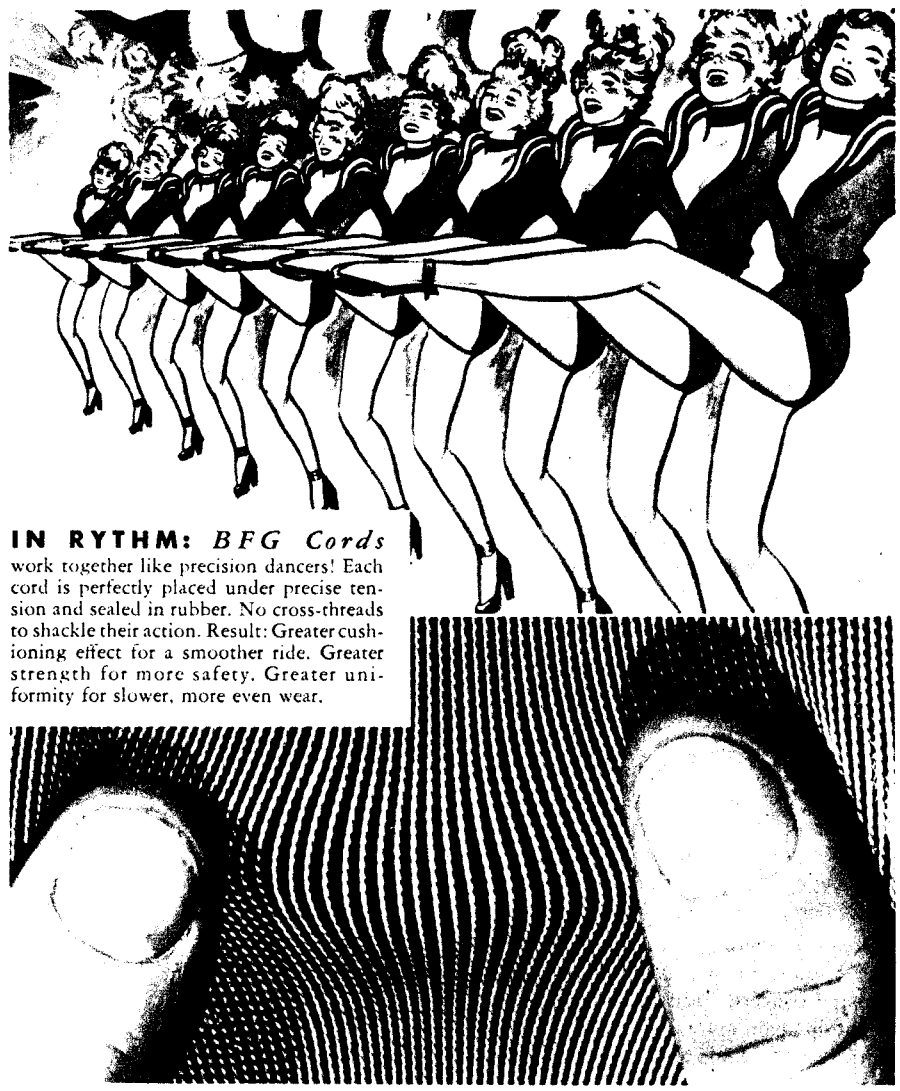
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New B.F.Goodrich *"Rythm Ride"*

GIVES YOU GREATER COMFORT, SAFETY, MILEAGE



OUT OF RYTHM: *Most Cords* —like an untrained chorus—don't work together. Loosely tied by cross-threads, these "net-type" cords tend to bunch or separate. Some work too hard, others are "slackers". Result: Tire doesn't run as smoothly. Weak spots invite blowouts. Overstrained cords wear out too soon.



IN RYTHM: *BFG Cords* work together like precision dancers! Each cord is perfectly placed under precise tension and sealed in rubber. No cross-threads to shackle their action. Result: Greater cushioning effect for a smoother ride. Greater strength for more safety. Greater uniformity for slower, more even wear.

"RYTHMIC FLEXING CORDS" MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

A tire body is built of thousands of cords that flex as you ride. If they don't work together you lose comfort, safety, miles—*and in most tires they don't!*

In most tires, cords are loosely held together by cross-threads. They bunch or gap. Some are too tight, others too loose. With cords "out-of-step", the tire doesn't run as smoothly. Overstrained cords wear out too soon. Spots where cord and thread meet ask for trouble.

Now a great advance in cord construction brings you the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown with "Rythm Ride"—with more of *all* 3 things you want in a tire . . . comfort, safety, miles!

GREATER COMFORT Shackling cross-threads are eliminated. Cords are perfectly spaced, under uniform tension, and *sealed* in live rubber. As a result, *all cords in a BFG Silvertown work in perfect unison!* As you ride, the cords flex *in rythm* to absorb each bump. There's more cushioning effect. *You get a smoother ride.*

EXTRA SAFETY *You get extra safety* because every cord carries its share of the load. Less chance of blowouts. No "slacker" cords to weaken the tire body. *You get extra miles.*

LONGER MILEAGE Visit your B. F. Goodrich dealer and *see* this great difference in tires. Get the B. F. Goodrich "Rythm Ride". Get more comfort, safety—*miles!* Extra miles from the stronger cord body. Extra miles from the tread that now contains the new longer-mileage cold rubber—pioneered by B. F. Goodrich in 1941.

Only B. F. Goodrich gives you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every purpose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

JUDY VAN
GARLAND · JOHNSON

"IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME"

"CUDDLES"
S. Z. SAKALL · SPRING BYINGTON

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Written for the Screen by Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and Ivan Tors

From a Screenplay by Samson Raphaelson and a Play by Miklos Laszlo

Directed by.....ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by.....JOE PASTERNAK

The novelists have been trying to write the perfect American novel. The movies have been trying to make the perfect American picture. We know there are a lot of candidates, but this month's picture is our Number One contender. It's a musical—but what is America without music? In case you think we've gone overboard—you're right.

"In The Good Old Summertime", which we've just seen in a preview, is a knockout. It is impossible to conceive how a movie could have more freshness, more gaiety and, oddly enough, despite its turn-of-the-century atmosphere, more up-to-the-minuteness.

Of course there are horse-drawn trolleys, bicycles-built-for-two, lakeside picnics and the band concert! Even as we write we are caught up again in a wave of nostalgia. Delightful images come flashing by—in Technicolor. "In The Good Old Summertime" has all the charm, all the rollicking fun of "Meet Me In St. Louis", its legitimate ancestor. But it has one thing more—a better story. And it has a little more bounce.

Judy Garland is even better than she was in "Easter Parade", and Van Johnson always was good—but is surprisingly good in this one. It's the most whistleable picture we've ever seen. You've heard many of the songs before, but you wouldn't have a new one for anything in the world. Incidentally, they're available on M-G-M Records.

In addition to the stars, Judy Garland and Van Johnson, there are Spring Byington, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall, Clinton Sundberg, and a brilliant and beautiful violinist, Marcia Van Dyke. They're all entertaining . . . they create a rhythm that you like. Good dialogue, excellent direction by Robert Z. Leonard, and producer Joe Pasternak has kept an eye on his rare and exciting package.

"In The Good Old Summertime" is our tootsie-wootsie!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

JOHN DENSON, *Managing Editor* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
JOHN CONNER, *Assistant Managing Editor* GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*

Associate Editors · EDMUND ANTROBUS · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN · GERTRUDE BUCKMAN · HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL · W. B. COURTNEY · BILL DAVIDSON · JAMES C. DERIEUX · BRUCE DOWNES · WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · WILLIAM HILLMAN · DAVID MANESS · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · FAITH McNULTY · FRANK D. MORRIS · JOHN C. PELLEW · COLLIE SMALL · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

July 30, 1949

ARTICLES

My Pal, Drew Pearson.....ROBERT S. ALLEN 14
Richest Man in the Cemetery.....HOWARD WHITMAN 17
It Happened in Mississippi.....QUENTIN REYNOLDS 19
Voyage of the Pagan: One Man's Struggle with the Sea.....
(PART TWO OF THREE PARTS) JOHN CALDWELL 24
I Cover the Animals.....JOHN O'REILLY 28
The Surprising Mr. Jessup.....BILL DAVIDSON 32
It's in the Cards.....BRADLEY SMITH AND BOOTON HERNDON 34
Marvelous Mel—Pitcher with a Bat.....BILL FAY 42
Green-Eyed Movie Madcap.....COLLIE SMALL 46

FICTION

The Legal Bride.....ROBERT CARSON 11
(PART ONE OF SIX PARTS)
Bitter Honey.....SHEILA SPENCER 18
Everyone Needs a Pet.....RODERICK LULL 22
Zone of Interior.....JAMES ROSS 26
Just Like I Hate Money.....JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS 30
(CONCLUSION)
The Bells of St. Pierre.....ERIC HATCH 33
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....TANA HOBAN

COLLIER'S The National Weekly Vol. 124, No. 5. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES**: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. **FOR PAN-AMERICAN** countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year. **REMIT** by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. **ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1949, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Week's Mail

Re Blueprint for Disaster

EDITOR: On behalf of our entire membership, I have been directed by our national staff of officers to extend our sincere appreciation for the publication of Walter Winchell's article Blueprint for Disaster (June 18th).

We feel that Mr. Winchell's exposition eloquently covers the great danger of accepting lopsided military judgment where our national defense is at stake.

We seriously question the apparent judgment of the Air Force in attempting to wage an atomic war alone. We cannot afford even this one mistake in the next war.

JOSEPH D. PROBST, Military Order of Devil Dogs, Chicago, Ill.

. . . A huge bouquet (orchids, too!) to Collier's. Thanks a million from a vet of World War II—who doesn't want to have to do it again. T. E. GALLIHER, Lupus, Mo.

. . . The founding fathers provided for a unified command of our armed forces when they directed that the President should be the commander in chief. A Secretary of Defense is, in effect, an Assistant President in direct charge of the responsibility thus placed upon the President.

Someone should tell Winchell that Cabinet members, admirals, generals and the like are never impeached; that distinction is reserved for Presidents.

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. Winchell may be technically off base, but his meaning is clear. Under the circumstances he cited he would obviously like to see the officials in question called to account.

. . . As an ex-sergeant of the famous Third Armored I wish to correct Mr. Winchell as to "Patton's Third Armored."

Patton never had anything to do with the running of the Third. The Third was in Hodges' First Army and was commanded by the great soldier's soldier, Major General Maurice Rose, throughout most of the European war. Rose was killed in action toward the latter part of the conflict.

Other than this correction, Winchell's article was great.

Y. B. DREHER, JR., Columbia, S. C.

. . . Winchell's story failed to impress me as cause for alarm. I prefer to have a more learned authority on the military security of the United States and particularly one with a proven combat record before I take Winchell's advice to write my congressman objecting to the policy of the Department of Defense. W. H. KOOPMANN, Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . Blueprint for Disaster is something that should be read not once but twice, and then filed for reference. Its significance is something every American should understand.

L. H. SWINCIKI, San Jose, Cal.

Matter of Taste

EDITOR: Your editorial entitled What Collier's Stands For (June 18th) is worthy of recognition by each and every one of your millions of true American readers. It should have rated the front cover of that issue.

If every magazine and newspaper editor came forward with a similar statement, it would go a long way in showing the various "isms" that we are a united people and know what we are talking about when we say, "I am an American, first, last and always."

GEORGE L. BEST, Kiwanis International, Iron Mountain, Mich.

. . . It is one of the finest pieces of journalism I have read in many a day. It presents a working principle for American security and world peace which we should forever keep in mind. It would do all of us a lot of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

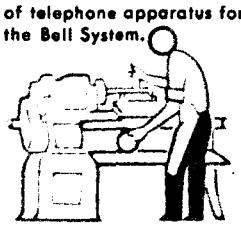
Since telephone operators were boys...

BACK in the early '80's, when central office switchboards were manned by boy operators, Western Electric became the manufacturing unit of the infant Bell Telephone System. This has made sure of a source of good equipment, the kind required to provide dependable and economical telephone service.

Experience has proved the value of this to the public. For the Bell System network has grown vastly complex, yet its billions of parts —old and new—work perfectly together.

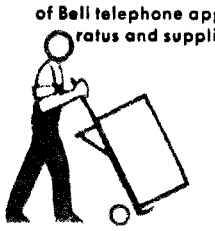
● **As the Bell System network increases, it will continue to provide fine service largely because of the unified way Bell scientists *design*, Western Electric people *produce*, and telephone company people *operate* the equipment — a triple-action with one aim: good telephone service for you at a reasonable price.**

MANUFACTURER
of telephone apparatus for the Bell System.



PURCHASER
of supplies for Bell Telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR
of Bell telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER
of Bell System central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Bedside Favorite!
"Wake-up-to-music" CLOCK-RADIO
A NEW way to wake up is sweeping America—waking to sweet music instead of a jangling alarm! The famous General Electric Clock-Radio wakes you *soothingly, gently!* (If you doze off, it buzzes till you get up!) It also reminds you of important dates, turns on a favorite program any time, *automatically!* Beautiful table radio for round-the-clock pleasure. G-E electric clock. Rich rosewood plastic cabinet. Model 66, only $29.95*
*Ivory plastic cabinet—Model 67, $31.95**
Performance-Engineered at Electronics Park
*Slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.
You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

good to put your editorial in the first person. Your treatment of such a delicate subject is one of the few examples of straight, healthful thinking to come out of our present state of confusion. Keep it up.

JOHN H. THURBER, Norfolk, Nebr.

. . . I liked your editorial What Collier's Stands For (June 18th). This is about as clear a statement of common-sense journalism as I have ever read.

DON BELDING, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Of all the insipid platitudinous editorials I have ever read, your What Collier's Stands For takes the prize.

JEREMIAH C. FINCH,
Castleton on Hudson, N. Y.

He'll Still Take Teaching

EDITOR: After reading A Professor's Widow Speaks (June 18th), it makes me more positive than ever that teaching is right for my husband. He is an ex-G.I., has decided to go back to school and take up teaching.

Is it not up to him, and men and women like him, to carry on the fight for a more substantial wage for teachers in this state? California has money in readiness for more schools and more extensions for schools if it could only procure enough teachers.

I am willing to risk a life on a "teacher's low pay" as it will mean a regular salary every month as compared to some of the less substantial, higher-paying jobs. And if there is a possibility that my husband can help shape the minds of the younger generations to help face life with more assurance and understanding, I will feel that I have not been at all inconvenienced.

MRS. HERMAN PHELPS, Oildale, Cal.

Comments on Commandments

EDITOR: I wish to second the letter written by Halle Cohen who asked that the Ten Commandments be published on a Collier's cover (Week's Mail, June 18th).

I, for one, would hang your cover on a wall where all my family and friends couldn't miss it.

We all need such a constant reminder to help us prevent so many self-made problems. ZADA L. EVANS, Sacramento, Cal.

. . . Halle Cohen has apparently never heard the story about the small-town editor who found himself in need of a space filler. He ran the Ten Commandments without comment. A few days later he received a note saying: "Cancel my subscription. You're getting too damn' personal!"

RUTH E. RENKEL, Elyria, Ohio

They've Written

EDITOR: May we commend you highly for your inspiring and stirring editorial, Make Your Congressman Write *You* a Letter (June 4th). I wish every one in the United States might read and act on this editorial.

We women have felt so strongly along this same line that we have undertaken a nation-wide campaign to get people to express themselves to Congress.

The civics department of The Women's Club of Hinsdale, Illinois, wrote May 11th to their 435 local members and to each state federation president urging action. The Chicago newspapers picked it up and we are being deluged with letters asking for more information.

HELEN F. DAVIDSON, Hinsdale, Ill.

Reluctant Deweyite

EDITOR: Walter Davenport's article The Little Republicans Talk Back (June 18th), was splendid. I am not one of the 180,000 but if I had been I should have informed Mr. Scott I felt Harold Stassen was the man best qualified to become President of the United States.

When he was not nominated, I lost my enthusiasm. Norman Thomas was my second choice among those nominated, since he seemed to have supplied most of the ideas for both major party platforms. But I finally gave Mr. Dewey a reluctant vote.

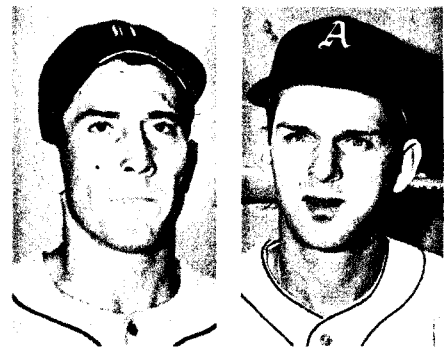
EARL R. CRABBE, Auburn, Cal.

Good Investments, He Says

EDITOR: Stan Frank in his feature on Johnny Groth (Nice Kid in the Big Leagues, June 18th), mentions a number of players that the Detroit Tigers have spent a lot of money on in obtaining. He says that of these players only Hal Newhouser and Hoot Evers were worth the money, while men like Freddy Hutchinson and Barney McCoskey haven't demonstrated that they were worth even an appreciable piece of the money spent on them.

I think that Mr. Frank is grossly incorrect in his assumption that Messrs. Hutchinson and McCoskey haven't paid off. In the past three years Hutchinson has won 45 and lost 33 for the Bengals, a respectable record. Freddy is still only thirty and has several good years left in him. As for McCoskey, he averaged .320 for the Tigers in his five years as a regular with them. Then he was traded to the Athletics in 1940 for the all-league third baseman, George Kell.

ROBERT OBOJSKI, Cleveland, Ohio



Fred Hutchinson **Barney McCoskey**

Commencement Cover

EDITOR: K. Wiggins made one notable error in his high-school graduation cover picture (June 18th)—he has the candidates dressed to receive the bachelor's degree *from a college.* They are wearing black gowns. For high-school graduations the gowns should be gray or blue; black is not worn by high-school graduates.

B. A. AUGHINBAUGH, Columbus, Ohio

Maybe high-school graduates shouldn't *wear black academic costume, but a cap-and-gown manufacturer says that they do.*

. . . Immediately under your high-school graduation cover in bold letters is printed Blueprint for Disaster. The Cool One, by Pat Frank, would have been a more fitting caption. BILL SADVARI, Johnstown, Pa.

. . . Thanks for printing that wonderful June graduation cover. I don't know what high-school auditorium was used as a model, but in every detail, right down to the sheet music of Pomp and Circumstance on the piano, it could have been my own graduation, at Eastern District High School, here in Brooklyn.

Everything was set down so truly and so faithfully—the double line of triumphant, black-robed graduates marching up on stage—the pyramid of small white rolls of paper that meant so much—the skreeky band playing its heart out—the proud, perspiring relatives (you can almost hear their restlessness)—the teachers who are teachers to the last—and even the potted palms.

ELAINE GREENSPAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

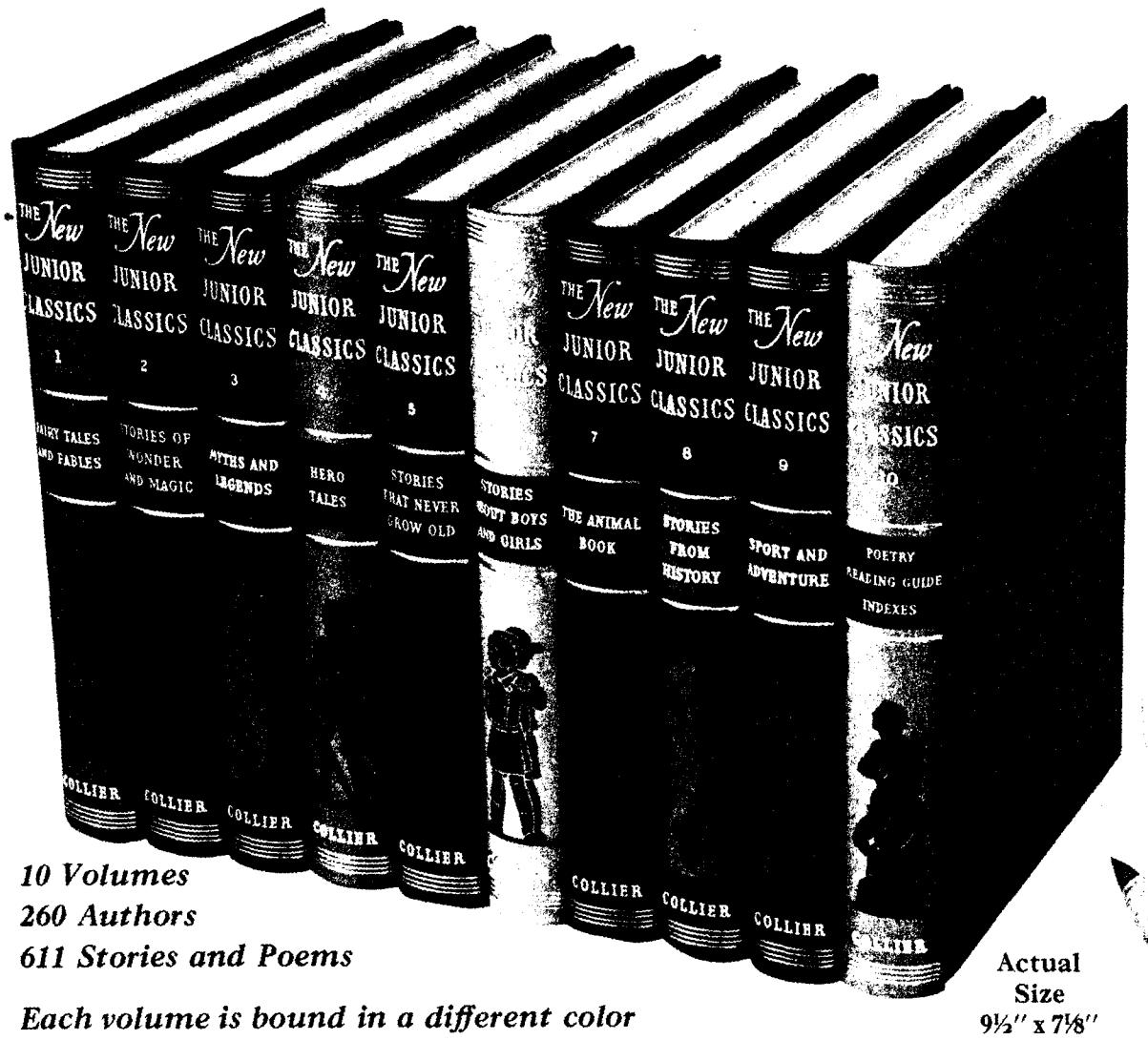
. . . Artist Wiggins' depiction of a high-school graduation impresses me as a travesty in which the hard-working musicians appear to be the only ones taking things seriously.

An occasion which is essentially reverent and decorous should not be distorted into a display of mass bad manners which even humor fails to make palatable.

HARRY J. SMITH, Onaway, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open New Worlds To Your Children



10 Volumes
260 Authors
611 Stories and Poems

Each volume is bound in a different color Fabrikoid producing a beautiful pleasing Rainbow Effect.

Actual Size
9½" x 7⅛"

"Richer than I
you can never be—
I had a Mother
who read to me."

The Reading Mother*

Safer Happier Hours at HOME

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Did you ever have a child ask you to tell him, "Just one more story?" Here in COLLIER'S "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS," you can, by referring to the Index, find a wisely chosen and attractively presented selection suitable to the changing interests of the growing child. The authentic versions of these time-honored stories are illustrated by noted artists, printed in easily readable type on high quality paper. Experience the pleasure of gathering the children about you and sharing with them the joy and fascination to be found in this great collection of juvenile literature.

Selected For Boys And Girls Of Every Age

The JUNIOR CLASSICS have a never-ending appeal to children of all ages. All children whether they read themselves or still must be read to, will find in this set just what they want! For girls there is the charm of such stories as Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and Hans Christian Andersen's universal favorites. Boys will thrill at the deeds of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Poe's "Gold Bug" and Lindbergh's pioneer solo flight across the Atlantic. There are stories in the field of sports, adventure, tales of buccaneers and square-riggers as well as tender, heart-warming animal stories.

A Brighter Tomorrow Is In Store For The Boy Or Girl Who Reads Today

By placing this superb library in a child's hands, parents can stimulate a desire to learn more, aid in developing a creative imagination and lay the foundation for that priceless possession—a retentive memory. It will inspire boys and girls with a love for good books and noble ideals which will remain well into maturity. The child who is brought up with a set of the JUNIOR CLASSICS will be well equipped to go through school with better grades.

No Coaxing Needed When It Comes To Reading These Selections

From these stories and folklore of nations, the growing child will gain knowledge and respect for the thoughts and customs of peoples of other lands. They are like FIRST LESSONS IN DEMOCRACY. This is another reason why the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" has been recommended by School Superintendents, Principals and Teachers and is used by outstanding Juvenile Psychologists and thousands of farsighted Parents!

Progressive Selections Aid In Developing "Reading-Readiness In The Child

The JUNIOR CLASSICS carry forward on a junior level, the policies of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, who said: "Thoughtful parents and teachers, who realize the evils of indiscriminate reading on the part of children, will appreciate the educational value of such a collection." The selections were made by two well-known Librarians, Miss Mabel Williams, Superintendent of Work with Schools in the New York Public Library and Miss Marcia Dalphin, Librarian of the Public Library at Rye, New York. As a result of many years assisting youthful users of library facilities, these experts know firsthand which books children enjoy.

A Reading Child Is A Happy Child

Children who rarely read, are, as a rule, unhappy, frequently quarrelsome, and often backward in their schoolwork. Yet apart from home surroundings, few factors, say Psychologists, so influence a child's future as what he reads. The normal growing child lives in a happy wonderland of fiction, poetry and history. Enjoy the incomparable happiness of watching your child enter fascinating NEW WORLDS and travel through them in the comfort and safety of your own living room.

The 10-Volume "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" comes in two editions—the elaborate De Luxe Edition with over one thousand illustrations in beautiful color or the Popular Edition. Each volume is bound in a different color Fabrikoid with title stamping in 22-karat gold.

Send the coupon for an attractive folder which tells more about the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS". It is sent without obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation a copy of the multi-color broadside on the Junior Classics for my Child, as well as information as to how I can obtain this set under COLLIER'S convenient Budget Plan.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

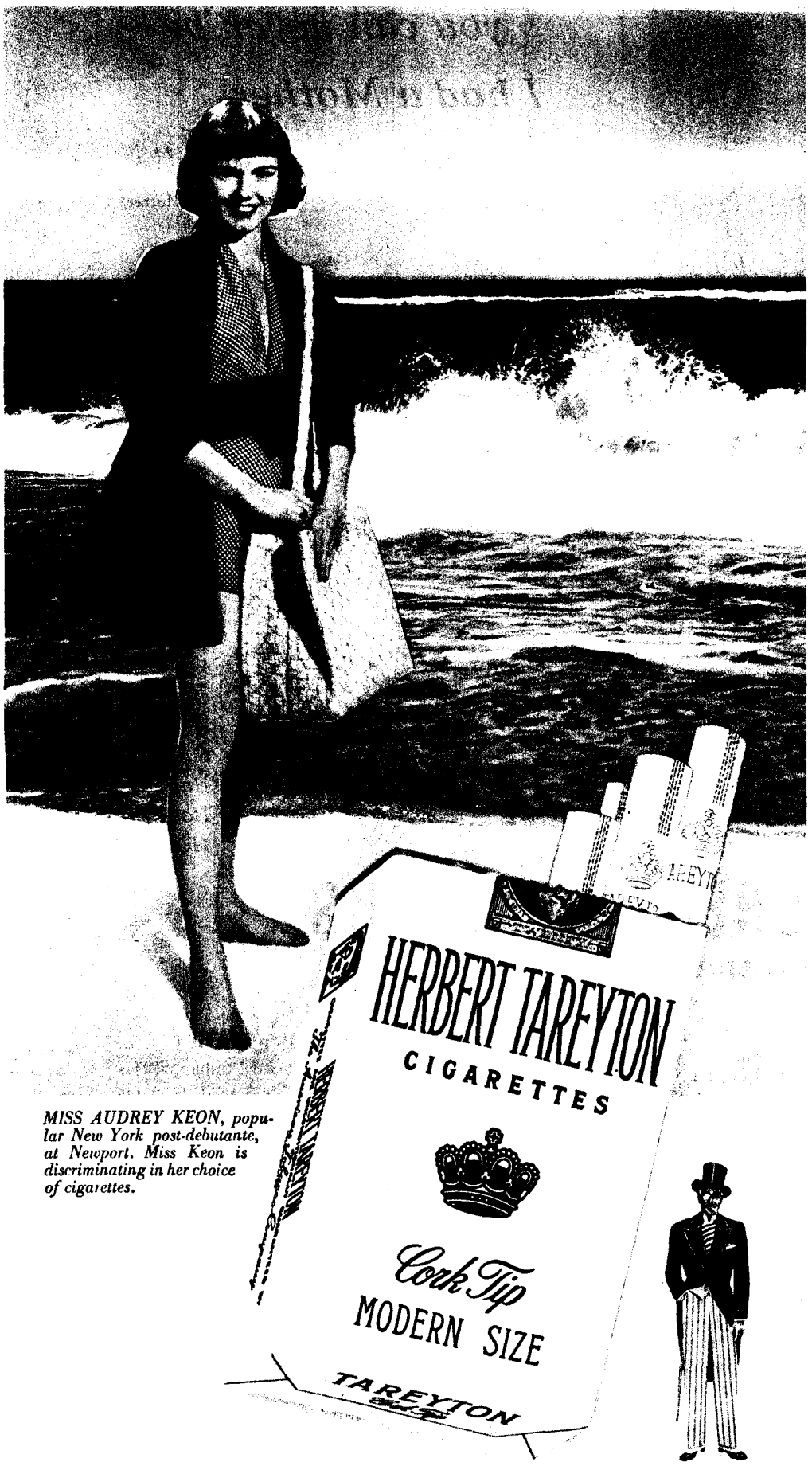
C-16

* POEM BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN—GILLILAN, FINNIGIN & CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MISS AUDREY KEON, popular New York post-debutante, at Newport. Miss Keon is discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

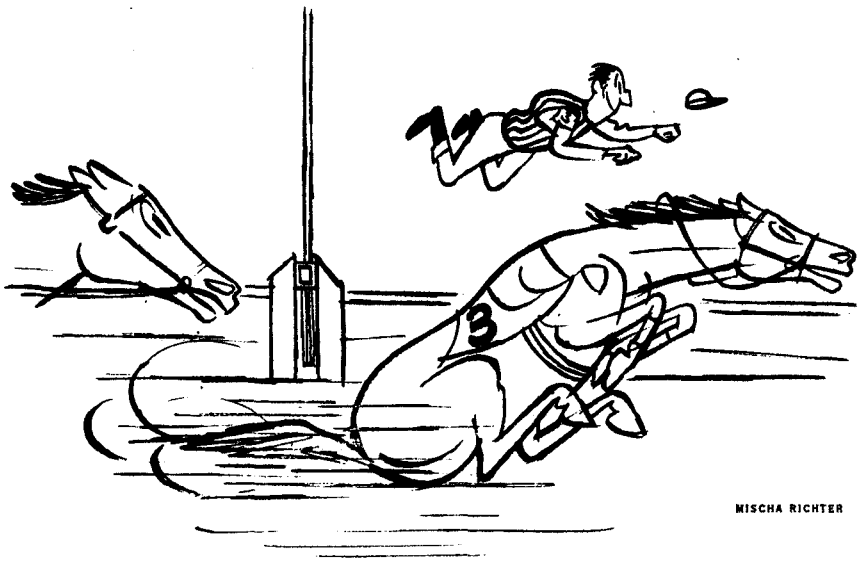
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



An incident that occurred at Blue Bonnets race track in Montreal on August 31, 1948, should convince the last die-hard of the value of the photo-finish camera. In one race, a horse named Any How fell, threw his jockey and slid at the finish line. To know whether the horse went down before reaching or after crossing the line was vitally important because it meant that he was either disqualified or had won second place. Yet seven of the eight official observers were so positive that Any How had fallen *after* he had finished that they felt it would be a waste of time to look at the photo-finish picture. But they reluctantly consented to do so and discovered, much to their chagrin, that the horse had gone down several feet *before* he had reached the line.

* * * * * * * * *

Following a custom started by their ancestors over 400 years ago, a group of descendant musicians still give five concerts daily in Naubat Hall in the royal fortress in Bidar, India. Yet they have had no audiences and the fort has been deserted and in ruins for nearly a century.

* * * * * * * * *

A huge marble statue, a gift from the United States to France to commemorate the Battle of the Marne, was unveiled at Vareddes on September 11, 1932. About 60 feet in height, its main figure is a woman (France) holding smaller figures (her wounded children). Since the cost of the memorial was raised by public subscription in the U.S., the gift was comparable to France's gift of the Statue of Liberty.

* * * * * * * * *

An incredible case of intrigue and murder began in Milwaukee in 1911 when a Fred Oesterreich learned that his wife, Dolly, had fallen in love with their mutual friend, Otto. Because Fred swore he would kill them if they ever met again, Dolly made a secret home for Otto in a tiny space in her attic which he rarely left thereafter except for a few hours during the day when he helped Dolly with her housework. In 1917 the Oesterreichs moved to Los Angeles. Otto followed, and Dolly again secreted him in the attic, where he hid until a night in August, 1922, when he met Fred in a hallway and shot him dead. Otto had locked Dolly in a closet before returning to the attic, and she was able to claim convincingly that burglars had killed her husband. So the case remained dormant until March, 1930, when Dolly's lawyer told the entire story. She was acquitted, and Otto was freed under the statute of limitations. The real mystery of the case came out when Otto described how he had spent almost 12 years in five attics. The public long wondered how he had avoided making noises at night, how he had eluded callers and delivery clerks while downstairs during the day, and why he and his hiding place were not discovered by the dozens of detectives who, after the crime, had searched the house from top to bottom.

* * * * * * * * *

Man's brain is not only exceeded in actual size and weight by the brain of the elephant and the larger whales, but it is also relatively smaller and lighter than that of several of the smallest mammals and birds. For example, while the human brain constitutes 2.8 per cent of the weight of the body, the brain of the rat averages 3.5 per cent, that of the marmoset 4.4 per cent and that of the hummingbird 7.7 per cent.

* * * * * * * * *

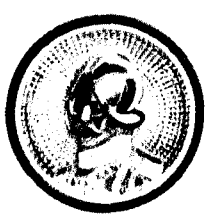
Cleopatra's Needle in London is probably the only object that had a special ship built around it for a voyage. After discussing for 57 years how to move this 186-ton obelisk from Egypt to England, the British sealed the pillar in an iron cylinder, named the craft Cleopatra and started it on its journey in September, 1877. Although it was to be towed, the unwieldy cylinder, to facilitate handling, had been equipped with a mast, sail, rudder, ballast and deckhouse, and given a crew of nine. During a storm in the Bay of Biscay, the Cleopatra was cast off for fear it might ram and sink the steamer towing it. After being lost for days, it was found by another ship and taken to a Spanish port from which it was later brought to England by a third vessel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DE SOTO

Before you buy any car that gives you less than maximum comfort, headroom and visibility, go and see "the car designed with YOU in mind."

Lets you drive without shifting!



Car buyers used to ask only one question. "When can I get delivery?" Today you're asking a *lot* of questions. You're comparing. And the more carefully you compare, the more certain you are to vote for the new De Soto.

Compare its looks. De Soto is smart, massive, modern. But not modernistic. Compare it for roominess. You step in through full-width doors. Inside, you have more head-and-hat room. More leg room. More arm room. Compare visibility. Not only are windows and windshield bigger, but you can see out of them because you're on chair-high seats.

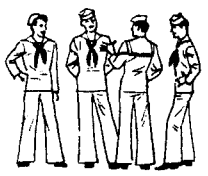
Compare the ride and drive. De Soto's wheelbase is longer. And its Tip-Toe Hydraulic Shift with gýrol Fluid Drive *lets you drive without shifting.*

We don't say "compare De Soto with any other car at the *same* price." We say compare it with any other at *any* price. Then decide!

Tune in "HIT THE JACKPOT" *every Tuesday night over all CBS stations.* DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

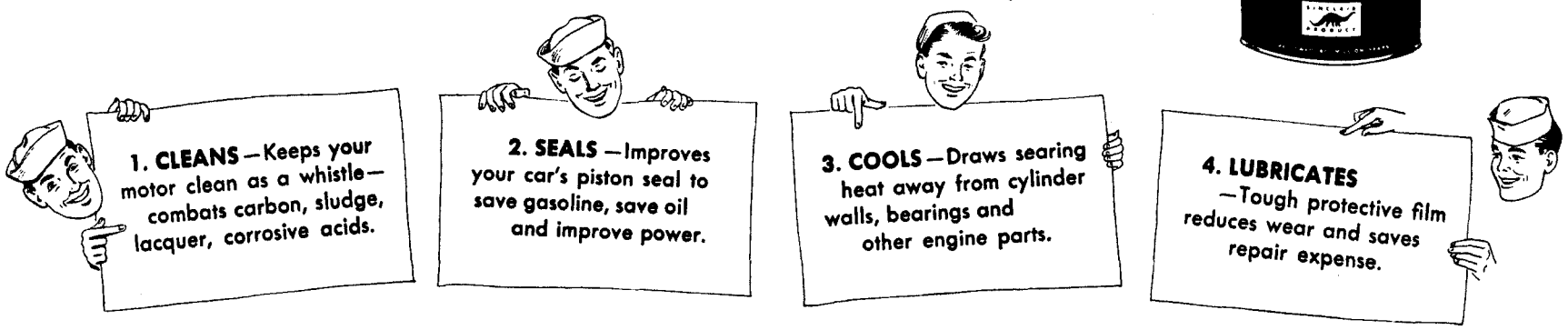
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4-WAY PROTECTION

WHAT HAVE THESE  TO DO WITH

!

Just as these four sailors pictured above offer 4-Way Protection to the seagoing girl, Premium Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil gives 4-Way Protection to the motor of your car.


1. CLEANS—Keeps your motor clean as a whistle—combats carbon, sludge, lacquer, corrosive acids.
2. SEALS—Improves your car's piston seal to save gasoline, save oil and improve power.
3. COOLS—Draws searing heat away from cylinder walls, bearings and other engine parts.
4. LUBRICATES—Tough protective film reduces wear and saves repair expense.

PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SUPER-REFINED BY THE PHETONE PROCESS

SINCLAIR HC GASOLINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

JULY 30, 1949

The Legal Bride

By ROBERT CARSON

Ben started to unbutton his shirt. "As evidence of my good will," he said, "I'm going to show you where I was shot"

To save Ben Castle's misspent life, prim little Abby followed him into a world of hardhearted producers and softhearted gunmen—a world where primness didn't pay

PART ONE OF SIX PARTS

ON a side street in the city of Beverly Hills, California, was a small lemon-colored structure called the Fogarty Building. It housed stores on the main floor, and above was room for three offices—two fairly large and one not much exceeding the dimensions of a broom closet. The broom closet was occupied by a little, brown-haired attorney at law by the name of Abigail Jane Furnival. Her neighbors were a Mr. Graves, who specialized in business management for various celebrities, and a prosperous insurance man.

One day Abigail was sitting looking at her notary public stamp and wondering if anything would ever turn up, when a knock came on the door. Mr. Graves's skinny secretary disclosed herself.

"Miss Furnival," she said, "I wonder if you could come over to our office? Mr. Graves would like to see you."

"With the greatest of pleasure."

Assuming her notarial services were required, Abigail gathered up such materials as were necessary for legalizing a document, and followed the other girl.

Mr. Graves, a man worn to shreds by the filing of innumerable income-tax returns, awaited her in his office. He had an open file in his hand and was scowling at what appeared to be a balance sheet. "Please sit down, Miss Furnival," he said, and had another dubious look at the contents of the folder.

"I assumed you wanted my stamp—"

"Not this time. I think I am going to avail myself of your legal services."

"How delightful!" Abigail said. "What seems to be the main difficulty?"

"Well," Mr. Graves said, "this is a kind of a hard thing to explain. I think I'll let my client do it. His name is Ben Castle. Do you know him?"

"The name is familiar."

"He's an actor—a Western actor."

"Oh, yes. I saw him in a picture not long ago."

Mr. Graves shrugged sadly. "He makes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good money. Spends good money too. In fact, Ben is almost broke."

"I hope he is not being sued," Abigail said.

"Much worse than that," Mr. Graves replied, "but as I said, I'll let him explain the details. My job is to get him a cheap lawyer."

"I don't want to seem too eager—"

Mr. Graves shrugged again, in a not unkindly fashion. "You do, Miss Furnival."

"I guess my buck fever does show. But—"

"What I'm getting around to," Mr. Graves interrupted, "is that Ben can't pay much in the way of legal fees. Would you be interested?"

"I guess so," Abigail said.

"Okay," Mr. Graves said. "That's what I figured. I'll have him phone you for an interview."

ABIGAIL thanked Mr. Graves and returned to her broom closet. Her situation being fairly tense financially, she hoped the telephone would ring soon. It did.

A man with a soft, lazy voice said, "Could I speak to Miss Furnival, please?"

"This is Miss Furnival," Abigail said.

"This is Ben, honey," the man said. "You have a nice voice."

He paused, seemed to consider, and then resumed. "How thoughtful it was of Graves to pick a girl attorney. I practically never heard of such a thing. How old are you, darling?"

"I am twenty-four," Abigail said.

"Will wonders never cease! Are you pretty, dear?"

"Nothing special."

"You're not awfully plain though, are you?"

"Not terribly plain."

"Well, that's good news," Ben Castle said. "And I'll bet you're charming."

"Why don't you ask me if I'm a good attorney? Isn't that more to the point?"

"Not necessarily. Can you come over in about an hour, A.J.? I live on Altamont Road in Bel Air; the number is 602."

Abigail wrote that down, and said she'd come as requested. "Bring your lawbooks," Ben Castle said. "Especially if they have any pictures in them. I'm in a terrible legal position, angel."

Abigail stared at the address she had written, her brows knitting. Mr. Castle obviously was not the customary victim of unusual professional or business circumstances; although her experience in such matters was as yet small, she thought his manner extremely cavalier for a man presumably on the brink of suing or being sued. Of course, women attorneys had a hard row to hoe always; people liked to make jokes about them. But this guy was overdoing things. Nevertheless, she meant to give him her best services; there was nobody else at the moment who seemed to require them.

Since the Bel Air residential district was not far away, Abigail took an opportunity first to drop by the law firm of Simpson & Calhoun, after arming herself with a brief case and a supply of freshly sharpened pencils. She waited in the sober, paneled grandeur of Simpson & Calhoun for ten minutes. Then Harrison F. Calhoun received her.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said, and tried to be absolutely delightful. "How are you today, sir?"

"I'm fine."

"I was wondering—"

"No," Calhoun said. "I'm sorry. I wish I could do something for you, Abigail, on account of your father. Vincent Furnival was the greatest criminal lawyer of his time, and I'm proud that he was my friend. But it's impossible."

"I happen to know you took someone in last week."

"A man."

"A man," Abigail said. "You say that word as though you were pronouncing some kind of a holy rite. Why can't I have an equal opportunity?"

"Because you wear skirts. You might as well face it, Abigail—law is largely reserved for males."

Abigail sighed, picked up her brief case, and rose from a genuine leather chair. "I give up," she said. "I mean I give up with you—not the practice of law. But one of these days, somehow or other, I'll show you a thing or two. You mark my words, Mr. Calhoun!"

Calhoun shrugged and looked at his watch.

"You mark my words," Abigail said, rather carried away by her oratory. "I'll get hold of a good client and a good case and proceed to prove that a woman can win judges and influence juries with the best of them. Someday you're going to be sorry you didn't hire me."

"Could be," Calhoun agreed. "Could easily be. You certainly have the background, and perhaps you have the inheritance. Only first, I think you'll have to grow whiskers and practice speaking in a deeper voice."

"Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said, "I bid you farewell."

A trifle heated and upset, she went out to her car and drove among the cloistered trees of Bel Air. Altamont Road circled the flanks of a pleasant sunny hill; and 602 lay upon a projecting knoll. It was a pink Mediterranean house, tile-roofed, and surrounded by a high stucco wall. She stopped in front on the circular driveway.

A Filipino servant in a white jacket answered her ring and ushered her to a small library off the main hall. "Mr. Castle will be here five minute," the servant said. "Sit down."

The house was astonishingly cool inside. Abigail relaxed gratefully in a deep chair, and parked her brief case.

PRESENTLY a tall, lean man entered, walking with slouchy laziness. He waved a negligent hand to indicate that she should remain seated, and folded up in a chair opposite her. She found, at first glance, that she liked him as well in person as she had upon the screen. His brown eyes were wide and rather innocent, his broad face young and relaxed, his lips and the base of his nose wrinkled from much laughter. He wore sports clothes with sundry cowboy touches: polished boots and a colored shirt—all rather dressier than would be quite suitable for work on the range.

"Bless my soul," he said. "A lady mouthpiece. You *are* young, aren't you?"

"And pretty plain, I'm afraid." Before he could make any gallant denial of this piece of modesty, Abigail said quickly, "Shall we discuss your difficulties, Mr. Castle?"

"Why, I reckon we might as well," Ben replied in his soft drawl. "Did Graves mention a fee to you, honey?"

"After a fashion, yes."

"I want you to have the largest one possible, win, lose or draw. I like you."

"That's swell," Abigail said, "but Graves also discussed your financial condition with me. It seems you are virtually busted, Mr. Castle. Are you the last one to know?"

"In a way," Ben said, and grinned from ear to ear.

His grin was a devastating muscular articulation that creased his face horizontally and virtually closed his eyes. It should have been startling, but it wasn't. Abigail felt an instantaneous warmth, and found herself grinning in return.

"We'll raise a little sum for you, honey," Ben said. "Don't you worry."

"I won't," she promised. "Tell me your troubles."

"Well," he said, "it's a sort of a long story. You'd better sit back and take it easy. Would you care to have a highball in your hand while you listen?"

"I don't drink."

"Very odd custom. I suppose, though, that you attorneys have to have your heads clear for every possible contingency. Cigarette?"

"Yes, please."

He lighted cigarettes for them, bending close to her. She gazed deep into the eyes which had cowed many an outlaw and rustler, and even subdued a few wild horses. They gave her an odd sensation, and she couldn't stop looking.

"My, you look kind," Ben said. "I feel as if I could tell you everything."

"You can. Just go ahead."

BEN took a preliminary walk around, then sat down again. "It all began before the war," he said. "The second World War, that is. There I was with my job, making a little money, and saving a little, and rolling my own."

"And roping and tying, I presume."

Ben seemed astonished. "Oh, no. I was in a musical on Broadway, singing my head off. I'd never even seen a rodeo until the man from Hollywood had me sign the contract and said they were going to put me on a bronco. Don't you read the fan magazines? My career is in them about once a month."

"I must buy one someday, Mr. Castle," Abigail said.

"Where was I?" Ben said. "Oh. So I came to California and cleaned up on a whole bunch of outlaws. The money got better and better, and I saved a lot. Then they had the second World War. You remember it."

"Yes, indeed."

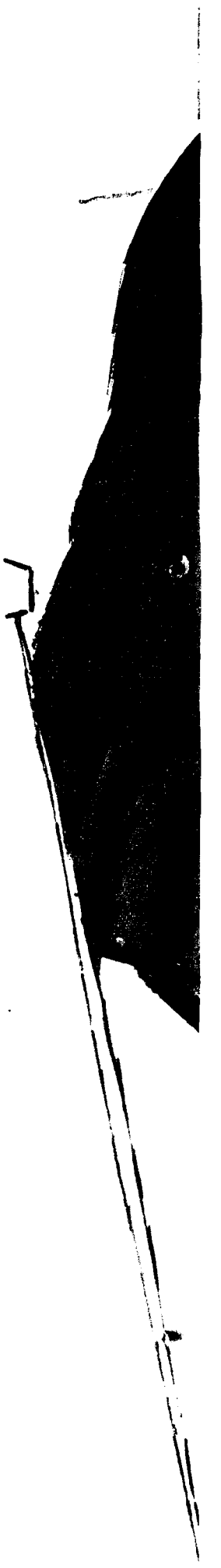
"A. J. Furnival," Ben said, "I was drafted. And I couldn't take my horse or stay on studio pay roll. The next thing I knew, I was landing on an island in the South Pacific. There was a good deal of commotion on the island for several days. All at once a man popped up from the bushes and shot me twice."

"My gosh!" Abigail said.

"Yes, sir. In the studio they shoot you with blanks, but this chap used real bullets. Shot me right through the chest."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It did something to me," Ben said. "I never was the same again. They thought I was going to die of course, and so did I. All I could do was lie there and think what a chump I'd been not to enjoy life when I could have. I regretted the money I hadn't spent, the *(Continued on page 58)*



ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I brought my lawyer along, Harry," Ben said to Kallen, and he pronounced her name with peculiar care: "Miss Furnival. Abigail Jane Furnival"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A small, innocent-looking news item received on Pearson's ticker may be the tip-off to a sensational story

My Pal, DREW PEARSON

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Pearson's old colleague in columning tells how those fabulous scoops and exposés are engineered, and what lay behind the angry Presidential rebuttals . . . "S.O.B." and "chronic liar"

First, he assigns his own staff men like Jack Anderson (left) and Fred Blumenthal to check on his hunch and make sure it's hot, before he goes after it himself. Below: He talks to Attorney General Tom Clark

THE heat is always on Drew Pearson. As a free-swinging, crusading columnist, Pearson has much in common with a rifleman in an attack. Both are constantly shooting and being shot at.

Both have a job to do. They dish out punishment and take it, sometimes grievously. Neither is all-hero, nor all-killer. The soldier falters and bumbles on occasion. Pearson has his ups and downs. Both generally do their best under tremendous hazards and pressures.

Pearson's are never-ending. He is under fire practically 24 hours a day, every day in the week, 52 weeks in the year. That has been going on continuously since December 7, 1932, when the Washington Merry-Go-Round column was started. From July, 1942, to August, 1947, he didn't have a single day off. At the most he has never had more than a few weeks' vacation at any one time.

I experienced Pearson's drive during our years of collaboration. In 1931 we co-authored a book called the Washington Merry-Go-Round which sold over 150,000 copies and cost me my job as chief of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. The following year we published a sequel titled More Merry-Go-Round. This time Pearson was fired from his job as the State Department correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round column grew out of these books we had written together. After the 1932 Presidential campaign we had decided to try our hand at an innovation in Washington reporting—a column which offered the type of material and verve that our book did. To earn a living until this experiment proved itself, we did other newspaper work. Pearson was Washington correspondent for the French Havas Agency, and I was head of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia Record.

We also had a joint radio program every Sunday evening and did a book together on the U.S. Supreme Court called The Nine Old Men. We wrote this in what we called our "spare time" between ten at night and eight in the morning.

At that time Washington was far different from what it is now. Its atmosphere and tempo were those of an overgrown semi-Southern town. It had the stuffy appearance of a national capital, but rarely acted that way. Today the city is not only the most important world center, but the most ferociously competitive capital this side of the Iron Curtain.

Relentless rivalry is the lifeblood of the town. Nearly everyone, from the highest to the lowest, is trying to put over something on someone. The vortex of this maelstrom is the Washington press corps. And the vortex of that vortex is the tallish, balding militant who some 52 years ago was christened Andrew Russell Pearson by Quaker parents.

As a crusading columnist, Pearson is ceaselessly at war with two rivals who will give no quarter.

One is the press corps, nearly 1,000 strong. Practically all its members consider him a personal competitor. His syndicated news column, which I left in 1942 when I was called back to active duty in the Army, appears seven days a week in hundreds of papers all over the country. He competes directly against the correspondents of these papers, and against the press associations and other Washington columnists who serve them.

His steady flow of inside stories, sensational disclosures and spectacular predictions are frequently jarring scoops to his rivals. It has become commonplace for Washington newsmen to get urgent home-office queries on Pearson beats. The whole press corps battles him fiercely, and he battles back.

Officialdom Guards Its Secrets

Pearson's other relentless rival is officialdom—Washington's sole reason for being. He fights every stratum of officialdom to get his revelations, and they fight him to prevent him from getting them. In this unceasing war of wits, nerves and intrigue Pearson has to buck every kind of pressure and obstacle. These range from threats of violence, wire tapping and shadowing to libel suits and public excoriation by Presidents who have called him a "chronic liar" and "S.O.B." Of all Pearson's pressures and strains it is noteworthy that he considers being blackguarded by a President the most onerous.

Name calling is no new experience to Pearson. He has been called practically everything in the book. The Congressional Record, which is immune from libel, is splattered with anti-Pearson epithets. "Slimemonger" and "character assassin" are among the mildest.

But he draws a sharp line between his name callers. People like Representative John Rankin, or an Izvestia stooge, or a Franco hireling, leave Pearson unconcerned. He considers fulminations from such sources an accolade, an honor to him personally and a credit to his ideal of free-swinging journalism; but when the castigator is someone whom Pearson basically admires, he is deeply shocked and hurt. Contrary to general belief he is as capable of pain as anyone else.

To this day he speaks with manifest distress about President Truman's furious "S.O.B." and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt's "chronic liar." Both blasts cut Pearson far more deeply than he showed. An expert dissimulator in such matters, he adroitly masked his feelings. He even turned the tables on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the steps of the nation's Capitol which he has often echoed the thunder of their sensational disclosures, Robert S. **Allen (left)** stands with Drew Pearson, his former collaborator on the Washington Merry-Go-Round column

Truman by using the three-letter epithet to launch one of those good-will enterprises so dear to his Quaker heart—the Servants of Brotherhood.

But Pearson was hurt for two reasons. He genuinely admires both Presidents as liberal champions and has supported their economic and social programs with a consistency and militancy often in excess of their own. And the stories that precipitated the Presidential outbursts were legitimate news reports. They came from reliable sources. There isn't a newspaperman in Washington who would not have leaped at the chance to score either beat.

As is often the case with Pearson scoops, the background story is even more interesting than the stories themselves. The untold details shed a graphic light on how Pearson gets his amazing beats, and what causes Presidents to blow their tops.

Roosevelt's anger was aroused by a story Pearson published in August, 1943. He reported that Mrs. Roosevelt had quietly left Washington because she was fed up with the way the White House was being monopolized by the personal demands, peccadilloes and accouterments of Winston Churchill and Harry Hopkins. Among the accouterments was a particularly annoying pet poodle belonging to Hopkins. Pearson got the story from a member of the White House staff, who was as annoyed as the first lady. There was no question as to the accuracy of the information.

Roosevelt was furious. He was furious at the leak and at Pearson for printing the story.

But the President would probably not have exploded if he hadn't been needled into doing so by Hopkins and Cordell Hull, then Secretary of State.

Hopkins told Roosevelt that because of Pearson's story Churchill was seriously considering leaving the White House. This disturbed the President greatly. While he was in this frame of mind Hull dropped in with a tirade of his own against Pearson as a "God-damned liar." Hull was incensed over another Pearson story, this one about the State Department.

Pearson has always had matchless news sources within the department and, because of them, is the best-informed reporter on foreign affairs in Washington. At that time Pearson was credited with knowing more about the inner workings of the department than the Secretary of State himself—a fact strongly suspected by Hull.

Hull told Roosevelt that a Pearson story charging that the Hull coterie in the State Department wanted Russia "bled white" was absolutely false and urged that it and Pearson be denounced at the President's next press conference.

Under this combination of pressures, Roosevelt categorically denied Pearson's story and called Pearson a "chronic liar."

The bare-knuckled expletive had a highly stimulating effect on the volatile Churchill who nearly followed it up with a longer, more pungent casti-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drew Pearson walks from his car to his Washington office which is one wing of his home in Georgetown

Given choice of any capital celebrity to lunch with, radio contest winner Bill Kruse (right) chose Pearson

gation of his own. Despite their stupendous official burdens, the two top Allied leaders seemed able to find the time to heap fire and brimstone on the provocative columnist. Churchill went to considerable trouble to prepare his outburst, and it was a honey. The untold story is as follows:

Churchill was scheduled to address a joint luncheon of the National Press Club and the Overseas Writers' Association. The day before, he sent an advance copy of his talk to the chairman who was bowled over by what he read. The hottest thing in it—in fact, the only real news story—was the Prime Minister's blast at Pearson.

Frantically, the luncheon chairman got in touch with Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Washington Post, explained the situation and passionately advised that Churchill be told "to lay off." Meyer agreed emphatically. He immediately got in touch with Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, who was in Washington with Churchill.

What Bracken said to Churchill is not known. But at the luncheon Churchill made no mention of Pearson.

Naturally, the latter learned about the matter. He wrote nothing about it. But after the war he met Randolph Churchill at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. Randolph confirmed that his father had intended to tongue-lash Pearson.

"I am sure it would have been painful." Pearson grinned. "But there would have been one compensation. Being blasted by two great men in one week would have been quite a record for one lone newspaperman."

The Truman "S.O.B." hubbub had its start with an employee of a Washington printing shop which specializes in ornate engraving work. Hoping to promote some business through Pearson's extensive contacts, the employee gave one of the columnist's assistants a handsome example of the shop's craftsmanship. Pearson, while readily admitting its excellence, was more impressed by its news value: The card was an invitation from the Argentine ambassador to a function at which Major General Harry Vaughan, military aide to President Truman, would be presented with a diamond-studded decoration.

At that time President-dictator Perón was pressing hard for a big U.S. loan to bolster Argentina's shaky economy. Pearson broke the decoration story on his Sunday-night broadcast with strong emphasis on the loan angle. The revelation hit the White House like a thunderbolt. A number of other high officials were frightened stiff by his announcement that he would stand guard at the embassy's entrance and publish the names of those who attended the affair.

Vaughan brazened it out. The function took place but the attendance was sharply reduced. Some of the guests took the precaution of entering and departing by a rear entrance.

President Truman's "S.O.B." outburst was not the first time he and Pearson had tangled.

Reporting Irritates Mr. Truman

Although the most ardent press supporter in Washington of the Fair Deal program, Pearson's insouciant reporting seems to set the President wild. It has been getting under Truman's skin since the day he was nominated Vice-President.

The first blowup grew out of a two-line item in Pearson's column. It was turned in by one of his assistants who had observed Mrs. Truman at a reception at the 1944 Democratic convention. The leg man wrote that Mrs. Truman didn't have Mrs. Roosevelt's stamina when it came to standing up under the strain of shaking hands in a receiving line.

The small item enraged Truman. At a Senate luncheon given in his honor several days later he denounced Pearson. The affair was private and Truman assumed his remarks would be considered confidential. But a Republican senator leaked the story to the press.

Truman was embarrassed and said no more about the matter.

After Truman became President, Pearson wrote another story about Mrs. Truman. He reported that despite the then existing shortage of rail equipment, she required special accommodations to take her to Independence, Missouri.

At a press party, the President personally brought up the story. He asserted, with great feeling, that there was not a shred of truth in it. He declared that his wife and daughter had neither sought nor used special facilities on their rail trips.

According to one source, the President concluded his denunciation by telling the assembled newsmen that he had summoned Pearson to the White House, and warned him, "I'll shoot you if you ever mention my wife again." It is possible that this story has been greatly embellished in the telling, but Mr. Truman is a very determined man when Mrs. Truman is concerned.

Pearson has his own and somewhat different version of this incident.

His account is that he called voluntarily on Truman on an entirely different matter. As he was leaving, the President rebuked him for the story. Pearson admits the rebuke was sharp but denies there was a threat of any kind.

Despite the consuming anger displayed by the two Presidents, they seemed to have no difficulty getting along with Pearson on other occasions. They may hate—or have hated—his guts but readily accepted his ideas and efforts in their behalf.

Roosevelt-Willkie Ticket Planned

A historic instance of this was Pearson's proposal that Wendell Willkie be Roosevelt's running mate in 1944. The full details of this story have never been told before.

Willkie had withdrawn from the G.O.P. race, following his crushing defeat by Dewey in the Wisconsin primary, and the outlook for Roosevelt's fourth-term election was uncertain. He was completely engrossed in the global conflict and had neither the inclination nor time for an aggressive campaign. Pearson conceived the idea of a coalition ticket of Roosevelt for President and Willkie for Vice-President to insure Roosevelt's re-election.

Pearson propounded the plan to a White House intimate, with whom he had long been on close terms. He pointed out that in 1940, on the verge of Roosevelt's precedent-shattering third-term nomination, the President had cannily named two eminent Republicans to his Cabinet—Henry L. Stimson and Frank Knox as Secretaries of War and Navy. Why not go a step further this time, counseled Pearson, and make Willkie the running mate? That would be a stunning blow to the G.O.P.

After some delay, Pearson was told to feel out Willkie. Then, the story goes, it was suggested to Roosevelt that he invite Willkie to the White House to discuss the matter.

The meeting could not be arranged. Instead, Roosevelt wrote Willkie a warmly appreciative and laudatory letter.

Willkie liked the letter and agreed to two requests Pearson then made. They were, it is said, that Willkie was not to reveal the plan to anyone, particularly the press, and he was to keep in constant touch by telephone with Pearson during the Democratic convention.

Working in deepest secrecy, Pearson sold his spectacular idea to a number of New Dealers. Senator Robert Wagner, the great New York liberal, was said by Pearson to have agreed to make the nominating speech for Willkie.

But the plan died a-borning. It was based entirely on one contingency: that a deadlock would develop over the Vice-Presidency which would allow Willkie to come to the fore. But the "kingmakers" who controlled the convention—national chairman Bob Hannegan, Bronx Democratic leader Ed Flynn and California oil millionaire Ed Pauley—saw to it that a stalemate did not occur. Although they had no inkling of Pearson's hidden ace, they knew that if a deadlock arose, it would mean finish for their choice, Truman, and in an all-out effort they steamrollered Truman through.

Several months later the President thanked Pearson for his effort and added, "It was a good idea."

Roosevelt said nothing about the "chronic liar" episode. Neither did Pearson.

Pearson was to receive a similar kind of "backpat" from President Truman after the columnist's Friendship Train and Merci Ship successes.

These world-acclaimed projects grew out of a visit to a United Nations meeting at Lake Success. Pearson heard a speech by Andrei Gromyko propagandizing what Russia allegedly was doing to feed and rehabilitate prostrate Europe. Pearson knew, of course, that the U.S. was doing a thousandfold more. But the vast *(Continued on page 55)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warning to wives who don't want to be widows . . .

RICHEST MAN in the CEMETERY

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A FRIEND of mine has just committed suicide, but it didn't say so in the papers. The obituary said "heart attack." That was factually correct. But anyone who really knew Harry could be sure he dug his own grave. He dug so fast that he fell into it at forty-seven, instead of living another 20 years with his wife and kids.

"I wish I'd made Harry's money," an old acquaintance said over the obit, which ran three quarters of a column. (It took that many lines to itemize all of Harry success.)

"Dead at forty-seven!" said another. "Poor Harry. He had everything to live for."

Actually, Harry had everything to die for. He had something gnawing at the inside of him that wouldn't let him rest. He was a hard-driver. Where was he driving? Fran, his wife, used to say, until she was weary of saying it, "Why don't you let down a little, Harry? Why don't you take time out—just a seventh-inning stretch, just an intermission—to *enjoy* life?"

Harry's got a long time to stretch now. A very, very long intermission.

He killed himself just as dozens of fine men do every day. They *succeed themselves to death.* In the great competitive scramble they go hog-wild after that house on Moneybag Street, that square-cut diamond, that town automobile, that country automobile, that town-and-country automobile.

They don't, as is often said, "die in harness." They die in a strait jacket. As my friend Harry did.

Look at the obituary pages; think of some of your own friends—or relatives. How many have dropped off in the prime of life? At forty-seven, fifty, fifty-three? We're producing a pathetic crop of widows in this country—at a faster rate than we've ever produced them before. In 1900 women lived, on the average, 18 months longer than men. Today women outlive men by *four years.*

When men die young, aside from the human grief there's a drastic loss to the country. These hard-drivers, the "dynamo type" as psychiatrists call them, are usually competent citizens with years of production left in them when they keel over. They're leaders, creators, executives.

As Dr. Harold C. Habein, of the Mayo Clinic, points out, "For many years the importance of health measures for our industrial workers has been recognized. No other nation can approach the record we have made in protecting our *workers* against disease and accident. . . . No such health record as that can be credited to the *executive's* side of the ledger."

Dr. Habein tells of the head of a large corporation who remarked, "When I hire an executive I pay him $100,000 a year on the theory that he'll kill himself working in ten years."

Medicine performs everything but miracles to keep people alive. It has increased "life expectancy" (at birth) from 49 years in 1900 to 67 years today. But the statistics are deceiving, for most of the progress has been in infant mortality and contagious disease. True, more people reach middle age. But once in the dangerous decade of forty-five to fifty-five, a man's in nearly as much peril as he ever was—and when it comes to the silent killers such as heart disease he's in much worse peril.

With all our amazing progress, *once a man has hit fifty* we can offer him only two more years of life expectancy than we could have in 1900.

"The reduction in the death rate has taken place almost exclusively among persons less than fifty years old. There has been practically no saving of life among persons past this age," Dr. Habein declares. "Moreover, among those persons who earn their living with their minds rather than their bodies, hypertension, arteriosclerosis and coronary thrombosis are not only a *more frequent cause of death* than formerly, but they are causing disabilities in a *younger age group* than ever before."

At the Top of the Killer List

Heart disease has mounted as the tempo of American life has mounted. From being the fourth-place killer in 1900, it is the first-place killer today. Its annual toll is close to 600,000—more than the next five leading killers (cancer, accidents, nephritis, pneumonia and tuberculosis) put together.

"Heart disease is the 'leading occupational disease' of business executives. It drains business of brain power, training and leadership," the American Heart Association tells us. "Between the ages of forty and sixty, the range which includes most business executives, the heart diseases take their heaviest toll."

In 1941, Drs. George Schwartz and Joseph Harvey made a study of heart disease in Wall Street, where many a "coronary" has been stretcher-borne out of the skyscrapers. They found that the incidence of coronary thrombosis varied with the activity of the stock market ticker. When the market went on a rampage, hearts went on a rampage—and out came the stretchers. Acute attacks struck mainly in the age range of forty-five to forty-nine.

Unfortunately the human dynamo has become a popular, somewhat fashionable type. He boasts that he works 18 hours a day and hasn't had a vacation in six years—instead of being ashamed of such miserable facts. Why boast about abuse of the human mechanism? Should the man who runs his car 5,000 miles without changing the oil be proud of such stupidity?

The human dynamo takes the Horatio Alger dream and turns it into a nightmare. It is a kind of Freudian nightmare, illustrating the "death instinct"—the race to the grave. But you don't have to be a long-hair scientist to see or understand this phenomenon. Many an American wife has seen her husband working himself to death, warned him against it, railed against it—and eventually has seen him pay the price for it.

A case came to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore which doctors there cite as the typical dynamo. He was a man of fifty-one, his body was racked by aches and pains. He couldn't work any more. At an age when many men begin producing their best, this man was ready to be junked.

"I swore I'd live to make $50,000 a year—and by crackie I did it!" he told the doctors. He displayed a dozen medals he had won from his corporation for breaking production records. But winning the medals hadn't given him real satisfaction. Each year the medal threw him into a terrible state of insomnia—he'd lie awake worrying lest he fail to win it next year. He developed a compulsive work habit which spiraled like drug addiction until he was grinding away 90 hours a week.

"When we got him into the hospital, we had to confine him to his room for ten days—almost forcibly—to break the compulsive cycle," said one of the Johns Hopkins staff.

It took a long time to make this man realize that, in addition to wrecking himself, he hadn't done his company any more good than if he'd taken a $100,000 power crane and run it till the bearings smoked. His remedy was the rarest of all medicines, the only miracle drug—*wisdom.* Something of the wisdom of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said, "A man begins a pursuit as a means of keeping alive—he ends by following it at the cost of his life."

What makes the dynamo whir? Not brains, energy, ambition and all those noble things we talk about. In healthy balance, such qualities keep a man at a steady rate of production—as they did Holmes, who lived to ninety-three. It is unhealthy balance which burns them out. Psychiatrists call it *neurotic drive.*

Dr. Leo H. Bartemeier, *(Continued on page 72)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chris lay flat, hearing his friends' voices as from far off. He opened his eyes, and Mara was smiling down at him

itter oney

By SHEILA SPENCER

Chris Merrill fell in love with another man's wife. He knew it was a mistake when it started. He knows it even better now

HE WATCHED Alison take a cigarette from the silver box on the coffee table, and as he held his lighter for her, seeing its flare quicken twin reflections in her eyes, he knew he was coming here too often. Excuses were beginning to wear thin.

But today's excuse was legitimate enough, of Max Penrose's own making. Max had stopped him outside the laboratory after classes. "If you're going downtown, Merrill, my car is at Ham's Garage. Pick it up and drive it out to the house. Leave the keys with my wife."

He hadn't meant to go to town. His cotton fibers experiments were at a point where he begrudged an hour lost. Max knew that. In a way the request was just another reminder that any work Chris Merrill, departmental assistant, might be doing on his own time was unimportant if Dr. Max Penrose had an errand to be run.

Chris was not thinking of that now. He was thinking of Alison, knowing how completely and how without effort she had taken over his thoughts and his desires.

He snapped the lighter shut, dropped it into his jacket pocket, and stood up. "I don't think I'll wait for Max."

The high-backed wing sofa framed her stillness. That look of her had been with him now for weeks, against white daylight and against the black of his eyelids at night. She dropped her cigarette, still burning, into an ash tray. She said, "Did you really want to see Max?"

"No." The one word came out, blunt, stripped of evasion.

"Chris," she said, "come here whenever you like. Amuse yourself, but don't fall in love with me."

He felt cold anger and hot need to weep for the bitter lightness of her smiling. He said, "I *am* in love with you."

Her faint shrug answered him before she said, "I could laugh now, Chris. You'd laugh with me and we'd be safely back where we were."

"Alison—"

"I'm not laughing."

Her head was turned away. He could see the high-lighted planes of temple and cheekbone, the curve of chin and throat, but he could not see her eyes. He wanted his arms around her, as if physical strength could hold off from her all that marked her with unhappiness, hold off, too, her own punishing pride which turned back to him a smooth, untelling face. He did not touch her.

"Other young men in Max's department have had a habit of coming here in their free time. Satellites are good for Max—and so I've encouraged them. But when they came too often—" Again there was that stirring of her shoulders. "I've used that 'Amuse yourself' line before, Chris."

He took that one without flinching. He said, "Don't try so hard, Alison. You can't really believe you'll change me this way."

Her quickened voice was the only sign that she had heard. "I'll use it again, no doubt. It usually works. The others got red and flustered, overwhelming me with protestations of undying respect—or they kissed me, working around to plans for meetings in town, complete with plausible excuses to cover us here. But you—you didn't give the right answer."

"I could have given you a different answer—asked you if you weren't overestimating your appeal."

He watched her eyes change with the unexpectedness of that. "You know, I never once thought of that. I'd have been asking for it, wouldn't I?"

For an instant a thread of laughter ran between them. Then laughter broke and she was in his arms. They did not kiss but her cheek lay hard against his, closeness deeper in that moment than a kiss.

"Chris," she whispered. *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Happened in MISSISSIPPI

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Thousands of sharecroppers in the 13 fertile delta counties are buying and equipping their own farms with aid from the Farmers Home Administration. Their enterprise has raised them from dire poverty to the status of happy and successful citizens

The quiet, moderate prosperity represented by the top picture is in vivid contrast to the scene below. **The two homes are about 200** yards from each other and are owned by the same man—Stokes King. **Stokes, his wife and their 15** children were able to quit this shack and build the modern house with **FHA help. The older children are** leaving home and buying farms of their own under the guidance of FHA

SELL my farm?" Mose Mason stood on the porch of his six-room house. He looked at the red and white flowers that framed his neat lawn and he looked beyond at the tractor he had just climbed down from; he raised his eyes to the acres of black earth striped by straight rows of green cotton stalks that would be snowy white in August, and then he laughed.

"Mistah, they cain't print enough money down in Washington to buy my farm. Mistah, I got cotton. I got corn. I got soybeans. I got pears and greens growin' for me. Mistah, I got me an electric icebox, and a radio, and I got me a coupla kids that are goin' to school. Me sell my farm and move outa here? I ain't crazy, man, I ain't crazy. This is the best place in the world to live, I figure, and the only way they get me outa the delta ever—is to carry me out daid, feet first."

Mose Mason lives in the delta section of Mississippi. The 72 acres he owns were once part of the huge Glen Mary Plantation. Ever since Abraham Lincoln took the price tags off men with black skin, Glen Mary, like every other large plantation in Mississippi, has struggled for economic survival. The big plantations have used either the sharecropping or the tenant-farmer system, and although successive owners have had occasional bonanza years, inevitably the bad times have caught up with them.

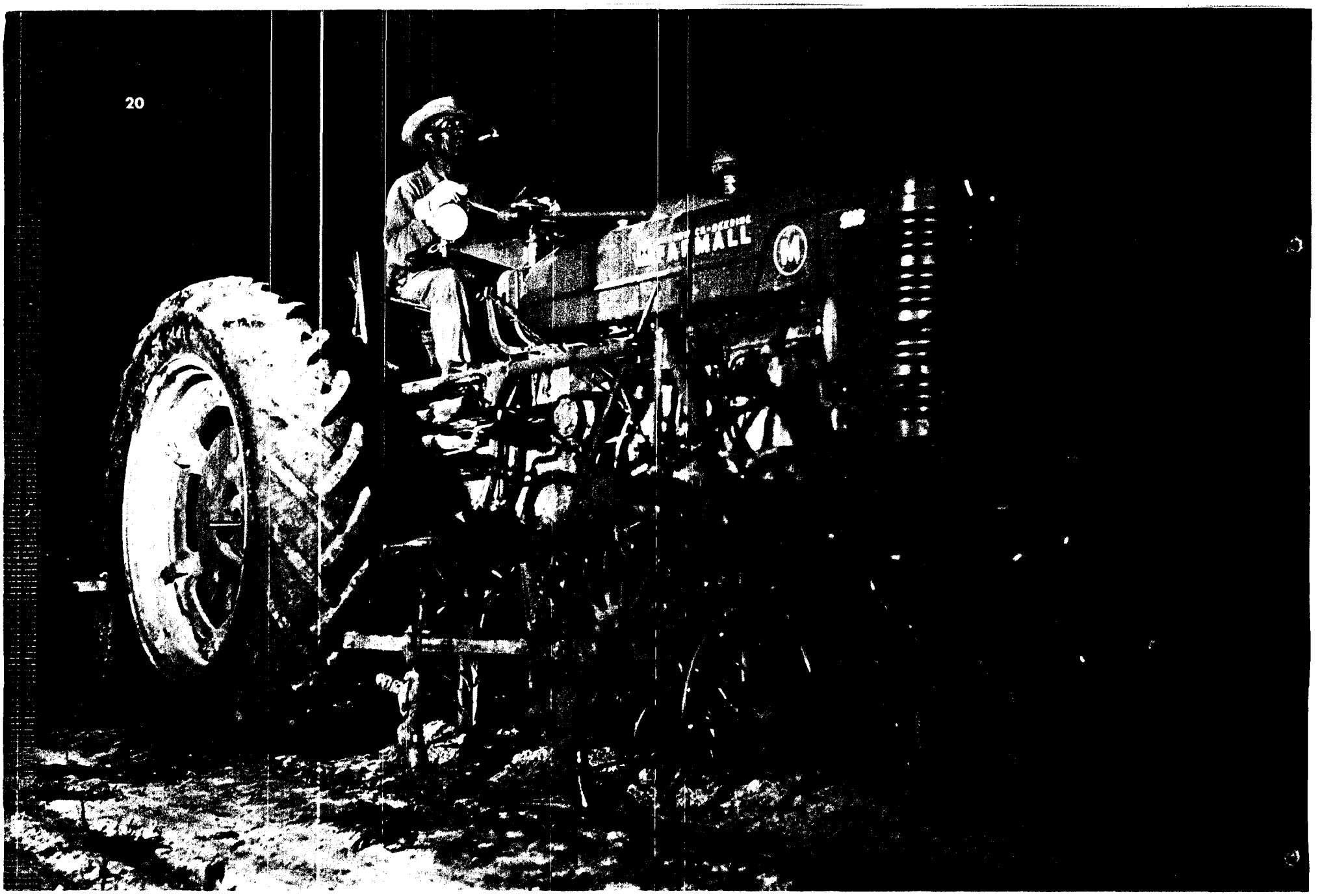
And so Glen Mary, like dozens of other plantations, was divided into small tracts and offered for sale. But who could buy? The thousands of white and Negro sharecroppers and tenant-farmers of Mississippi seldom finished a year very much ahead.

Then, in the thirties came the idea that maybe the federal government ought to help out tenants and sharecroppers who, because they had neither credit nor collateral, were unable to borrow from banks to buy farms of their own. During the years, the agency set up for this purpose changed its name a few times, but eventually it settled down as the Farmers Home Administration. It never changed its basic philosophy of helping the man whom private banking and industry did not reach. Only the man who was completely broke could obtain a loan from the Farmers Home Administration.

Mose Mason was one of the 4,000 men in Mississippi who asked the Home Administration to give them a hand. Ten years ago Mose was nothing but a "handkerchief head," one of the huge horde of Mississippi Negroes moving from one plantation to another, always working as croppers. He was twenty-seven, wiry and strong, but outside of the ragged overalls he stood in and a few secondhand farming implements, he had plenty of nothin'. Besides, he had the responsibility of a wife and two babies.

Mose heard about the Farmers Home Adminis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stokes King works at night on the 80 acres he bought with the help of Farmers Home Administration. Formerly a sharecropper, Stokes has won the benefits of independence for himself and his family

tration and applied for a loan to buy a farm. He never really thought he'd get it. A few weeks later they called him in for an interview. To his surprise, he found himself in front of three prominent local citizens, and he was amazed to discover that they knew everything about him.

Mose had worked for a dozen plantation managers (the word "overseer," used so much in novels written by Northerners, has been obsolete for many decades in the South). There was a report from each one of them. They all said that Mose was a good, industrious worker whom you could count on to pick his 300 pounds of cotton a day.

"And so"—one of the men smiled—"we're recommending you for a loan. We figure you'll make a good farmer."

A few days later Mose found himself in front of Jesse Haley, Washington County Supervisor for FHA. Haley told Mose that the 1,200 acres constituting the Glen Mary Plantation were for sale. It had been broken up into 14 small tracts, and if Mose thought he could make a go of one of them, the government would lend him $5,000 to buy the land, build a house and get him going. Mose stood there, not able to believe what he was hearing. Here was a smiling white man offering him more than he'd ever dreamed of having. And this, mind you, in Mississippi. Haley took Mose over to see the property. It didn't look good. Part of it was under water, and Johnson grass and weeds covered most of the rest.

"We'll help you drain off that water," Haley said. "We've analyzed all this land and it figures to be real good. Not only for cotton but for fruit and vegetables, and you'll have room for some livestock. No use putting all your land in cotton. But that's up to you."

Mose nodded. He'd seen many a big farmer go broke because he planted only cotton; as a cropper he'd been forced to grow cotton right up to the door of his shack. He'd never been allowed to grow truck crops for his family. He could get himself some hogs and turkeys here, and maybe even some cows.

"If you like it," Haley said, "it's all yours. And you got 40 years to pay off the $5,000 loan."

Ample Income for Loan Payments

That was ten years ago. Today Mose Mason has paid off about half of his loan (at 3 per cent interest). Like most of those who buy farms under the FHA program, he has no trouble staying ahead of the required annual payment. In his case it is $217—no problem at all with his average gross income of $6,500.

He puts most of his money back into the farm. Although cotton is still his basic cash crop, Mose is smart enough to go in for diversification. He occasionally kills a hog, sells some of the meat and stores the rest in the quick freeze that he rents in near-by Greenville. He does the same with fruit and vegetables. Last year he made $400 on his surplus vegetables.

"Won't have to buy a thing in town this year but tobacco and coffee and sugar," Mose chuckles. "And we can eat meat any time we want. Sell my land? My two kids go to school. My wife can have a new dress any time she wants one. I got a home, man, I got a home. I never had a home before. I work hard, but I got good neighbors who work hard too—but when we finish work we got somethin' to show for it. This here delta is the best place on earth to live and they'll never get me outa here alive. You goin'? You come back and visit some more, ya hear?"

Mose grinned and walked toward his tractor. Mose Mason is no isolated example of how Negro farmers in Mississippi are progressing under the FHA.

The delta counties (13 of them) sprawl over a territory 250 miles long and 60 miles wide, and you can wander all over them and find hundreds like Mose Mason. Actually, you'll find about 1,200 Mose Masons and about the same number of white farmers, for, happily, the officials of the Farmers Home Administration offer the same opportunity to the white farmer who has been unable to find economic security as a sharecropper or tenant. If he is a decent man who has a record of being a hard worker—that is the only collateral he needs.

The Farmers Home Administration operates on a national level, but I am spotlighting its activities in the delta counties of Mississippi because here they are slowly changing a way of life. The old paternalistic relationship between farm management and labor, which often made virtual economic slaves of both white and Negro croppers and tenants, is gradually disappearing.

The delta is a land of violent excesses. The sun is murderously hot; the rains are often torrential; the Yazoo and Sunflower Rivers often overflow the cotton fields. The delta economy was based on an agriculture that traditionally risked everything on cotton. If nature was kind, the yield good and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mose Mason, Stokes's neighbor, made $490 last year from his truck garden. This armful of vegetables is for the family table

price high, huge profits accrued. If the reverse was true, bankruptcy was the lot of the plantation owner, and horrible poverty the lot of the croppers and tenants. And if the plantation owner went broke, his loss of purchasing power meant that hundreds of small shop owners and banks who depended upon him also went broke.

Cotton remains the principal cash crop of the delta, but today the spread of information and intelligent advice has sounded the death knell of the unsound one-crop system. The soil of the Mississippi Delta is as fertile as any in the world, and the small farmers realize now that it is absurdly hazardous to put all of their labor and land into one crop.

Viewing a Land of Plenty

Today you can see grain elevators towering on the outskirts of Greenville or Indianola, and you see acres of corn, oats and soybeans growing off the straight highways of the delta section. And just outside of Greenville you can see a new and profitable stockyard where large cattle sales are held frequently.

All of this affects the Mississippi Negro more than it does his white counterpart, for in Mississippi there is virtually no trade open to him except farming. The program of the Farmers Home Administration was designed to provide economic help, but in addition it has gradually developed the status of the Mississippi Delta Negro (within the limits of segregation) to a point where a Mose Mason can say, "This is the best place in the world to live, I figure." Mose actually believes it, too.

Stokes King, a graying, smiling Negro, lives just a couple of miles from Mason's farm. King came to Washington County in 1939. He had worked since his boyhood days as a cropper, but all he had to show for it was a secondhand car on which he still owed $260.

Now, Stokes King didn't have $260. In fact, Stokes didn't have money enough to buy gasoline to move his family to the new farm the government had financed for him. A white neighbor drained a gallon of gas out of his truck, gave it to Stokes and then he was able to cart his family and his personal belongings to the farm. After that he wrote the finance people to come and get his car; he'd never be able to pay off that $260.

"I had nothing when I got here," Stokes chuckled, "except some old chairs with the backs and arms gone. There they set, under that tree. I keep 'em there and every now and then I look at them and I say, 'Stokes, you a mighty lucky man, you are.' "

Stokes has had 15 children and they're all alive. His first nine never went to school. As soon as they were old enough to pick cotton they were out in the fields. The day I saw him Stokes had paid off $3,000 of the original $5,400 loan. Today he owns a neatly painted six-room house. Today his six youngest children, who range in age from nine to eighteen, go to school in Greenville. Twenty years ago there wouldn't have been food enough to keep such a brood alive. And the thought of any of them attending school would have been absurd. Today nine of his children have left home to marry or to start their own farms under FHA. They're doing all right, too, Stokes laughs, and they've given him 20 grandchildren.

"But my six kids that I still got here," Stokes King says proudly, "can all read and write. If any of them want to keep on schoolin' and maybe get to be preachers or doctors or lawyers, well, old Stokes can pay their bills. But I guess they'll stay here until the girls are big enough to get married and the boys big enough to start farms of their own. Farmin' on the delta is a good life. You come inside, Mistah, I show you how good."

The prosperity of a Negro in the delta country is reflected by his pantry. Stokes took me into his kitchen and proudly pointed out not only a refrigerator but an electric washing machine. "All paid for, too," he said. Then he displayed his pantry. There were 100 big glass jars filled with preserved fruit, dried vegetables, homemade sirup and a dozen other products of his land.

Wonders of a Frozen-Food Locker

"I keep most of my stuff in the frozen locker I rent at Greenville," Stokes explained. "Funny thing—you put meat and fruit and vegetables in that locker and when you want them you take them out, and I tell you the stuff is fresher and got more flavor than when you put it in the locker. Beats me how it happens."

In the neat living room, with its radio and leather-covered furniture, I found an object that made me blink. It was a brand-new portable typewriter, an exact replica of the one I'm using to type this story. It was a typewriter that cost around $65. Stokes ran his hand over the box that covered it. There was reverence in his touch.

"My children wanted this," he said proudly. "They use it, yes sir, you should hear it go clackety-clack. I come here with a few chairs that had no backs and now my children has got a typewriter. I never had no schoolin' and now my children go to school every day and they learn a lot. And then I teach them about farmin' and about how to fix a tractor when it break down. They're goin' to be real smart soon."

About 200 yards from his home a broken-down, unpainted shack leans tiredly. That was on the land when Stokes arrived back in 1939. It was a two-room shack typical of the cropper's home. Stokes and his family lived there for two years until he built the present house.

"Look at that," Stokes said. "I grew up in shacks like that. So did my old man and his old man. We never heard of a tile bathroom like I got now. Man, things used to be bad for us. Now I can git me anything I got a mind to. On a Saturday night, if I want a coupla bottles of beer, I got 'em in the refrigerator. If my car is gettin' old I go to town and say, 'Mistah, I want to turn this in for a new car,' and the man laughs and says, 'All right, Stokes. Your credit is good.'

"Mistah, I'm fifty-eight near as I can figure, and I got everything I want. I got 80 acres and every bit of it growing somethin' or feedin' cattle and hogs. Come time to pick cotton, all my kids help and I hire a few hands and pay them three dollars a hundred, and I got the money to pay them.

"You goin', Mistah? You come back and visit some more, ya hear?"

You can visit 100 farms in the delta section and when you leave you hear the inevitable: "You come back and visit some more, ya hear?" You'll leave laden with smoked hams, chickens, jars of preserves, if you aren't firm in your refusal, for these farmers are generous and proud of what they have raised and anxious to share it with visitors. Stokes's children are growing up healthy in mind and body. They'll be good citizens of the State and the country.

The shopkeepers, bankers and editors in the delta region of Mississippi give men like Mose Mason or Stokes King the respect they give any decent citizen who has made a success out of the land. The individual Negro farmer has won this respect by proving his worth and his decency. He has shown that he can accept responsibility and become an important economic factor in the life of his community. *(Continued on page 54)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BERN KEATING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyone NEEDS A PET

By RODERICK LULL

This story concerns three mongrel pups, and proves that a man's best friend is a woman

IT WOULDN'T have been so bad if the rent hadn't been overdue, and Mr. Flewberg, who takes the same view of an indigent tenant that a cat takes of a canary, hadn't been coming that afternoon to collect—or else. After all, I could have eaten the dog food. It said right on the can that it was fit for human consumption. As a dessert possibility, there was the Special Parrot Mix.

Then that nice-looking elderly lady came in.

Perhaps I should explain that I am speaking as owner of the Acme Pet Shop, Anthony Webster, Prop. The shop was an inheritance from my uncle Frederick. It constituted his entire estate; and it was all mine, the will said. The will neglected to say that the deficits would be all mine too.

It had sounded wonderful. I've always been fond of animals. And at the time I heard from the lawyer, I was working in a service station I wasn't fond of. In the time it takes to read a short letter, Tony Webster had become a man of property.

But I had never seen the Acme Pet Shop.

Since taking over, I had disposed of one can of turtle food and one dog collar. The dog collar went on credit to a man upstairs who owned a poodle. I had a motley stock of pet supplies and $2.40. I also had the three puppies I had bought in a moment of enthusiasm from a gentleman whose beagle had involved herself in a *mésalliance*. I gave $4 for the lot. Out of this abundance I would somehow have to pay Mr. Flewberg at least part of the month's rent I owed him.

That afternoon I was watching the puppies eat, wondering how long my stock of dog food would last for the four of us, when this elderly lady with the kind, rather vague face came in. "Is there something I can do for you?" I said.

"I was just looking," she said. Then she added brightly, "I'm Mrs. Doyle from over on Summer Street."

"How do you do?" I said. "It's nice to have a visitor, Mrs. Doyle."

She put her hand in the pen. It was immediately beset by puppies. The one with the white face began to nibble at a finger, as though it were the daintiest of tidbits. She laughed so hard she looked ten years younger.

"You know," she said, "I haven't had a dog since I was a little girl."

"Everyone needs a pet," I said. "And you can't beat a dog." I figured she was just browsing—but you never know.

"How much is that white-faced one?" she said.

I took a deep breath. "Mrs. Doyle," I said, "I can see you have an eye for dog flesh. He's the pick of the lot. I'm giving him away at fifteen dollars."

"I'd better be going home," she said. But she didn't move. The white-faced one had started on another finger. "Are they well bred?"

"Their breeding would astonish the kennel club."

She looked at me with the most trusting eyes you ever saw—almost like a dog's. "What kind are they?" she said. "I don't know much about it, you see."

Now I am not the kind of man who makes a practice of deceiving old ladies. But a small white lie which can do no harm often makes people happy. Then there was Mr. Flewberg and that back rent.

I looked at the wall. The two-year-old calendar tacked there showed a fishing scene. "You Get the Big Ones at Bimini!" the captain said.

"They're Bimini spaniels," I said. I have no excuse, except that this was desperation talking. "A very uncommon breed. Equally at home in the house or the hunting field."

I could almost see the last frail threads of resistance breaking. She sighed, a happy sigh. She counted out fifteen dollars in bills.

I lined a box with paper and put her puppy inside. But she was still standing by the pen. The puppy with the slightly cocked eye was munching away on her wrist. The third was selecting a fresh tooth hold.

I was in the swing and couldn't stop. "Mrs. Doyle," I said, "it's a shame to separate these superb pups. They're like brothers and sisters. In fact they are brothers and sisters. It's as easy to raise three as one—easier. If you happen to be interested—"

"Oh, I don't think I could," she said. "I just want one for company."

"Mrs. Doyle, I'll regret this," I said. "But I like my dogs to have good homes. Money is a secondary consideration. You can have the herd for thirty dollars, just fifteen dollars more. I'll even throw in a case of Super-Dog Banquet—it builds bone and sinew, due to added vitamins. I was thinking of trying it myself tonight."

"What?" she said.

"Just a joke," I said. "Feeble, wasn't it? I don't know why I made that offer. It's financial suicide. But my word's my word."

She looked lost. "I'm afraid my granddaughter wouldn't—"

"Just the thing for her, madam," I said. "All children need and love dogs."

"She isn't exactly a child."

"It's the same with teen-agers. The three will fit nicely in the box. Here's the case of Super-Dog Banquet. Thank you. I'm sorry we have no delivery facilities at the *(Continued on page 36)*

"They woke me up," Mrs. Doyle said. She was holding all three puppies and kissing them one by one

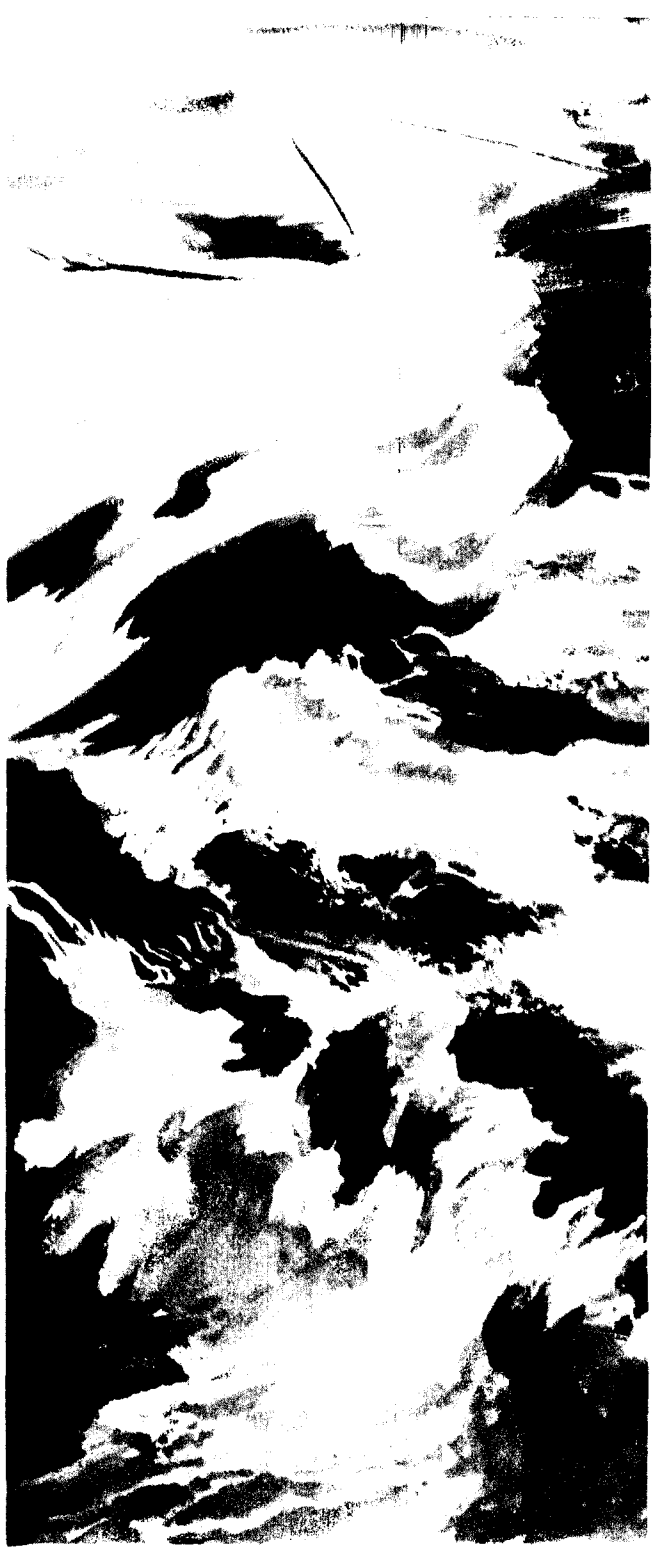
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voyage of the PAGAN

One Man's Struggle with the Sea

By JOHN CALDWELL



THE author, a junior in the University of California when the war started, joined the Merchant Marine and later transferred to the Australian Air Force. While in training at Canberra he met and married an Australian girl, from whom he was soon separated by the events of the war. Two years later he was stranded in Panama, still trying unsuccessfully to get passage back to Australia. As a last resort he bought a 29-foot sailboat, the Pagan, and although he had no knowledge of sailing, he set out alone for Australia, with only a few months in which to outrace the hurricane season. After two turbulent months in the Pacific, the author reached the Galápagos Islands, and stopped briefly in Post Office Bay of Floreana Island to mail a letter to his wife.

PART TWO OF THREE PARTS

I HAVE always been a hunch player. From the time I was a boy in knee pants, I made all my major decisions on the spur of the moment, and worked them out later. "Johnny dear," my worried mother used to wail, "why don't you look before you leap?"

If she had been around to warn me as I was leaving Galápagos, she might have saved me a lot of trouble. I had been two months getting across the 1,000-mile stretch of water from Panama, and I was still about 6,800 miles from my destination, with the hurricane season approaching. She would have said, "Go back, Johnny, go back!" But, acting on my own, I was confident the worst was behind me.

For the next five lovely weeks on the Pacific, it seemed that I was right. Leaving Galápagos I caught the trade winds and headed due west, paralleling the equator. For 3,500 miles I enjoyed the pleasantest sailing I probably shall ever experience. The boat sailed itself, day after day, pushed by steady breezes at the rate of 100 miles a day.

I should have known that such good fortune couldn't last forever, and that sooner or later the day of reckoning would come.

There was fresh food every morning—a regular daily harvest of flying fish that came aboard without my turning a hand. During the night the prow, slicing the water, would send them skittering like quail, and some of them always flew blindly into the sails, to drop stunned into the waist or on the forepeak. They were waiting for me there in the morning.

Flying fish are delicious food, well worth the trouble of picking their bones. I liked them best boiled in salt water and garnished with catsup and crackers. For a variation I often had them fried in bacon fat. The kittens, Flotsam and Jetsam, enjoyed them as much as I did.

We spent our halcyon days in luxurious ease. My routine work took me no more than a few minutes a day. I lay on deck and watched the kittens as they romped and played. When I tired of the sun, I went below and snoozed in my bunk or read from the 25 books in my library.

Although I had not seen a human being or even a distant sail since I left the Gulf of Panama, I was never lonely. Besides the friendly happy kittens I had my thoughts for company. In retrospect I went over my whole life, its disappointments and accomplishments, failures and thrills. I planned for my future, when I should rejoin Mary, my wife, in Australia—what we would do together—our aims, purposes and ambitions. Life is never boring to me—never was—no matter where I happen to be. I learned as a boy to fill my idle time with diversions of my own creating. I could lie in my bunk by the hour, just thinking.

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY MURRAY GARRETT

John Caldwell lounges with his wife in a boat like the Pagan, safely anchored near Santa Barbara

Flotsam and Jetsam spent hours making their meticulous toilets—always acting as if they expected company. Maybe they could read the future. For company did arrive.

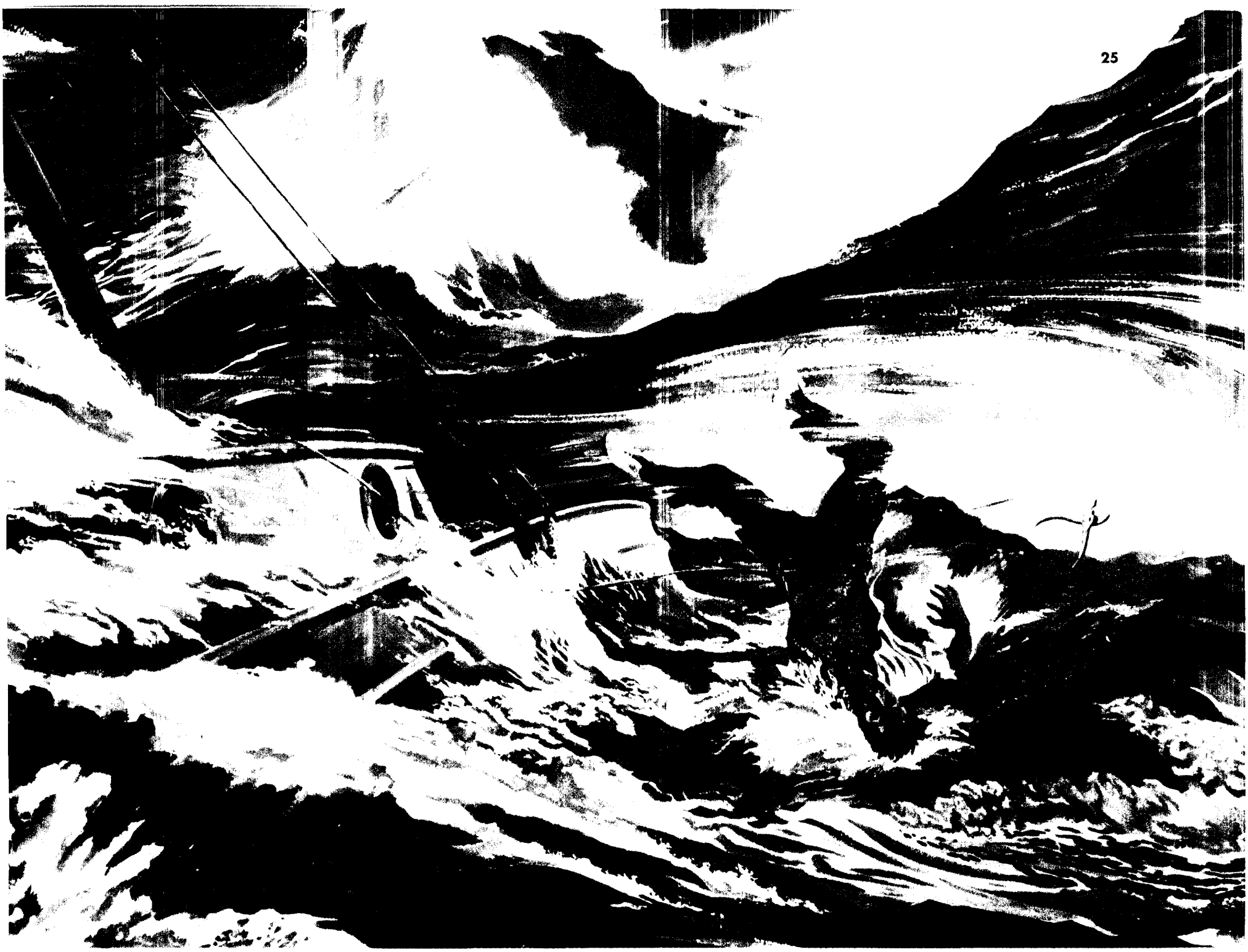
It happened just after we passed the halfway point of our long journey, on the morning of August 29th, with 4,000 miles behind us. Land came in sight, and I guided the Pagan into a placid lagoon of Caroline Island.

As I dropped anchor, a native outrigger pushed out to greet me. There were eight Polynesians aboard, including three or four children. These friendly people went into ecstasies over Flotsam and Jetsam. Never having seen a cat before, they made more fuss over the kittens than they did over me.

I arranged to swap some of my superfluous junk for fresh food, and was preparing to shove off when I noticed that the children were clutching and caressing the kittens as if their hearts would break. I could see what joy Flotsam and Jetsam could bring into their lonely lives. Impulsively I motioned to them that the cats were theirs, and then I cast off before I could regret it or change my mind.

All the rest of the voyage I did a good deal of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When the author sat up to check his repair job a violent blast of wind picked him up bodily and hurled him from the deckhouse into the surging hurricane sea

regretting. Pagan was never quite the same without its lovely little passengers. They had been a part of the boat—and also part of me. They had been more than companions; they had been like guardian angels who had somehow helped to see me through. As I left the Caroline Island behind, I wondered if I hadn't given away my luck.

It almost seemed so, because nasty weather developed immediately. There were four successive days of storm, rain and deadly calm.

On September 5th a slight swell set in, from—of all places—the north. I noted this oddity and attempted to reason it out. I didn't like the implications, which pointed to a wind somewhere north. That would be ominous. Was it possible the hurricane season was arriving ahead of schedule?

By noon great, glassy swells were crowding out of the north. Before midafternoon skies were black, and the swells were larger, closer together, more purposeful.

Pagan was stripped to her standing rigging, looking almost nude as she rolled in the threatening sea. I lashed the boom double, clinched the halyards down and cleared the decks. I battened all ports and hatches. I nailed the forecastle to its coamings with heavy spikes as a precaution against deep seas boarding my decks. Down below all was shipshape. Gear was stowed and lashed. From the bunk's edge I had dangled a number of short lines, so I could tie myself down in emergency.

If a hurricane was coming, there was nothing I could do but sit tight. I took out one of my books and read again the description of a hurricane. Its small round center is an area of low barometric pressure and calm air; the outer reaches have a high barometric pressure. Working from the outside, in a circular motion, are prodigious winds which intensify right up to the edge of the calm inner zone. The whole system of terrific winds is usually about 300 miles across. The duration of a hurricane depends on the speed it travels—anywhere from five to thirty miles an hour.

Least Violent Near the Equator

Its winds in the northern latitudes spin counterclockwise; in southern latitudes, where I was, they are clockwise. The portion of a hurricane nearest the equator is generally its least violent part; the area to avoid—if possible—is the center, where the air is calm but the sea murderously wild.

By evening my worst fears became certainties. There was no longer any guesswork about the hurricane. I had one right in my lap. I unlashed my rubber raft from the mast and strung it from the stern—just in case.

The wind had steadied in the north as night closed in. I went below to lie in my bunk and wait, nerves taut. About an hour later, Pagan commenced dancing. Instead of quick rolls before the more forceful seas, she made sharp lurches and heeled over far enough to throw me.

The brewing hurricane kept slamming with ever-increasing intensity. I was certain the track of the storm lay directly over me. I could figure on three phases of behavior from it. First, the infernal winds of its dangerous outer circle; second, the lull of the hurricane's center, where winds from a dozen directions would send great rollers crashing into a small crowded arena; third, the punishing tail end of the storm, sharp and stinging as a whip.

I lashed myself in my bunk and waited. Two hours later Pagan was slapped by abrupt bursts of wind and sea that rattled her like sudden earthquakes. She was entering the real hurricane zone.

It was midnight, I suppose, when I took a look outside. My storm sail had blown to loose ends. This meant going on deck, which I hated. Out in the raging storm, I set my sea anchor, a homemade job, and let it out on 100 feet of line. Pagan rounded up successfully, though she was taking heavy, noisy water over her gunwales.

Back in my bunk again I listened intently to every sound of Pagan's aging timbers. Along about two in the morning I heard a quivering shriek—the loose ends of a snapped shroud.

It whined like something wounded. I opened the hatch and peered out. Giant, wind-whipped seas surged to port and starboard. The wind, growing harsh and harsher, had a *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zone of Interior

"You'll have to call off the trip, sir," Sergeant Fat Otis said. The lieutenant threw the bottle of ink against the upstairs door and left

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By JAMES ROSS

The war with the enemy was over. Caught in the waiting war, a sergeant and a lieutenant carried their grudge fight to a bitter finish

I STILL remember the afternoon, late in September, 1945, when Lieutenant Bell, the adjutant, found his travel orders in the mail that had been lying unopened on his desk all day.

"I've made it!" he said, and he let out a whoop that woke up everybody in headquarters office.

We crowded around his desk. The magic paper was made out in triplicate, and advised that the lieutenant proceed to Antwerp for immediate return to the Zone of Interior, an Army term for the United States.

Then the lieutenant shook hands all around, put on his cap, and headed for the bar at the Hotel des Ardennes. He was the first officer from our outfit to make it home on points.

It was half past four by then, so we knocked off work. Corporal Peters, charge of quarters for the night, went outside and took the flag down. He brought it inside and came on over to my desk.

"Hold the end of it there, and I'll show you how to make George Washington's hat," Corporal Peters said.

Just then the door at the back swung open and Master Sergeant Fat Otis came into the room. He was puffing a little from climbing the stairs.

"Say, Jordan, where's my jeep?" he called to the motor sergeant.

"Major Dort borrowed it," Jordan said. "Promised he'd have it back by evening chow."

"He'd better," Fat Otis said. Then he noticed us folding the flag. "Corporal, you've got that wrong."

So Peters unrolled it, holding the end with the field of stars while Fat did it over. Fat's hands looked stubby, but his touch was quick and sure. When Fat had finished, he held the folded flag over his head. From the side it looked like he was wearing an old-fashioned, three-cornered hat.

"Now I ask you, men," Fat said. "Who could tell George and myself apart?"

"Me, for one," Peters said. "George Washington's a dead man."

Fat put the flag on the adjutant's desk.

"Where's Bell anyway?" he asked.

We told him that the lieutenant was going back to the States. Fat shook his head.

"Here's where the guy goes back to driving a truck," he said. "He'll never have it so good again. Few officers will."

Sergeant Fat Otis—nobody called him Fat to his face—did not fraternize with the officers. Maybe because his girl back home had jilted him for a colonel with a desk job in Washington. The sergeant was a college man himself, but he had flunked out of OCS because of an argument with his commanding officer. Now he was the ranking noncom in battalion headquarters, where even the privates had it soft.

Our office took up the second floor of a brownstone house in the Rue de la Casquette, in Liége. Ten of us lived in a squad room which opened on a balcony, with stairs leading down to the office. Sergeant Otis had a room with private bath on the ground floor. His valet was an ex-tailor, a German prisoner named Paul. The sergeant's working day was about five minutes long. Each morning he lined up the work for the rest of us, including officers—when we had an officer that knew how to do anything.

Lieutenant Bell hadn't done anything much except hang around the office, getting in everybody's way. But sometimes an officer from Chanor Base—a roving inspector—would visit Liége; and at such times it was best to have one of our own officers lurking somewhere in the background. This gave the office an air of grim respectability, besides furnishing the fall guy if one became necessary. So Fat began looking around for someone to replace Lieutenant Bell.

Finally, on payday, Major Dort came into the office to get his money. Fat asked him if he had any particular officer in mind that he would like to have made into an adjutant. The major said that anything Fat decided to do would be okay with him. And that was the truth, because Fat had considerable dirt on the major.

That afternoon, Fat put on his glasses, opened the safe and got out the qualification cards of the officers under Major Dort's command. Fat studied the cards for a couple of hours, shaking his head a lot. Then he called up a Lieutenant Androskofsky, who was stationed at St. Hubert. Androskofsky said that he couldn't spell his own name, or even remember it half the time. So he felt that he was not qualified to be an adjutant. Fat let him off. Nobody else he called that afternoon felt qualified either. To hear them tell it, every officer in the command was blind, deaf, ruptured and crazy—though none of them was crazy enough to answer the telephone again that week.

Fat finally decided to put the screws on a Captain Simpkins, who was stationed at Verviers, and had once been professor of mechanical bookkeeping in a West Virginia business college. That was the morning when Second Lieutenant Angus Ramsey came in from Bastogne, where he commanded a company of German POWs. Ramsey was a little fellow, and when he walked he seemed to shrink from taking the next step. None of us paid any attention to him until he stumbled on the carpet at Fat's desk, caught his left foot in a wire wastebasket and fell flat on his back.

"Pardon me!" Lieutenant Ramsey said.

Fat leaned over and took the wastebasket from the lieutenant's shoe.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Fat asked, his voice matter-of-fact, as if he were used to officers lying around on the floor.

Lieutenant Ramsey got up with enough dignity to make us feel like a pack of fools for snickering at his fall.

"I'd like to see Major Dort," he said, stooping to pick up his cap.

"Major Dort's inspecting," Fat said. "What do you want to see him about?"

Lieutenant Ramsey's eyes were brown, and seemed too large for the rest of his face. He stood in front of Fat's desk and twisted his cap in his hands. "I want to go home," he said.

Fat stared at Lieutenant Ramsey. "You do, eh?" he said.

"I've got to get home. My girl's fixing to get married on me," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"You want an emergency furlough?" Fat asked.

"I've got enough points to get a discharge, only I can't prove it. My records was lost in Germany," the lieutenant said.

"That's too bad," Fat said. "What makes you think you could change her mind if you got home?"

"Because she don't love him. They've wore her down. It's her family wants her to marry anything in pants, just so it's not me," Lieutenant Ramsey said. He was not talking to us, except incidentally.

"What's the objection to you?" Fat asked.

"I've got bad blood in me from both sides of the house. I had two uncles hung for murder," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

Fat was studying the lieutenant's face.

"I wrote Evelyn to put off the wedding. She says she can't do it," Lieutenant Ramsey said. He seemed to be lost in meditation.

"She might not be joking about it, either," Fat said in a voice so pleasant that I knew he was getting fed up with what he considered a case of indecent exposure. "You ever hear tell of the military wedding, where they use the impressive teething-ring-and-shotgun ceremony to hitch the happy couple?"

LIEUTENANT RAMSEY started a little, and he squeezed his cap into a compact, though lopsided ball. He had the look of a worried schoolboy, but his voice was full of ice when he said, "Sergeant, you'll have to apologize for that."

Fat's face turned red, then almost black. After a minute he said, "Very well, sir. I apologize."

"Stand up, soldier, when you apologize to me," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

Fat stood up slowly. "Sir, I am sorry that I spoke lightly of Miss Evelyn Somebody," he said. "I know nothing about this lady's reputation. Did not know of her existence until the lieutenant's visit this morning." Then Fat saluted. Lieutenant Ramsey returned the salute, relaxing his grip on his cap at the last moment and batting himself in the eye. The cap fluttered to the floor.

"That's all, Sergeant," Lieutenant Ramsey said. He got his cap and made it to the door.

Fat Otis sat down again. He put a cigarette in his mouth, but he didn't light it. Finally he said, "There's no file here on Ramsey. Does anybody know anything about him?"

"I heard he didn't have much education for an officer. Just a grade-school education," said Private Bud Tinsley, a typist.

"He's from a little city in Tennessee. That's the only information I ever heard him turn loose of before today," said Private Zero Mallard, who was also classified as a typist.

"He's around thirty-five, I'd say," Fat Otis said, licking his lips, which seemed quite thin in a face otherwise plump. "He's old enough to know better than to chew me out."

"Oh, he's all right. Just has a lot on his mind," I said.

"He's a rank-happy moron," Fat said. . . .

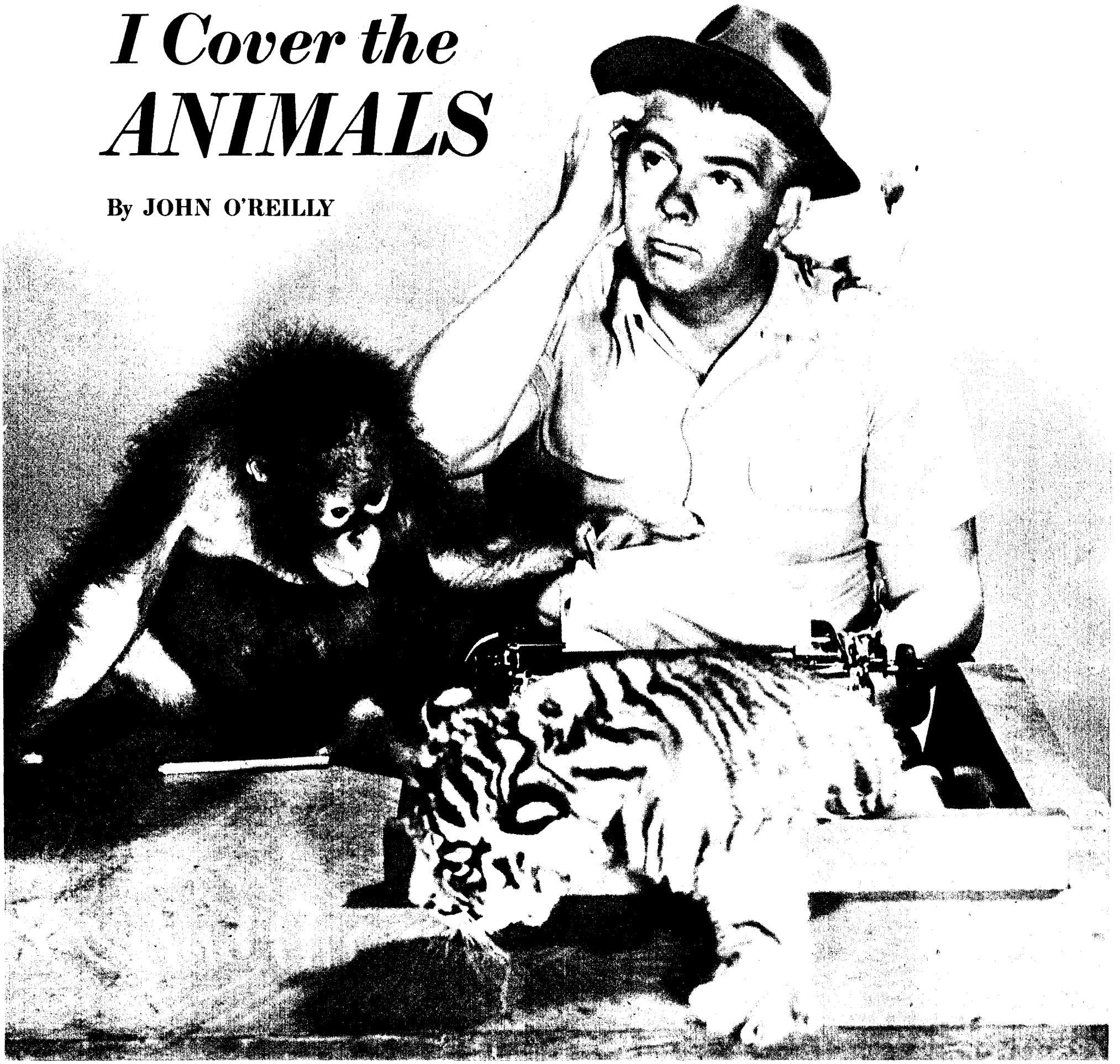
Still it might have blown over, if it hadn't been for Sergeant Jordan. It was his day off and he hadn't been (*Continued on page* 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Cover the ANIMALS

By JOHN O'REILLY



John (Tex) O'Reilly regretted becoming a newspaperman until he discovered that Manhattan harbors almost as much wild life as his native Texas. He became the New York Herald Tribune's nature writer; has spent most of 20 years happily reporting the doings of everything from bongos to yapoks

IN THE course of my work I have ridden a camel through Manhattan streets while attired in a brown business suit and a tan topcoat. I have been slugged by an elephant in Cairo, Egypt. I once ate a foot and a half of rattlesnake fried in deep fat. I was stared at by a red-eyed tree frog in Panama and an Indian leopard once chased me into a ladies' dressing room.

These are only a few of the eager approaches and hasty exits, the curious excursions and confounding situations that come with being an animal reporter of the New York Herald Tribune. "Animal reporter" is a broad term. Some people seem to think it means a reporter with fur and a tail, for a woman once telephoned the paper and asked for "your man who lives in the zoo."

If suburban housewives are wielding their brooms against seventeen-year locusts, I am in the thick of the battle. If a yapok[1] or a bongo[2] arrives at the zoo my duty is to join the greeting committee. Animal reporting may mean testing the voltage of

[1]Rare South American water opossum.
[2]Striped antelope from Congo basin.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an electric eel or floating down the Santee River in South Carolina trying to rediscover the Carolina parakeet. It includes investigating the work of biological researchers, covering wild-life conferences, poling around in Florida swamps or taking bird walks in city parks.

It is a job of going to see the elephant and hear the owl and then writing about it. There are many people who don't know that the Mediterranean cowfish looks like a cow from in front but like Roquefort cheese from any other angle. Nor do many know that the spotted skunk walks on its front legs when excited. It is my task to find out such things and report them. It also is my aim to

show that if man keeps kicking his environment around at the present rate, the animals won't be able to carry on and neither will man himself.

This job of animal reporting takes considerable preparation. Mine began out in west Texas when, as a child, I would gaze at rattlesnakes in admiration instead of chopping them in two with a long-handled hoe as I had been instructed. I once handed my father a cigar box. He opened it and my pet spider ran up his arm. Good old Dad. Poor old spider.

Our family left the tarantula and Gila monster country and moved east to San Antonio, Texas, so my brother and I could go to school. Shoes, city life and the classroom upset me at first but I soon solved the problem. I built myself a zoo in the back yard and scoured the wooded environs of the metropolis for specimens. It was on one of these excursions that I got myself into a hole.

It was out at Rattlesnake Hill, a fascinating place. There were rocky ledges where lizards basked. There was always the chance of seeing a coyote and there were burrowing owls for sure. At the foot of the hill was the cactus-grown foundation of a large, abandoned building which gave the place a mystic air, like temple ruins in a jungle. Hardly anybody ever went there except me.

On one prowl through these ruins I peered over the edge of a square, concrete-lined hole. At the bottom was a stick insect fully six inches long. It was a crude critter, a headless-appearing thing with six angular legs that waved with a slow, sinister motion. It was a thing of beauty. I hung by my hands from the edge of the pit and dropped down to capture the prize.

With the thing wrapped in a rag and stuffed in my shirt front, I started to climb out of the hole. It was deeper than I had realized. The walls were sheer and there was nothing in the pit but me and my bug. I jumped and jumped until I was exhausted. Then I got scared. Nobody ever came to Rattlesnake Hill. I might have to stay there forever. Tears came and my lip quivered as I realized that I would never see my family again.

Through the mist of grief I saw that an old drain about four inches in diameter led out of the pit. I reached an arm into it and found it was choked with small stones. Pulling the stones out one by one, I collected about fifteen. Arranging them in a pile in one corner, I put one foot on the pile and jumped. The little pyramid crumbled and I skinned my elbow. I tried again with the same result. After many attempts the stones were arranged firmly enough so they held my weight. A mighty leap, one hand grabbed the edge of the pit and I pulled myself out.

It was very late when I got home. Feigning nonchalance as best I could, I held out the stick insect toward my mother.

"Did you ever see anything like this, Ma?" I asked. Good old Ma. Poor old stick insect.

To ease the pain I took The Reptile Book, by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, to my room and perused it for the thousandth time. There was a passage that said that Sternotherus odoratus, the common musk turtle, seeks a thicket close to a stream bank where it digs among the leaf mold and deposits its eggs. The next day, having memorized all Dr. Ditmars had to say about the musk turtle, I set out for the river. Finding a spot exactly as described, I crawled into the thicket and started to dig among the leaves. I had dug not more than five minutes when I found musk turtle eggs.

How was I to know that chance had smiled—that I might have dug up 15 acres of leaf mold with-

out finding a musk turtle nest? Ditmars became my god. At least he shared my worship with Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Ernest Thompson Seton and other deities whose bibles I had found in the Carnegie Library.

Naturally all this led to a career of journalism. I say naturally because people who set out to be something usually wind up as something else.

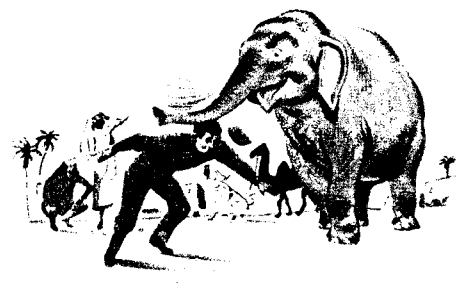
Ten years and many natural history books later, I found myself a cub reporter on the Herald Tribune. For me the city was made up of fires, robberies, murders and banquets replete with bad, prohibition whisky and dreary speakers. Occasionally I got an assignment that had to do with animals. The old thirst began to revive. It dawned on me that there were more different kinds of curious animals in New York City than there had been in west Texas. (Take it easy, fellow Texans.)

I got to haunting zoos, museums and the Aquarium. In time the city editor got to listing me on the daily assignment sheet as "O'Reilly—Flora and Fauna."

I couldn't wait for strange animals to reach the zoos but took to prowling the docks looking for vessels bringing animal shipments.

Once, aboard a freighter from Australia, I asked a deckhand where the animals were. He pointed down a passage and said, "Third door on the left."

I opened the door to find three large kangaroos loose in a cabin. Before I could introduce myself the largest one lunged forward and kicked me in the midriff with both hind feet. Falling backward, I hit the deck, gasping for breath. As I pulled myself together I glanced down the corridor where my informant and two other seamen were convulsed



with merriment. I had been a victim of Australian humor. Now I always knock before going in.

Gradually I got to know scientists both great and small. To express their friendship a group of young scientists invited me to a small, experimental dinner. It turned out that the experiment was to test the feasibility of eating rattlesnake meat. There was a foot and a half of snake per guest. I managed to eat it by washing it down with straight whisky but I was able to write a story refuting those who say "It tastes just like chicken." An overshoe tastes like chicken if you put enough gravy on it.

When the circus came to town I'd dash out to the railroad yards to be on hand for the unloading. One spring Dexter Fellows, circus press agent of beloved memory, used his sly persuasiveness to get me to ride a camel the six miles from the Bronx to Madison Square Garden. He said a story about riding a camel through town would thrill readers to the bone.

They brought out a two-hump job and roustabouts hoisted me up between the humps. The camel herd started the long trek and it was then I learned that the normal gait of a camel is two steps forward and one backward. At least that's what their body motion indicates. Also it developed that these beasts have a razor-sharp backbone cunningly concealed between the humps. Agony set in while the crowd jeered. The sight of a man, in business attire, including topcoat and felt hat, astride a camel was too much for the populace.

"Get a horse!" they yelled. It was only professional pride that made me stick it out. At the Garden helping hands pulled me to earth. I managed to get to the office and write a story, but the city editor eyed my rocking gait suspiciously. Taking a taxi home, I hung my clothes in a closet, took a shower and went to bed.

The next morning when I opened the closet door a blast of camel odor almost knocked me flat. The clothes were sent to the cleaners and then had to be

sent back again. We moved out of the apartment and they say that on damp nights there is still a faint camel smell in the neighborhood.

Another spring I was standing in the Garden arena watching Alfred Court, hailed as "the master trainer of all time," as he rehearsed his big cat act. The usual crowd of property men, tumblers, trapeze artists, equestrians, riggers, press agents, dwarfs and hangers-on was present. When the trainer's back was turned an Indian leopard climbed the bars and began clawing at the cloth netting which covered the display cage.

A helper outside tried to force him back and the crowd laughed at his efforts. When it suddenly became evident that the beast was coming through, a general stampede started. The leopard hit the ground and started running directly toward me.

For once I found myself *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN KAUFMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just like I hate MONEY

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

The Story: Every year the professional golfers make a tour of the big tournaments, playing before huge galleries, under great tension, for rich prizes. Some are on the downgrade, some are coming up.

Young KERRY GARNETT was coming up. Still in search of his first big win, Kerry blew a close finish in a tournament in the Southwest. That night, lying in his hotel after his friend PAUL SHELLEY had censured him and after the tournament manager LARRY CROWLEY had warned him that he'd be dropped from the tour if he didn't keep his temper under control, Kerry's thoughts of his girl KATHLEEN, back in Fort Worth, were interrupted when a sharp little man wearing a shoulder holster knocked on his door. The man introduced himself as NICK. He said his boss, BEKINS, wanted to see Kerry. Bekins, a suave gambler operating out of a fancy local night club, tried to persuade Kerry to work for him. It would require losing a match from time to time—but all in the good cause of keeping the gambler from losing money. For answer, Kerry threw a drink in Bekins's face. Then he walked out to the bar, where he got into a fight with SPEED HENDRICKS, the golfer who had beaten him. Hendricks's girl, FRANCIA LAYNE, invited Kerry to her house. Hendricks followed them there, and another fight ensued. Francia broke it up, and the two men wound up by betting their winnings on the forthcoming tournament at Patkai Hills. "If either of you wins, then I will be his handmaiden," Francia said. Kerry felt good as he got into Francia's low-slung foreign car and drove back to town. He did not feel so good when he opened the door of his bedroom and saw a woman asleep on his bed.

CONCLUSION

HE STOOD by the door and anger welled up inside him. What kind of a crummy joint is this, he wondered. And then he saw a feathered hat on the bureau. It was oddly familiar, so he crossed the room swiftly. It was Kathie. Her hair was a dark fan over the pillow, and one hand nestled beside her head. Tenderness relaxed his face, and he shook her shoulder gently.

She roused. Her eyes flickered open and focused on him.

"Hi, Kerry," she murmured sleepily.

"Hi, yourself." He grinned down at her. "This is something. Where'd you come from?"

She wiped at her eyes, sat up, and stretched. She was wearing a backless summer dress, and it was badly rumpled.

"The girl reporter got a vacation. Had a chance to go yachting with a big operator, too, but—" She yawned, clapped her hands over her mouth, and smiled at him. "But the big operator was more interested in playing footsie than he was in tarpon fishing, so I decided to come see what young Bobby Jones was doing."

"He's doing terrible." Kerry sat down on the bed and lighted two cigarettes. "I had a chance to win this one, but went up like a balloon."

"Don't we all?" She took the cigarette and stared at the tip of it. "I called Larry Crowley to find out where you were staying, and he told me about it."

"One of those things." He was smiling at her, but she did not return it; her gaze was steady.

"You've had too many of those things," she said quietly. Then her mouth curved, and she looked away. "That stinking day coach. I thought the trip would never end."

He was genuinely startled. "That's the hard way. Why?"

"Money, Lochinvar. The root of."

"But I had a few bucks. You could have wired."

"No." She smiled and stretched again, and he realized—and was ashamed of it—that her trim figure made him think of Francia Layne. Getting up, he made small talk about the people at home, and hung up his coat. Then he came back and kissed her. It was a natural and expected thing; they had kissed many times before. But it was not searing to the mouth, as Francia's kisses had been. When it was done, she drew back and stared at him with a puzzled air.

"You smell like the remains of Mrs. O'Leary's cow."

Kerry grinned. "Been out with the upper classes. Had a scuffle with a fellow, and we wound up in the fireplace."

She surveyed him, shaking her head in dismay. While she looked over his burned tuxedo, he felt a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was Kathie. Her hair was a dark fan over the pillow, and one hand nestled beside her head

stab of compassion at the fact that she had ridden a day and a night in a chair car—to see him. All of a sudden, Crestwood was not just another town along the route of the niblick gypsies. It was a town with a core of warmth in it, because she was there. That meant an obligation. A promise, too, but mostly it was just the fact that he had a friend in town.

"Who was the other gladiator?" she asked, examining the singed hair on the back of his head.

"Speed Hendricks. You remember him from the '46 Open at Colonial. Tall blond kid. Cocky."

"A dream boat."

"That's the boy." Kerry sighed. "He gave me a lot of lip in a gambling hall, and I decked him. Later, he caught up with me at a—party, and we tangled again."

"You lead a remarkably active life," said Kathie. Standing before the peeling bureau, she combed her hair and straightened the seams of her stockings. She was turned, looking over her shoulder at the total effect of her legs when Kerry whistled and murmured, "Real, real nice." They were, too. She made a face at him in the mirror, her chin line distorted by the poor glass.

"No light-o'-love, golfer," she said steadily. "If I wanted persiflage and the clutch treatment, I would now be on a yacht in blue water."

He protested the purity of his thoughts, and she shook her head with a slight smile. Then she put on her coat, picked up her hat, and they went out into the musty hall. Her room was on the floor above, and at the door he kissed her again, with more cooperation on both sides.

"See you tomorrow, champ," she said in a husky voice, and closed the door. Feeling tired and frustrated, Kerry walked back to his own room. It was still raining, and he lay staring at the glistening windows for another hour, until dawn was graying into the room. . . .

It was nearly noon when he awakened. Sunlight was streaming, golden, around the edges of the drawn shades. After he had bathed and shaved, Kerry went down to the lobby and entered the single phone booth. The dial clicked around, and when a clipped voice answered, he asked for Miss Layne. The voice said Miss Layne would not be available until two o'clock, but would he care to leave a message?

"Yes. This is Mr. Garnett. I have her car."

"Yes, sir." The voice was bland, as though Miss Layne had many cars, and was accustomed to leaving them with strangers.

"It's in"—Kerry fumbled in his pocket—"the Farragut Garage. Can you have someone pick it up?"

"Yes, sir. We'll attend to it."

After hanging up, Kerry called the Farragut Garage and made arrangements to have his own car picked up at the Huntleigh Club.

Then he called Larry Crowley's hotel. "Look," he said, when Larry's brusque voice answered. "I won't be able to make the practice round."

"That's okay. Your girl called me last night." Crowley was yawning. "You played the Patkai course last year, didn't you?"

"And the year before."

"All right. I'll leave a pass for her at the gate." Crowley hung up, and Kerry walked out of the booth. When he had delivered the car check to the garage, he walked back to the chop suey joint next to the hotel. A Chinaman of uncertain age listened impassively as Kerry outlined his breakfast plans. Yes, could do. But not to take. If go in hotel, must be hotel boy. Kerry said yes, go in hotel, and gave the number of Kathleen's room. Then he walked back through the lobby and got in the rheumatic elevator.

She was still asleep, and he had to knock several times. As he came in, he had a glimpse of a very brief gown while she dived back into the bed. Pulling the covers up she regarded him with owlish solemnity. When he pointed at her bare shoulders, she snatched the covers *(Continued on page 48)*

Kerry grabbed the caddie by the shirt. "Where did you get that ball?" he demanded, his voice deadly

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Surprising Mr. JESSUP

By BILL DAVIDSON

Largely responsible for lifting the Berlin blockade, this lanky American college professor has won the attention and respect of the world. Even the Russians say that he is one of the most brilliant men in the U.N.

Ambassador-at-large Philip Jessup and his wife at the recent Paris meeting of the Foreign Ministers

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY ROGER COSTER

UP UNTIL October 4, 1948, Mr. Andrei Vishinsky of Soviet Russia was noted in the United Nations as (a) the toughest character there, (b) so brilliant a lawyer and orator that he was described by neutral delegates as "a matador fighting with cows," and (c) a man so contemptuous of his American adversaries that he read a newspaper any time any of them spoke.

All this changed at 3:00 P.M. on the above date, when a lanky, long-nosed, rumple-suited American college professor named Philip Caryl Jessup slipped into his seat at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris, as the United States' newest representative on the U.N. Security Council. That afternoon, Mr. Vishinsky made one of his fiery, arm-waving speeches—protesting Russia's innocence in the matter of the Berlin blockade. Mr. V. then settled back to read his newspaper. He scarcely looked up as the unknown Jessup asked for the floor to answer him.

In just the first minute, when Jessup quoted from memory a stand Vishinsky had taken in the Iran dispute back in January, 1946, which was directly the opposite to a statement the Russian had just made, the Kremlin's prosecutor turned pink and peeked at Jessup over the top of his Pravda.

When Jessup used Vishinsky's own words to imply that Russia was not respecting her agreements as a signer of the United Nations Charter, Vishinsky became florid-faced, and the newspaper lay unnoticed in his lap. When Jessup approached the end of his extemporaneous address with the now-famous peroration: "If the U.S.S.R. wants peace, let it welcome a resort to the United Nations, the instrument of peace," Vishinsky was furiously scribbling notes for his reply the next day.

From that point on, the Vishinsky newspaper-reading act was a thing of the past, and Vishinsky began to refer to Jessup as "my distinguished colleague," or "the eminent authority on international law."

The U.S. State Department couldn't believe its eyes. A renowned international lawyer was achieving huge success where eminent Fourth of July orators had failed. So, a few months later, Jessup was moved up to be ambassador-at-large, a world-wide trouble-shooting job which makes him Secretary of State Dean Acheson's alter ego, and gives him full power to negotiate for the United States as Acheson's substitute. Thus, in addition to his U.N. assignments, Jessup also is a special emissary of the caliber of Harry Hopkins, who scooted about the globe on similar missions for President Roosevelt.

Our government's reluctant foresight soon paid off. For it was through the diplomatic novice, Ambassador-at-large Jessup, that the Berlin blockade was lifted.

The inside State Department story behind this one-man triumph reads like a thriller. Last January, an American newspaperman, Kingsbury Smith, of International News Service, cabled a series of questions to Joseph Stalin about Russian-American relations, which never had been at a lower ebb. Stalin's answers came back on January 30th. They referred to nearly everything under the sun, *except* the American-British-French use of Western currency in Berlin. Before, this had always been the reason advanced by the Russians for their imposition of the Berlin blockade.

This unexpected omission threw our State Department into a flurry of long, secret meetings. This was the big question: "Was the Stalin omission an oversight, or was it a hint that the Russians had removed the biggest obstacle to ending the mutually unwanted blockade? The question second in importance was: "How could we contact the Russians to find out, without *(Continued on page 67)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BELLS OF St. Pierre

By ERIC HATCH

ALTHOUGH Maman le Vaux was as poverty-stricken as all the peasants who lived on the mountainous island that rose out of the lucid blue of the Caribbean, she did not suspect that she was poor. She had almost enough to eat every day; and she owned a goat, a donkey, three hens and one rooster.

She also had Papa le Vaux, five daughters, four sons who lived several mountains away, a fifth son, Robert, who had gone to the United States to be educated, seven grandchildren, and her fine one-room adobe house.

Beyond all these, Maman le Vaux had a special, private treasure that few old women of forty could boast. She had a dream, a beautiful simple dream and the calm faith that one day her son Robert would return from the States quite wealthy, and would make her dream come true. For this reason she was not unprepared, one moonlight night, to hear the dreadful shuddering of an elderly motor vehicle climbing a mountain road.

"It is *he!*" she cried, rushing to the doorway. "I know it is he. God brings him."

The greeting between mother and favorite son on the quiet steep of the mountainside was calmly unemotional.

"'Allo, Maman," he said.

"'Allo, Robert," she said. "Welcome home. We are all well. You have done well in the States, Robert? You are rich?"

She felt his strong arm slip around her shoulders.

"Your beautiful dream is coming true, Maman. I have arranged it all for tomorrow evening at five o'clock less fifteen. You are happy, Maman?"

Tears filled her eyes. "I am happy and so proud of my baby son who has become so educated." She shook her head, unbelievingly. "You are *really* rich, Robert?"

"But of course!" he laughed. "That is why I have been able to arrange the best that money can buy for my Maman."

Almost fearfully she asked, "How rich?"

He pointed to the ancient dump truck. "Not only am I the official chauffeur of that magnificent vehicle for two gourdes a day, but I have fifteen dollars!"

Maman le Vaux put a hand to her heart in awe. "Then it *will* be with the bells!" she said. . . .

At three o'clock the next afternoon, the dump truck—which Robert had provided with wooden benches for the occasion—was loaded with Papa le Vaux, all the daughters, the sons, their wives and the grandchildren. It then turned out there was no room for Maman le Vaux herself.

"A poor arrangement this," Maman le Vaux said critically, "where there is no room for the principal character."

The crowd of laughing well-wishers standing behind her on the stony dust of the road fell silent.

"Eh bien!" said Maman le Vaux. "In an affair of this nature—with a priest and an assistant, and with the children and grandchildren for witnesses—it is the bride only who is important. The bridegroom is of no importance whatever!" Her love for Papa le Vaux moved her to add quickly, "Of no importance, that is, for the period of the ceremony itself. You, Papa, may ascend to the roof of the vehicle."

With dignity Maman le Vaux climbed into the dump truck and took the seat vacated by Papa le Vaux. She let herself drift away into her girlhood dream. She even heard in her mind the bells, the beautiful bells of the church of St. Pierre caroling the news of her marriage.

She remained in the state of semitrance even after the dump truck drew up in front of the small whitewashed church. Inside the church, the trance was broken when Robert politely excused himself and, with a request that the ceremony be delayed for a few moments, disappeared.

MAMAN LE VAUX knew only too well why. He dared not face her, for on their entry into the church for the wedding ceremony the bells of St. Pierre had not rung so much as one tiny note. So! And he had been boasting about his wealth!

But when the wedding party reached the altar, Robert returned and Maman le Vaux tried to smile. The wedding was impressive beyond words—but it was not the dream she had dreamed when, so many children ago, she had walked down the mountain, after the simple marriage contract spoken by her father, to make her home with the man she loved above all others.

As the ceremony ended, and Maman le Vaux left the church on the arm of her new husband, she could no longer hide her disappointment. She let the tears fall, and she was so engrossed in her sorrow that she didn't hear for perhaps another ten seconds the golden-throated bells of St. Pierre, filling the church and the square in front of it and the town itself and the valleys beyond the town with their music. Even now, her friends in the mountains, listening to find out if their proud words had been true, were hearing the echoes of the bells.

Maman le Vaux's heart soared with happiness and pride, and she clung tightly to Papa le Vaux's arm. She turned proudly to look back at the church and her heart sank again. The hands on the great clock on the front of the church were straight up and down—six o'clock—the hour of the Angelus. The bells of St. Pierre had not rung for her wedding after all. It was the hour for them to ring, and everyone in the mountains would laugh because her profligate, wandering son had tricked her. All of them could tell time to the space of the moment a coconut took in falling from a tree. They would know by the position of the sun that it was Angelus time. Maman le Vaux instinctively glanced at the shadow of a palm tree on the sidewalk. She caught her breath in surprise.

THE fine clock on the front of the church of St. Pierre which caused the bells to sound might say that it was six o'clock; but the time, as even more accurately told by the shadows God caused his trees to cast, did not in the least agree. Maman le Vaux was completely bewildered now. The church said it was six o'clock. God said it was five o'clock, and who, after all, could doubt God? If it was five o'clock, the bells had rung for her wedding—her dream had actually been lived. She glanced about the square, saw people everywhere staring at the sky, at the shadows, and back again at the big clock on the church.

She remembered how her son had excused himself just before the ceremony began. She knew that in this beautiful church even a magnificent sum like fifteen dollars could go just so far.

A happiness like nothing she had ever known possessed her. She turned to her distinguished son, who was standing, somewhat nervously, she thought, by her shoulder.

"Robert," she whispered, "tell Maman, tell her honestly, right now, when you were in the States getting your education, what was it you studied to be educated in?"

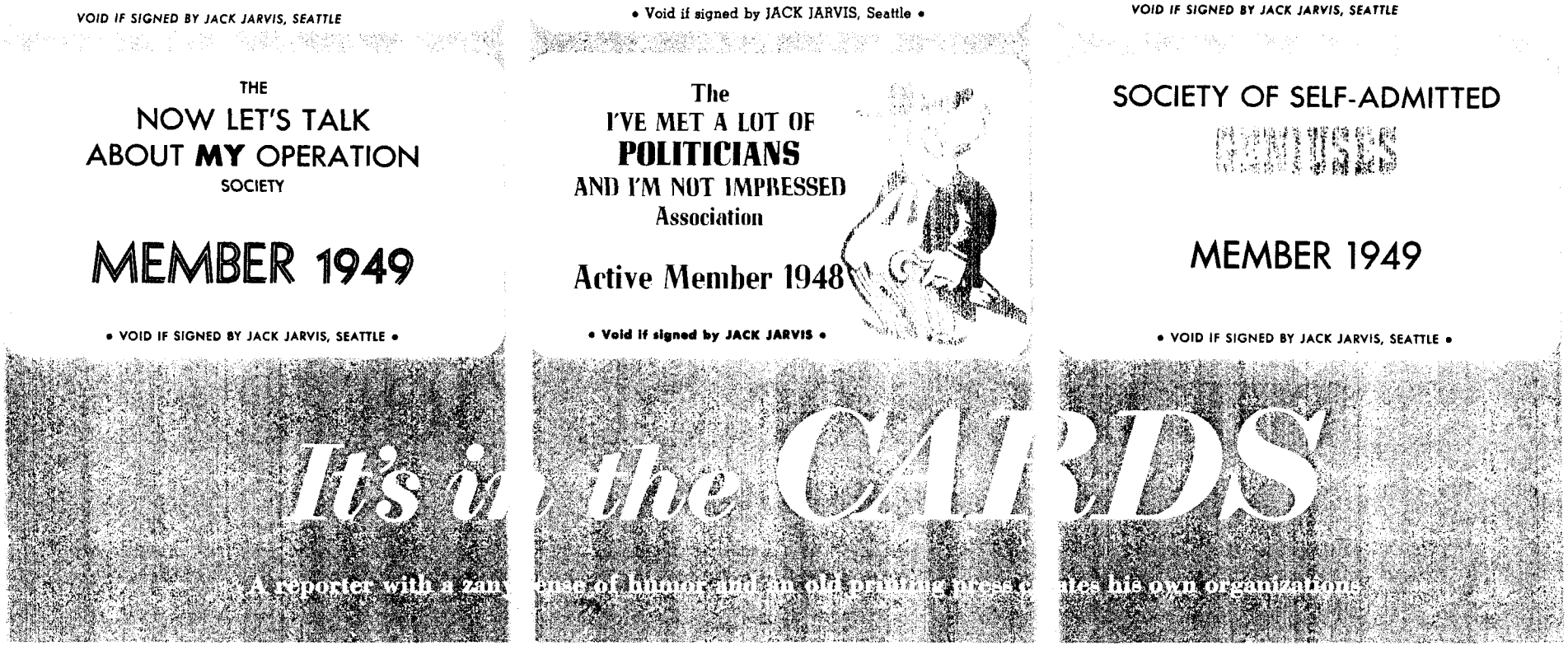
He grinned, then in a voice even lower than hers, he answered her.

"Horlogerie," he replied. "Watchmaking."

The look in his mother's eyes was, he felt, quite sufficient reward for a wealthy young man who had, because of great education, succeeded in stretching the expenditure of his entire fortune far beyond the lengths anyone would expect it to reach. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By BRADLEY SMITH and BOOTON HERNDON

A reporter with a zany sense of humor and an old printing press creates his own organizations

IT'S almost impossible for a reporter to become well known to his city editor or to anyone else in the average metropolitan city, for that matter. In Seattle, Washington, which is the farthermost outpost of civilization in these United States, a young reporter named Jack Jarvis found that he was no exception.

Although he attended and duly reported the activities of countless luncheon organizations and wrote feature stories on every conceivable subject, he continued to find the same amount of money in his pay envelope and the same lack of recognition by his employers. He wanted desperately to be famous, and because he was the proud possessor of a forty-year-old hand printing press and a satiric, screwball sense of humor, he is now probably the best-known reporter in the Pacific Northwest.

Jack Jarvis decided that famous men were inclined to associate with one another and to belong to organizations—so he immediately began inventing mythical organizations and proceeded to print in his basement dozens of membership cards, which he presented or mailed to such diverse characters as Harry Truman, Admiral Chester Nimitz and Harpo Marx.

When Rear Admiral George H. Fort was guest of honor at the Washington Athletic Club luncheon in Seattle, 50 luncheoneers solemnly displayed identical cards identifying themselves as members of Jarvis' latest mythical organization: The I-Have-Met-A-Lot-Of-Admirals-But-I'm-Not-Impressed Society.

Such military bigwigs as General Mark Clark, General Omar Bradley, and Field Marshal Montgomery gracefully acknowledged Jarvis' cards commemorating the Third Anniversary of the Winning of the European Phase of World War II by the 16th Field Artillery Observation Battalion and a Few Other Outfits. Some Seattle citizens figured Jarvis had gone too far even for Jarvis when, at the state convention of the American Legion, he passed out membership cards of The Association of Veterans Who Don't Join Veterans' Associations.

Jarvis became a printer at the age of thirteen, shortly after completing a correspondence course on How to Be a Detective—Complete with Fingerprinting. His father, in desperation, gave him the hand press and turned him loose. He printed his way through high school and would have repeated the stunt through the University of Washington if the university had been willing. He was ejected three times; and the last one stuck. Jarvis left the School of Journalism and went to work on a newspaper.

KEN HARRIS

When he gets mad, Jack Jarvis can turn out membership cards by the thousands

He now appears as guest speaker at the university's annual publications banquet, and each year he seriously tells the undergraduates that the only way to get ahead in journalism is to be thrown out of the University of Washington.

Assigned to a postwar Army job of turning in periodic reports on enemy ammunition collection points to General Patton's Third Army Headquarters, he appended an extra paragraph to one of his reports noting the number of shopping days before Christmas. Nobody said anything, so he quit making reports. His war history of his battalion was so good it had to be expurgated five times before the commanding officer allowed it to go to the War Department. Jarvis was traded to another battalion for three truck drivers.

Seattle's prize screwball, who at thirty-five keeps his hair cut short so he won't miss it when he's bald, came out of the Army only to be assigned to the luncheon grind of the Post-Intelligencer. Sulking in his cellar one night with his printing press and his luncheon-club ulcers, he decided he needed a little personal publicity to recall his name to the city editor. He came up with his famous Season Ticket to the Men's Room, Union Station, Chicago. Since then he has turned out editions of 300 cards, four times a month. Signing them got to be too much trouble, so now each card bears the inscription, Void if Signed by Jack Jarvis.

There is no commercial angle to the cards, but fellow nonjoiners do not receive their cards unless they give Jarvis stamps for postage. In the meantime Jarvis continues to cover more luncheons and turn out more cards. Something has to bust, and there are those who don't care which goes first, Jarvis or his printing press. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Finest picture quality I've ever seen in Television"

says Margaret Bourke-White

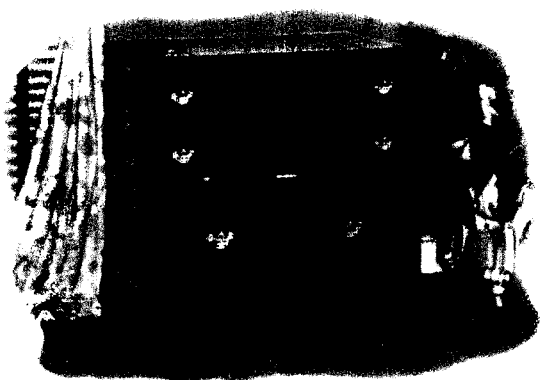
MISS BOURKE-WHITE's outstanding photographs have earned her a world-wide reputation. She is an exacting judge of picture quality. "Finest I've seen!" she says of RCA Victor's Eye Witness projection television pictures. "In projection television, *brilliance* is *the thing* and this RCA Victor receiver gives you the most I've ever seen."

This beautiful RCA Victor projection console shows you pictures fifteen by twenty inches big, almost the size of a full newspaper page. They're the *largest* home-size Eye Witness television pictures . . . and they give the sharpest black-and-white contrast in projection television.

The Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer, an RCA Victor development, corrects the timing of the picture signal, *locks the picture in tune* with sending stations. With FM sound through the famous "Golden Throat," you *see and hear* as though you were an eye witness right at the scene!

Remote Control!

You can adjust picture brilliance from your easy chair with this 3-inch by 4-inch remote control unit, furnished with Model 9PC41 and finished to match the cabinet of your choice.



Viewing screen folds into cabinet which is finished in matched and hand-rubbed mahogany, walnut or, for slightly more, blond. Authentic 18th Century design. *RCA Victor 9PC41. AC.*

$795* plus Federal tax and installation

*Suggested list price subject to change without notice. Zone 2 price slightly higher.

EYE WITNESS TELEVISION

RCA factory-guaranteed installation and maintenance are available through the Optional RCA Victor Television Owner Contract. Ask your dealer for details.

RCA Victor's 45 rpm system gives you recorded music of "live talent" quality . . . 7-inch, non-breakable records . . . the world's fastest, simplest record changer! See it, hear it, play it yourself today.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyone Needs a Pet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

moment, but you can get a taxi across the street."

I put her purchases into the taxi and away she went. Later on, Mr. Flewberg arrived in battle dress and I gave him a payment on the back rent. He was so shocked he handed me a cigar. It was a terrible cigar.

This might be the turning point, I thought. Tonight I would have a big steak to celebrate. I got so hungry thinking about it that I decided to close up early. I went to the storeroom for my hat. When I came out a girl was standing in front of the dusty showcase that held my collars, leashes and rubber mice.

She had brought the sunlight inside. She had dark red hair, and eyes that made you think of turquoise, and one of those figures that keep you awake when you should be sleeping. She was about twenty-two.

"You," the girl said.

"Yes, it is," I said.

"You sold my grandmother those mutts. You're a cheap crook."

"So you're the child she spoke of."

"Don't try to evade the subject. Bimini spaniels!" There was a book in her hand. A dog book. "I just happened to have this, you low criminal," she said. "It doesn't say a word about Bimini spaniels. Cocker spaniels, springer spaniels, toy spaniels—"

"Young woman," I said, "I can see that's an old book—one that's altogether out of touch with affairs in the dog world. Don't you know they're always developing new breeds? Sources close to headquarters tell me that the kennel clubs have just recognized the Bimini spaniel. It's a breed with a future, not just a past. Those Bimini pups won't bore your grandmother to death talking about their ancestors, the way some of these breed dogs do. And another thing—in a new strain, you don't have to worry about inbreeding. Dogs from these jaded old strains sometimes become hemophiliacs, like members of royal houses."

It didn't seem so bad, for spur-of-the-moment work. But the girl looked at me as though it were the flimsiest fib she'd ever heard. She also looked as though she wouldn't expect anything better from a two-bit chiseler like me.

SHE held her hand out. "Come and get your mutts," she said. "I don't suppose you can read—but here's the address anyway. You can get someone to help you with the hard words. When you take those frauds away, I'll get my grandmother a decent pup—from somebody who runs a reputable pet shop."

I smiled. I liked the girl's spirit, even though it came at an inconvenient time. Part of that thirty dollars was gone to Mr. Flewberg as part payment on back rent. "I'm sorry," I said. "The customer is always right. Every sale carries a guarantee. But there's the law."

She laughed; in a less lovely girl, the laugh might almost have been a snort. "Law?" she said. "What would you know about the law, you felon?"

"Board of Health regulations," I said. "Dogs can't be returned. You see, I don't know what happened to them after they left here. They might have been exposed to distemper. They might have been taken into a home infested with lice."

As soon as the words were out, I realized they were not tactful; not, somehow, the pretty piece of courtliness I intended. She realized it too. "So now you're alleging that I have distemper and lice," she said.

"Nothing of the kind," I said hastily. "But you know how tough the Board of Health can be. Low-minded cads they have on it. No sense of discrimination." I felt a quick change of subject was called for. "It's all so sordid," I said. "Why don't we step out and have a glass of beer, or a cup of coffee or something, and see if we can't work things out?"

She had eyes that became bigger and even more beautiful as they grew angrier. "You!" she said. She had a lovely mouth. "You confidence man! You grade-B chaser!" She swung on her heel. "You rob my poor grandmother, you load her up with those mutts, and then you try to—I'll be back. And when I come back, look out!"

She slammed the door after her. That loose pane of glass in the transom fell to the floor and shattered at my feet. It didn't matter.

She was gone, and the world was dark and dreary. I noticed that she'd left the bit of paper with the address on it. I put it carefully away. The least I could do was to call and see if the matter of the Bimini spaniels couldn't be adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. Right now it was time for that steak.

COLLIER'S "Our vacation is coming to an end, too, you know" VIRGIL PARTCH

But I didn't have the steak. I had the hamburger instead. It turned out that I wasn't as hungry as I'd imagined.

I thought about Mrs. Doyle. No doubt the problem of caring for three uninhibited puppies would shorten her life. I had taken advantage of a loving disposition for base reasons.

Then, there was the granddaughter. I wondered if she had a gentleman friend. Probably she had them in droves; and probably every one of them was unworthy to touch the hem of her dress, even presuming she would let them do such an unlikely thing. A girl as good-looking as that should have someone with a sure knowledge of the ways of the world to protect her.

I spruced up as best I could in the washroom. I needed a haircut, but it had been a long time since I could afford one. The gray suit was not too bad. The face—well, it would have to do. It was not handsome. It was just thin and dark, and it looked a trifle cynical for its twenty-seven years.

I reached the Doyle home shortly after eight. The house was a narrow, two-story affair that needed paint. It had "widow on small pension" written all over it.

I thought a moment. The visit might be ill-advised. I didn't have the money to buy back the puppies. Mrs. Doyle probably had half a dozen grandsons, all honor graduates of the commando school. Then I heard a soprano bark inside, followed by a series of barks. I pushed the bell.

After a time Mrs. Doyle opened the door. She looked at me doubtfully.

"There seems to be a misunderstanding," I said. "I had a little chat with your granddaughter today. I gathered that she is not a dog lover."

"Well, it isn't that," Mrs. Doyle said. "Only I sort of got carried away, and you told me what fine dogs these were, and when Marjorie—"

"Charming. It fits her to a T."

"What?" Mrs. Doyle said.

"Marjorie," I said. Then I said, "Ouch!" I reached down and disengaged the cross-eyed pup from my ankle. He took away most of my sock with him.

"Cute little nipper," I said. "Wonderful teeth, too."

"Well, you might as well come in," Mrs. Doyle said.

The three puppies led us to the living room. They obviously felt completely at home. Mrs. Doyle said, "Excuse me," went out, and returned with a bucket of water and a mop. She had difficulties with the mop, because all of the puppies wanted to ride on it.

"It was really my fault," Mrs. Doyle said. "I should have realized. But you said three would be as easy as one and—"

"It's just a temporary phase," I said. "Matter of training. There are different schools of thought on the subject. The newspaper-in-the-corner school. The run-'em-out-by-the-scruff-of-the-neck school. The appeal-to-their-higher-sensibilities school. The hit-'em-with-a-bat school." I was wondering where Marjorie was. I was also wondering where to get thirty dollars. It looked as if the pawnbroker were going to take over my watch.

"Mrs. Doyle," I said, "I'm going to tell you the truth."

Just then the door opened. Marjorie came in, and there was a young man of about my age and size with her. I knew he was a mug as soon as I looked at him. He would have looked all right to most people, I suppose, but I knew better.

Marjorie stopped just inside the door. She gave me a look that had no welcome in it. She said, "So here you are. Grandma, is the silver locked up? We'd better see if any nails are gone out of the floor."

"Marjorie!" Mrs. Doyle said. "What a way to talk."

"She's right, Marjorie," I said. "It's no way to talk."

"I heard about you," the man said. "Shall we step outside, or will I have to carry you?"

"I can hardly wait," I said. "Your insurance all paid up?"

"On you," he said, "what I am going to do will look good."

"You look like a character I knew in the Philippines," I said. "He never came back. There were no tears."

"What were you doing in the Philippines," Marjorie said. "Working for the Japs?"

"I was flying airplanes," I said. I had one eye on the boy friend and the other on her. "Until one of them fell down. Law of gravity, you know. Then they put me on ice for quite a while."

"I didn't know they had camps for conscientious objectors so far away," the boy friend said. "Live and learn."

I was getting annoyed. I said, "Shall we dance, sweetheart?"

MRS. DOYLE said, "Stop it, all of you." She had a kind and gentle face, but I saw there was iron in her. "I'm sure, Mister—I'm afraid I didn't catch—"

"Webster. Tony Webster. It's on the sign—unless the sheriff's taken that since I left."

"I'm sure Mr. Webster came here for a good purpose. The least we can do is to hear what he has to say."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll make it quick. I lied about those puppies. I wanted to make the sale. I haven't got enough money to buy them back tonight. But I'll get it tomorrow. That's all."

"By tomorrow," Marjorie said, "he'll probably be in the next state. Notice the shifty look in his eyes."

"Good night," I said with dignity, and moved toward the front door.

Marjorie came with me. "I just want to see that you go without taking any souvenirs of a delightful occasion," she said.

I opened the door and stepped outside.

"Was that true about your being in the Philippines?" she said.

"Yes. Drop in and read my papers sometime. Any time."

She looked down. "A brother of mine was killed there," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was a very rough place at times."

She looked up suddenly, her eyes furious. "It's amazing," she said, "when you think of some of the people who came out of it and some of the people who didn't. It makes no sense. Well, don't let me keep you. Maybe you've got some other old lady to cheat before you hit the downy pillow."

Once again I thought the vehemence was a little forced. I smiled at her. "A girl with your spirit," I said, "ought to be able to do a whole lot better than that mug. Think it over."

Her transom didn't fall out when she slammed the door. It was in fine shape.

I went home. I knew that a realist would say I had let sentiment run away with me. Those were perfectly good pups. I had built them up a little too much, perhaps, but that only showed my enterprise as a salesman. The price, when you considered the case of Super-Dog Banquet, was not really out of line. And who knew?—perhaps there would be a Bimini spaniel one day, and these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pups would be the progenitors of a great breed. Also, I hated to part with my watch. But what was done was done.

A happy thought came to me just as I turned the light out. I might be able to borrow enough on the watch to buy back the pups and take Marjorie out on a modest dine-and-dance routine. When I made good my promise she would see me in a new perspective. A face like mine could stand a change of perspective now and then—especially when the girl looking at it was as pretty as Marjorie.

NEXT morning lightning struck. The man with the poodle paid for the collar and bought a leash and an identification tag. The woman who had been thinking about the bird cage came in for it. Rubber mice and bones moved like popcorn at a double-feature movie. I sold nearly two cases of Super-Dog Banquet and one of Rover's Delight. I had both money and my watch. Then a man with a beetle brow came in to inquire about a dog.

"I got rats," he said. "Old lady's raising hell. I want a rat dog."

"This is certainly a coincidence, sir," I said. "Later on today I'll have some of the finest rat dogs in the country."

"What brand?" he said.

"Bimini rat terriers. Undoubtedly you've heard of them."

"Sure," he said. "I'll look, but I ain't making no promises to buy. I own the Happy Tavern. We live in the back. Them rats is something fierce."

At five o'clock I went to Mrs. Doyle's. Marjorie wasn't home. It seemed that she worked downtown, and often was late. Mrs. Doyle and the three puppies were in the living room.

"Madam, I have your thirty dollars," I said.

She looked as if she were on the verge of tears. "Mr. Webster," she said, "Marjorie was a little hasty. There's no reason why I shouldn't have a dog."

"All right," I said. "I'll take two back then. But tell Marjorie I came to make full restitution."

"I will, Mr. Webster. I was thinking —well, if I kept two they might be quieter. Company for each other, you know. So if you'll take back just one—I'm not sure about the money part, but I think—"

"Here you are, Mrs. Doyle," I said. I counted out ten dollars. Then I reluctantly added five to it. "Fifteen it is. You're getting half your money back and you're keeping two thirds of the pups. The food is yours too. No one can complain about that. Now, which shall I take?"

She looked from one to the other, with those gentle, maternal eyes. "I just can't pick one to send away, Mr. Webster," she said. "You'll have to do it. I'll step out of the room and you choose."

"Very well," I said. "Just remember this is all your doing. By the way, I hope you won't mind my dropping in now and then to see how your pups are getting along. The Acme Pet Shop does not consider a sale closed when the money is paid. Our interest goes on and on."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure," she said, and left.

I picked up the white-faced pup, which was eating my cuff. As I closed the door I decided that the shop's interest in Mrs. Doyle's livestock would be intense. I would make my calls later in the evening, when Marjorie would be home.

I caught the owner of the Happy Tavern when business was at slack tide. "That don't look like no Bimini rat terrier to me," he said.

"Maybe you've only seen the cross-bred ones," I said. "This is the goods."

He said, "How much, Mac?"

"Twenty," I said. "I don't want to commit financial suicide. But when I take a liking to a man I'm unpredictable."

"Ten," he said.

"Fifteen," I said. "I should have my head examined. Both my heads."

"Ten. Ten or no dice, Mac."

"Ten," I said, "with a fifth of bonded bourbon thrown in."

"You're a good stayer, Mac, but this ain't your race. Ten, and a pint of blend. I got a blend nobody will buy."

"Okay," I said.

In my room I examined the label on the back of the pint. It said the content was ten per cent whisky and ninety per cent other matter. I tasted it, and the label was misrepresenting the facts. It was all other matter. I poured the rest down the sink, hoping the plumbing could take the beating.

THE next day, just about closing time, I was reading a compelling piece in Pet Shop Reporter about how to double your turnover of lovebirds, when the door opened. I looked up idly.

"You," Marjorie said. "Come here, you."

"There is a certain sameness to our conversations," I said. "My friends call me Tony. 'You' seems a little cold."

"Grandma is crying her heart out," she said.

"I offered to take them all back," I said. "I'm still game. I'll make you a deal, Marjorie. We'll have a nice quiet dinner someplace. Then I'll pick up the rest of the covey. Do spaniels come in coveys or gaggles? I forget." She was wearing a green dress that went wonderfully with her hair. She had one of those figures that seemed better every time you saw it.

"Squirming won't help you," she said. "You knew the white-faced one was Grandma's favorite. She'd named him Georgie."

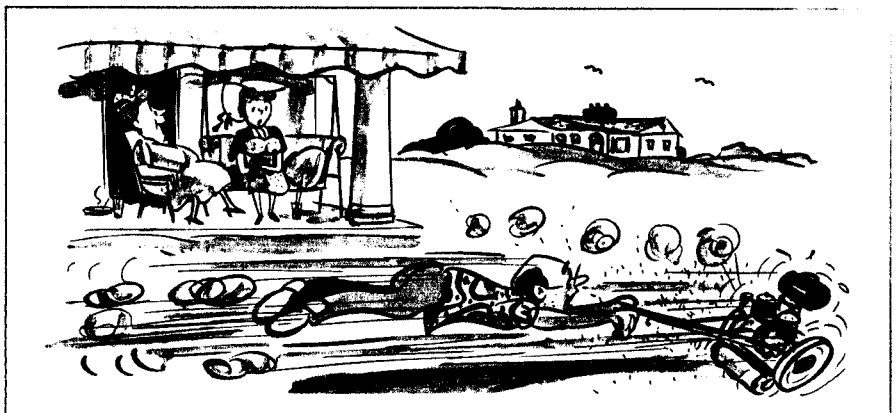
"Marjorie," I said, "this time I'm innocent. She told me to pick one at random, and Georgie was firmly attached to my pants."

"Also," she said, "you had to pick the one who gave me a present."

I leaned on the showcase. We were very close together. Then she drew back. "Present?" I said. "No time like the present."

"My shoe," she said. "My green shoe with the silver buckle."

I said, "That's right. Charming shoe." We were still fairly close together. Her



COLLIER'S "Junior rebuilt the engine and made it a hot rod" REAMER KELLER

PALL MALL's *greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat*

filters the smoke and makes it mild

Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer, finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness, mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—*good* to look at, *good* to feel, *good* to taste, and *good* to smoke.

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

OUTSTANDING
and they are mild!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue eyes were soft as the evening. Then she drew back and stamped her foot.

"He brought me my shoe," she said. "Just as if he were giving me a present. I know that was what he meant. But he didn't have any way to get a present of his own, so he had to pick up something around the house. He only chewed it a little bit. What did you do with Georgie?"

"Look," I said. "I'm sorry. I really am. But I didn't know, and Grandma said, and—well, I sold Georgie."

"You had it planned all the time, you heartless trafficker. You knew Grandma loved Georgie, and you knew he gave me a present, and you took him out of meanness. You stole him, practically. Who did you sell Georgie to?"

"The man who owns the Happy Tavern," I said. "He wanted a ratter. Maybe Georgie is a ratter. Maybe his whole soul is bound up in ratting."

"Oh!" she said. She took a deep breath, and it was something to see. "You sold him to that saloon where he'll be abused night and day. You couldn't have been kind and murdered him. No. You had to sell him into an atmosphere in which he may very well take to drink himself." She said, "Oh," again. She opened the door. "Just wait till I tell Harry and then see what happens to you. I have to work tonight, but I'll get Harry tomorrow. If you know what's good for you, you'll join the Navy. Selling our Georgie to—" She was gone.

I thought it all over, very carefully. I told myself that a wise man always leaves well enough alone. Then I did exactly what I'd known I was going to do.

I WAS at the Happy Tavern at nine. The owner was busy, so I had to wait. I bought a bottle of beer. The owner gave me a sharp look and moved the pretzel bowl down the bar to where I couldn't reach it. Georgie wasn't in sight and I wondered how he was making out with the rats. I hoped he hadn't been eaten. Then I heard his shrill bark in the distance and immediately afterward there was a yipe and an angry female voice said something I couldn't catch. But the implication was clear. I winced.

Shortly before ten, trade slowed down and the beetle-browed owner came over. "You trying to age that beer?" he said. "You won't have no luck, Mac."

"Sir," I said, "I came here to confess a mistake. That dog I sold you isn't a Bimini rat terrier. He's just a mongrel. But the Acme Pet Shop makes good. Here's your ten dollars. The whisky is gone but I'll give you an extra two bucks for it. Now, if you'll just get him—"

"Mac, that's right handsome," he said. "But I kind of like him."

I smiled. It was supposed to be a friendly, we're-all-boys-together smile. "Also, he was promised to someone else," I said. "Just another little mistake, you see. I don't know why anyone would want such a mutt, but this party does. Here's twelve dollars, and if I can ever serve you in the future, just let me know."

He leaned on the bar. His smile was friendly, too. "I don't know why I'm doing this, Mac," he said. "I guess it must be because we're pals, and I never let a pal down. Not me. Mac, I'm killing myself, but he's yours for twenty-five."

"Twenty-five," I said. "Twenty-five!"

"I know I'm crazy," he said. "But don't bother to thank me again. Just slip me the twenty-five and he's all yours, Mac."

"Fifteen," I said.

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty," I said. "And not another single, solitary—"

"Twenty-five, Mac."

"I'll be back," I said.

The pawnbroker was still open. He said he was inviting bankruptcy, but he let me have thirty on the watch.

When I returned to the Happy Tavern, Georgie was in a box, all ready to go. I paid over the money.

"Okay, Mac," the owner said. "You ain't as good a stayer as I thought. You could of had him for ten if you'd held tough. The old lady decided she wants a tomcat. Have a drink on the house?"

He reached under the bar and pulled out a pint of that blend. "Never mind," I said. "I just went on the wagon."

I started down the street with Georgie in his box. He made whimpering sounds, and he obviously needed petting. I put him in my overcoat pocket and obliged.

It was close to eleven, but if Georgie was wanted as badly as I'd been told, he'd be welcome at any hour. I turned toward Mrs. Doyle's. I thought that I must be the only businessman in the world who could go broke faster by doing business than by not doing business.

COLLIER'S "Do you mind? I'm turning counterclockwise!" BARNEY TOBEY

There was no one about on Summer Street. Then a cab came by and stopped in front of Mrs. Doyle's house. Marjorie got out and the cab moved off.

I removed Georgie from my pocket. The lining came with him. I said, "Hello, Marjorie."

"You," she said. "So now you're trailing me. When I tell Harry—"

"Dear Harry," I said. "Do you think he'd like to go with me steady? Here's your mastiff."

Georgie looked at the house. His nose moved like a rabbit's. Then he began to scream. There were only three pounds of Georgie, but his scream could have been heard a mile away. There were answering barks from inside.

"He seems to feel at home," I said, when Georgie stopped screaming long enough to breathe. "It must be true love. Come to think of it, both Georgie and I—"

"Look!" Marjorie said. "It's on fire!"

I looked. Smoke was coming out of the second story of the Doyle house. Back of the smoke I saw flame.

"Tony!" Marjorie said. She sounded almost like Georgie. "That's Grandma's bedroom. She uses that old oil heater and—do something, Tony! I've forgotten my keys."

It was the first time she'd called me Tony. I put Georgie down. "Turn in the alarm," I said. "There's a box on the corner." I started up the steps, and Georgie, still screaming, was at my heels.

I put my shoulder against the door and pushed. It was a strong door. Inside I heard more screaming—this would be Georgie's brother and sister. I moved back and threw myself at the door. I bounced. On the fourth try the lock gave. In the distance a siren howled. It made almost as much noise as the Bimini spaniels.

I found the switch for the hall light. Mrs. Doyle was coming down the stairs, wearing an old bathrobe, with a puppy under each arm. Georgie dashed forward and leaped up on her. The three puppies barked in unison, like a choral group.

"They woke me up," Mrs. Doyle said. "They made all that noise, and I woke up, and there was all that smoke and then—"

I said, "Thank Georgie. He woke them up. Here's the fire department. Let's go."

It wasn't much of a fire. The firemen put it out with extinguishers, and the damage was confined to the one bedroom. They had insurance, Mrs. Doyle said. Then she picked up Georgie, and he made a sound that meant he was a proud and happy dog. She held all three puppies in her arms. She kissed them, one by one, on their muzzles.

After the firemen had gone Mrs. Doyle said, "Mr. Webster, I don't know how to thank you. If you'll come in, I think we can all do with a cup of coffee."

"Probably he started the fire," Marjorie said. "He's deep and devious."

"In that case," I said, "I will say good night."

"Oh, shut up," Marjorie said. "Come in for a cup of coffee."

"That was exactly what I intended to do," I said. "You hold no surprises for me. Or do you?"

"My beautiful Bimini spaniels," Mrs. Doyle said. "My beautiful, brave, intelligent Bimini spaniels. I always knew I had to have all of you."

Mrs. Doyle made the coffee. Then she said she would leave us. She would sleep in the spare room, and she was tired. Also, she had to see that her Bimini spaniels got their rest. The cockeyed one had one of my shoelaces when she dragged him away.

I looked at my wrist, where my watch used to be. I remembered that the pawnbroker had it. The mantel clock said twelve twenty.

"I suppose I ought to go," I said. "It was quite an evening."

"Finish your coffee," Marjorie said. "You can even have another cup." She was wearing a double-breasted suit that—well, it was quite a suit. "Did you really buy Georgie back for Grandma?"

"Yes," I said. "I did. As for starting the fire—well, I didn't. But I probably would have if I'd thought of it." She had her hat off, and you never saw such beautiful hair. Dark red. Wavy. And real.

"It's possible," she said, "that you saved Grandma's life."

"Let's credit that to Georgie," I said.

"Have it your way," she said. "Now, about that pet shop of yours. Things are a little slow, aren't they?"

"That's one way of putting it," I said. "I like understatement."

"What you need," she said, "is more build-up. Publicity. Friends. Sell the idea that everybody needs a pet. They do. Then they have to buy food for their pets. Cause and effect. So all are happy and prosperous. We might even be able to delude the public into believing that you are a true animal lover."

"Thank you," I said. "Only right now, at this moment—" I stopped talking, and started to work on the principle that action is better than words.

"You'd better go," she said. "It's very late. You heard me, Tony."

At the door I put my arm around her. This time she stayed put. I kissed her, and she responded. "As for Harry," I said, "I will meet Harry on any dueling ground he may choose, and—"

"Harry," she said. "What brought Harry up? He's my cousin, and you'll like him."

"After hearing that," I said, "I love Harry."

She gave me a shove toward the steps. It was a gentle shove. "How about tomorrow night?" I said. "We'll shoot the works and have the de luxe hamburger."

"All right," she said. "But I like the plain hamburger, too." I could see her perfect white teeth in the glow from the street lamp.

"One thing more," she said. "I didn't really think you were working for the Japanese in the Philippines." She closed the door. But she closed it so lightly you could hardly hear the latch click.

WE WERE married a month later. She said not to worry about a honeymoon—we could have that later, after the money flowed in. But we did have a wonderful week end at the beach.

That Monday morning we bought four nondescript puppies and put them in the window. That afternoon an elderly woman came in and said, "What kind of puppies are those?"

She was a kind-faced woman. "Madam," I said, "those are Bimini spaniels. A rare breed. Equally at home in the house and in the hunting field. It was only by great good luck that we got those superb specimens."

"Well," the kind-faced woman said, "well, thank you, but—"

I felt a small fist against my back. It was Marjorie's fist, and a very pretty fist it is too. "Don't listen to him," Marjorie said. "They're just plain puppies. But they're nice puppies, and they haven't any fleas because I looked them over before we bought them, and they'll make delightful pets. We're offering them at seven dollars and a half apiece, and that's a fair price. No papers. No pedigree. Just puppies."

"I'll take that one," the kind-faced woman said. "The one with the black front paw." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cool, Smooth and Golden!

Seagram's GOLDEN '49ers

MADE WITH SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

That Golden Look! It's the gin in that distinctive Ancient Bottle... *Seagram's Gin!* Your cue for the taste-treat of the season. *Insist* on Seagram's Gin in your Collins or Rickey... the only truly *smoother* gin, made by a unique process that means extra patience in the making!

Try one tonight! Delicious!

'49er RICKEY Squeeze ½ lime into highball glass. Drop in lime shell. Add ice cubes and 1½ oz. of SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Fill with carbonated water.

'49er COLLINS Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar, 1½ oz. SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water; stir and serve with slice of lemon and cherry.

An American Original

Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin
DISTILLED DRY

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zone of Interior

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

around since breakfast. Somewhere, however, he'd heard about the lieutenant and Fat having a brush.

It was late that afternoon when Jordan got back to the office and noticed Fat Otis sitting there with his feet propped on the desk.

"Get them feet on the ground, soldier!" Jordan roared. "Assume the kneeling position and—"

"Shut up, Private Jordan," Fat Otis said.

Everything got still in the room. It was getting dark, too, but you could see the bloom of youth and cognac fading from Jordan's face.

"I thought I was a sergeant," Jordan said.

"No, you're a private," Fat Otis said. "Get those stripes off your sleeves before tomorrow, Private Jordan."

Fat turned to the desk on his left. He said, "Here, Tinsley. Type a letter to Chanor Base. 'Request that Jordan, Edward E., ASN four two double-O six one, be reduced from present grade of sergeant to grade of private. Reason for reduction: Negligence of duty. Dort, Major, Q.M.C., Commanding.' I'll sign Dort's name. Get it in the mail tonight."

Jordan pulled off his field jacket. He got a razor blade and began cutting the chevrons off his sleeves.

Next morning Fat Otis telephoned Bastogne and relieved Lieutenant Ramsey of his command.

AT FIVE that afternoon, Major Dort came in from the golf course, which he inspected every day when the weather was good and he had a caddie. Fat told him that Lieutenant Ramsey had finished on top in the race for adjutant. The major twirled his swagger stick. He was a slight, red-eyed man, who only lacked about an inch of having a chin.

"Ramsey's a little peculiar," Major Dort said.

"He'll make an ideal adjutant," Fat said. "But he's putting up a kick about it."

"Is that a fact?" the major asked. "Tell Ramsey he'll report here for duty on Wednesday morning, or move his gear to the guardhouse."

"I've already told him," Fat said absently.

The new adjutant came to work on Wednesday morning. He wore combat boots, a pair of pants with shrapnel wounds, a combat jacket and a helmet liner. I guess he forgot his gas mask and rifle. Fat gave the lieutenant a smart salute, then he told him he'd better go out and get a haircut. That afternoon Fat gave him a rapid outline of office routine.

But the lieutenant had leaned heavily on his company clerk in the past. So we found a manual called The Army Clerk, and gave it to him. He began to study, always hiding the book when Fat came in.

One afternoon Major Dort came by to spot-check the outgoing mail. The clerks, Privates Bud Tinsley and Zero Mallard, were fast typists, but they punctuated at random and had unique ideas about spelling. Fat usually corrected their work before it got as far as the adjutant's desk. But this time Fat just handed the folder to Lieutenant Ramsey, saying he was to make whatever corrections he thought necessary before taking the letters in to Major Dort, who would sign them that day.

The lieutenant read a couple of the letters. You could see his lips moving. Then he took the folder of letters into the major's office, closing the door behind him. That didn't keep us from hearing, about two minutes later, the opening remarks of a lecture delivered by the major, covering the elements of spelling, grammar, sentence structure and punctuation. The lecture itself was punctuated verbally by short snatches of heartfelt cussing.

After that, on days too rainy for golf, the major got his exercise by walking to the office and chewing out Lieutenant Ramsey.

The lieutenant got thin and suspicious. He never spoke unless it was urgent.

THEN one morning he got a letter that livened him up. After he'd read it a couple of times, he turned to Fat and said, "Sergeant, I believe I'll put in for that emergency furlough. You want to type the letter for me, so it'll be worded right?"

"Tinsley and Mallard are the typists here," Fat told him coldly. "You're supposed to be an adjutant yourself, and able to dictate your own letters."

Lieutenant Ramsey began to study the palm of his right hand.

"A man is supposed to have an I.Q.—or an AGCT rating—of at least one hundred and ten before he can qualify as an officer," Fat went on. His voice was bitter; his own I.Q. was one hundred and fifty.

"Well, I got my commission in the Battle of the Bulge," Lieutenant Ramsey explained, "after everybody with a high I.Q. had been killed."

Then the lieutenant got up and walked over to Fat's desk. His voice was almost hoarse when he said, "You've got me wrong, Sergeant Otis. I've worried about that time I made you apologize. I'm sorry. I was just too touchy that day."

Lieutenant Ramsey held out his hand. Fat shook hands with him, but didn't get up.

"Forget it," Fat told the lieutenant. "I'll fix your letter."

"Oh, Tinsley can do it," the lieutenant said.

"No. I'll take care of it myself."

But the letter didn't go out that night, nor the next morning. I know because I was acting mail clerk then, in place of Peters, who was away in England on a furlough. When I collected the mail next afternoon, I reminded Fat about the letter.

"What of it?" he said.

"I thought maybe you'd forgotten it."

"I didn't forget it," Fat said. "You want to get on my list, too?"

"No," I said.

"Then draw your nose in," he said.

Lieutenant Ramsey came in then, and I didn't say anything else. Corporal Peters came in on the Paris train that same afternoon. He'd picked up a couple of revolvers at Loot Alley, in London, and was showing Fat a German Luger. Fat was fond of weapons, and he was a very good shot. They dickered a bit, then Fat got it for twelve hundred francs, *belgique*. He was putting the Luger into a desk drawer when he looked up and caught Lieutenant Ramsey watching him.

"I like a pistol myself," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

Fat had a cigar box full of medals he'd won for marksmanship. "Ever fire the revolver for record?" he asked.

The lieutenant nodded.

"How'd you make out?" Fat asked.

"I got a fifty," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"Out of a possible what?" Fat asked.

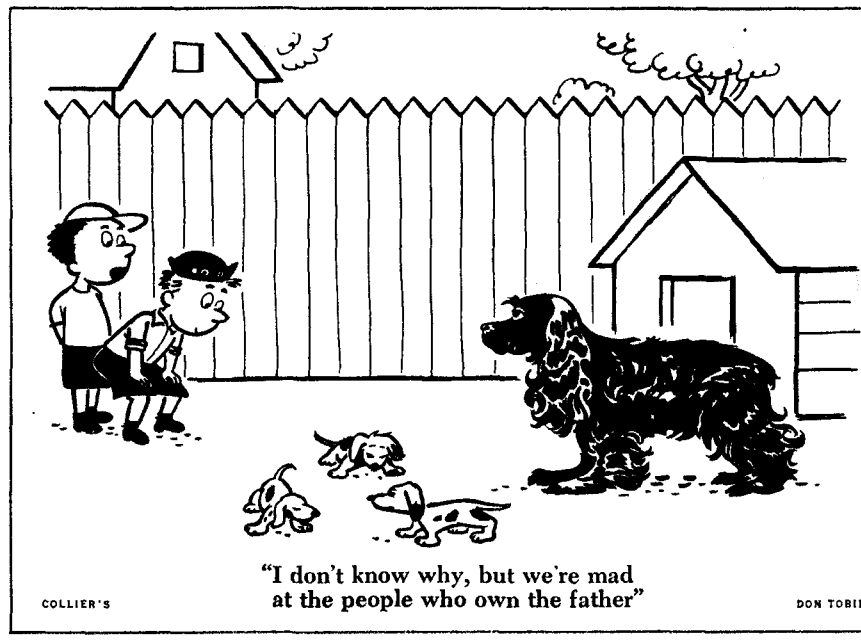
"Out of a possible fifty," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"That's pretty good," Fat said.

"I was lucky," Lieutenant Ramsey said. A few minutes later he went out.

"I'll say he's been lucky!" Fat said.

"Who? Him? When was he ever lucky?" Corporal Peters asked.



"I don't know why, but we're mad at the people who own the father"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

"When he got his commission," Fat said. "And anybody's lucky that makes ten straight bulls with a service revolver. Myself—I'll never believe he did it."

"He ain't smart enough to make up a lie without he's got reinforcements," Peters said. "Besides that, he just looks like a dead shot to me."

"Nuts. He's too jumpy to hit the side of a barn," Fat Otis said.

The lieutenant got jumpier, waiting for an answer to the furlough request that he thought had been sent in to base headquarters. Fat advised him not to get excited, since a little red tape is normal in the Army. Then, the first week in November, Major Dort went home on points. He had done very little for the lieutenant, aside from assaulting him verbally on afternoons when it rained, but the major's departure seemed to upset Lieutenant Ramsey.

"I've got to find my records," he told us that morning, after the major had gone. "I'll never get home for Christmas if they don't do something about finding my records."

"Oh, we'll be hearing on your furlough any day now," Fat told him.

The lieutenant's face brightened a bit at that. "Anyway, I'm straightening things out with the girl friend," he said.

"You mean she'll wait for you, sir?" Fat asked.

Lieutenant Ramsey was sitting in a swivel chair, all huddled up inside a field jacket that would have made a good tent for a childless couple that only wanted to do light housekeeping. He nodded.

"She's promised not to marry this Mister Clontz—he's a gentleman I'm unacquainted with—if I'll turn over a new leaf. She said she had turned to him out of pure despair, instead of love. I guess it was all my fault," Lieutenant Ramsey said, turning away from us, toward the windows that faced the street. When he spoke again it was very slow, like each word had to be brought from a long way off.

"At one time I was very profane—a gambler and a drunkard, always fighting. I knew plenty of ladies, such as they were. Then I found my girl. She was nice—better educated than me, but not stuck up. All of a sudden I didn't want to drink, or even talk rough. I saved my money to build us a house. Her family didn't like me. They said all the Ramseys had a murdering streak. Well, the war got started. I joined up. Went home on a furlough, knowing I'd be shipped soon. We wanted to get married. But Evelyn was scared 'cause the family made such a fuss.

"So I went out and got drunk. Had a fight with the sheriff and two deputies. Not mad or anything—just had to work off steam. Like to killed the sheriff. They let me off. But you see how it was. Everybody said, 'Well, the Ramseys are a tribe of killers. It's in the blood.'"

The lieutenant took a deep breath, sighed, and went on: "We patched it up. But then the war got over and she got to asking why I couldn't get home when so many others could. Folks back home don't understand what it is for your records to get lost in the Army. So now I've gone ahead and promised her I'd be home for Christmas, one way or another. I want to show Evelyn that I'm a changed man."

"You mean that you're harmless now, sir?" Fat said.

Lieutenant Ramsey blinked and sat up straight. "Well, I've got myself under control now," he said.

"You're nervous, though," Fat Otis said.

Lieutenant Ramsey was now the only officer in headquarters company. That put him in command, but only on paper. Fat Otis had the ring with the keys. He signed Ramsey's name to the mail, paid off on payday, and conferred with the brass from higher echelons. He kept the safe's combination inside his head, and the only telephone in the office was firmly rooted to his desk.

ONE morning the lieutenant decided to call Brussels and find out what had happened to his furlough request. Fat advised him to suffer in silence.

"But it's already November! I've got to get home by Christmas," Lieutenant Ramsey said, "What'll I do?"

"Why don't you sit down somewhere and just take your medicine?" Fat asked, his voice quiet and poisonous.

"I don't get you," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"No, I've got you," Fat told him. "That's the hell of it."

They squared off with their eyes. But Lieutenant Ramsey soon threw in the sponge. "Sergeant Otis," he said slowly. "I don't believe you ever sent that letter in."

"I never told you I did," Fat said.

"You told me you would," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"I changed my mind," Fat said.

"What have you got against me?" Lieutenant Ramsey asked.

"Your rank," Fat told him. "You've got a rankness that I don't much like."

Lieutenant Ramsey called Brussels anyway, but it didn't do any good. The European Theater of Operations was short of officers and all furloughs had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been canceled until officer replacements could arrive from the States. These replacements were expected at "an early date." That's an Army way of saying six months from now, or maybe never.

Lieutenant Ramsey thought that over, then said that he'd have to take his case to Brussels and talk it over with the brass. He asked Fat for one of the jeeps. But Fat wouldn't give him the key for either of the jeeps.

So Lieutenant Ramsey finally decided to take the three-o'clock train to Brussels. He told Tinsley to make out a set of travel orders, saying that he'd pick them up about two o'clock. The lieutenant went to his hotel to pack.

WHEN Tinsley got back from lunch that afternoon, he started typing the travel orders. Then the telephone rang. Fat answered it.

"Nineteenth Labor Supervision Center. Sergeant Otis speaking . . . We're understaffed, sir. . . . Well, in that case. . . . For tonight? Just a moment, sir." Fat put his hand over the mouthpiece for a minute, then he said, "Hello, Colonel. I find that we do have an officer available for duty tonight. Lieutenant Ramsey, sir."

Tinsley stopped typing. He began to file his nails.

It was a little after two o'clock when Lieutenant Ramsey came in. I was on the balcony on my way to the squad-room on some pretext or other—but I stopped at the head of the stairs to see what would happen. Ramsey carried a small canvas bag and wore his trench coat. "You finish the travel orders?" he asked Tinsley.

Tinsley opened his mouth, but Fat beat him to the draw.

"I'm afraid you'll have to call off your trip, sir," Fat said. "The provost marshal called up just now. We have to furnish an officer for MP patrol tonight. You're it."

"I'm not due yet! I just pulled it last Monday night!" Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"I can't spare an officer from any of the companies," Fat said. "You'll go on duty at eighteen hundred. Don't forget to wear your side arms."

Lieutenant Ramsey looked up and down the room, with a kind of helpless anger in his eyes. Then he went to his desk, picked up a bottle of red ink, and threw it hard for a bull's-eye against the knob of the squad-room door. He pivoted and ran quickly out of the room.

"He's a dead shot," Corporal Peters said.

I walked to the squad-room door, stopping outside long enough to stare at the floor, where the ink had made a sluggish puddle. . . .

I was charge of quarters that night, and went to early chow. All the others, except for Fat, went to the G.I. movie after supper. Fat came back to the office and sat down at Lieutenant Ramsey's desk. After a while he got out a cigarette. It was raining outside. The street lights flickered damply like the reflections from fireflies on a lake.

"It's getting cold outside," Fat said; and I noticed how tired he looked.

"Listen, Fat, you'd better let the lieutenant alone," I said.

"Don't call me Fat," he said.

"I forgot," I said. "But Ramsey's going nuts."

"I know it. I get to thinking about it sometimes at night, wondering what makes me work on him," Fat said. "But in the morning, there he is again. It makes me uneasy as hell."

"Then ship him home," I said.

"I don't know what to do," Fat said. After a while he went downstairs to his room.

I slept on a cot in the office that night. It was still raining next morning when I went upstairs to call the others for breakfast. Lieutenant Ramsey was sitting at his desk when I got back to the office. His cap and trench coat were soaked. He was asleep. I sneezed. Lieutenant Ramsey woke up.

"Good morning," I said.

He nodded without looking at me. There was a service revolver lying on the desk blotter before him, yet I noticed that the lieutenant was still wearing the side arms that he must have worn on the MP patrol. I folded the CQ's cot and took it into the office that had been Major Dort's. I stood the cot in a corner and walked to the window. Raindrops were bouncing in the street below. I heard somebody come into the other office. The footsteps sounded light, like Fat's.

"Good morning, sir," I heard Fat say.

It was quiet in there for at least a minute, then Lieutenant Ramsey said, "You know, there's not enough room here for you and me both. Can you shoot a pistol, Sergeant?"

Fat Otis said that he could.

"All right," Lieutenant Ramsey said. "Take your pick. They're both the same, and both of them are loaded." His voice was calm. "You afraid of me, Sergeant?"

"No," Fat said. One of them scraped a chair across the floor.

"I want to see who's the best man," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"All right, Ramsey," Fat said. "You've been tiptoeing around here, trusting in love and women—"

"Get that holster you've got over there in your desk someplace," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"I guess you've penned a farewell note to your mountain flower," Fat said. "I'll mail it for you."

"We'll draw from the holster," Lieutenant Ramsey said.

"All the double-crossing in this lousy world comes straight out of these big loving hearts," Fat Otis said. "I'm going to put a slug through yours right now."

"I'll blow out your brains," Lieutenant Ramsey replied.

One of them said something else that I didn't catch. But I heard their footsteps, slow and measured. Then a gun went off. Something thudded against the floor. I heard somebody sigh.

It was quiet so suddenly that I had to break it up. I ran into the room.

Sergeant Otis lay face down in front of his desk. Lieutenant Ramsey was standing beside him. The lieutenant's eyes were bloodshot, and he looked dazed, like a man trying to remember his own name.

"Corporal," he said, speaking very slowly, "Sergeant Otis has been shot to death. Note his absence on the morning report."

SERGEANT OTIS was buried at three o'clock the next afternoon in the American Cemetery at Henri-Chapelle. A bugler played taps for him, and a rifle squad fired a round of blanks over his grave.

Lieutenant Ramsey's court-martial was held in Brussels the following week. I had to go as a witness. A sharp-faced major from Quartermaster was officer for the defense. He asked if I had seen the lieutenant shoot Sergeant Otis. I said that I had not. Then he asked if I had seen any person whatsoever shoot Sergeant Otis at any time whatsoever. I said no. The major rested his case.

But they convicted Lieutenant Ramsey anyway. They found him guilty of carelessly discharging a firearm. He was fined one hundred dollars and given a reprimand. At the same time it was recommended that he be returned to the Zone of Interior for recuperation and rehabilitation—or for separation from the service if he so desired.

We never saw him in Liége again. About a month later, I heard that his name was on a roster of military personnel that had sailed from Antwerp, December 1st, on a Victory ship that might have been called The Pyrrhus, for all I know.

THE END

When the sun is high, load your camera (any camera) with Ansco Plenachrome Film and get crisper, snappier pictures . . . get better pictures!

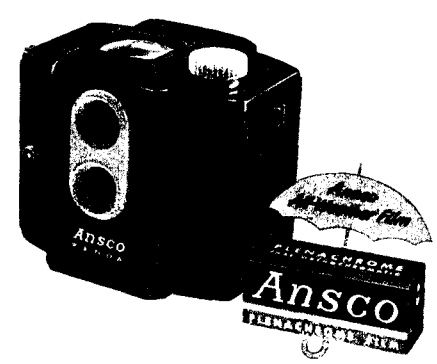
When the clouds are out—even in rainy weather!—Plenachrome's All-Weather features will let you keep clicking . . . get you *more* pictures!

Ansco ALL-WEATHER Film gets clear pictures... rain or shine

Ansco black and white All-Weather films include Plenachrome; fine grain Ansco Supreme Film for better enlargements, and Ansco Superpan Press Film for action pictures indoors or out. Ansco Film will get good pictures in any camera but wait 'til you try it in the Ansco Panda, the best camera buy of the year!

Modern design and durable plastic construction make it a favorite, especially with beginners. Factory focused lens, smooth-operating shutter, and a brilliant view finder!

See the Ansco Panda and you'll know why nearly 2 million Ansco Cameras were bought last year! Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. "*From Research to Reality.*"



ASK FOR **Ansco** FILM & CAMERAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marvelous Mel, Pitcher with a Bat

By BILL FAY

Parnell's sharp curve, backed up by his solid hitting, may make him a 30-game winner before he's through

With a lump on his finger from a baseball accident, Parnell pitches like three-fingered Mordecai Brown

MANAGER JOE CRONIN of the Boston Red Sox phoned Nemo Leibold in Louisville shortly after the start of the 1947 baseball season. Leibold was manager of the Louisville Colonels.

"Nemo," said Cronin, "we're sending you a rookie left-hander named Mel Parnell. He's the kid who beat the Tigers on four hits, but he needs experience—one more good year in the minors. Be careful with him, Nemo, he's going to be another Lefty Grove."

"Don't worry, Joe," Leibold promised, "I'll treat him like he was Ted Williams. He'll be safer than a 10-run lead."

As a prophet, Nemo batted .000. In Mel's fourth start against Minneapolis, he tried to sneak a fast third strike past Andy Gilbert. C-R-A-C-K. The ball blurred back—straight for Mel's head.

Instinctively, Mel stabbed with his bare hand. C-R-A-C-K. The ball caromed crazily toward third base. Then Mel couldn't feel anything. His pitching hand was numb.

Mel kept on throwing for three innings. He went to bat—and slammed a home run. Then the numbness began to wear off. "Guess I better quit for the day," he told Leibold, "something's broken."

X rays revealed that the ring finger was splintered. "If you'd stopped when it happened," Leibold scolded, "it would have been a minor fracture. But hitting that home run ripped things apart. You won't do any more pitching this season."

The finger healed slowly and a knotty lump formed between the middle and top joints. The next spring, when Mel reported to the Boston training camp, Joe McCarthy (Cronin's successor) had the knotty finger X-rayed again. "It's still weak," McCarthy warned Mel. "Maybe you can strengthen it by pitching batting practice—but be careful."

Mel had to shift his grip on the ball to accommodate the lumpy finger. The shift dulled his control, but made his curve sharper. Much sharper. The darting delivery that resulted perplexed and annoyed McCarthy's sluggers (who liked to clout fast balls over the fence). When they swung for the fence against Parnell, all they collected were pop-ups and infield dribblers.

"This kid," grumbled Ted Williams, "takes all the practice out of batting practice."

"He'll be another Mordecai Brown," chirped catcher Birdie Tebbetts. "The ball's taking a funny break off that lumpy finger—same way Brown got a funny break by spinning the ball off the stump of his index finger."

"Is that so?" Vern Stephens inquired. "Tell me, Birdie, is this kid harder to catch than Brown?"

Tebbetts ignored the implication that he had been playing long enough to have caught Brown, who three-fingered 29 victories for the Chicago Cubs in 1908. "This kid," Birdie predicted, "will win 20 games for us."

Parnell's 1948 record (15 victories and eight defeats) fell below Tebbetts' estimate. Mel lost five of his first eight starts, but he should have sued the Red Sox sluggers for nonsupport.

In one stretch of 27 innings, they provided him with only two runs. Down the stretch, though, Mel was McCarthy's ace, winning 12 and losing only three in the second half of the season.

When Mel opened the 1949 campaign with seven victories in eight attempts—running his success string to 19 out of 23—Tebbetts made another prediction. "This league hasn't had a 30-game winner since Grove won 31 in 1931," Birdie declared. "Even Feller and Newhouser never won 30 but this Parnell's going to do it before he quits."

There are three good reasons why Parnell is the best 30-game pitching bet in the majors:

1. The powerful Red Sox should be the most prolific run producers in the American League for the next five years (barring injuries to Williams and Stephens). That means Mel will get credit for an occasional 9 to 6 triumph on his off days—a luxury seldom enjoyed by Newhouser or Feller, who have been accorded less robust batting support.

2. Parnell is even more effective at night because his curve ball seems to be "quicker" under the lights. The trend toward heavier night schedules will increase his victory percentage.

3. Parnell is a good hitter. Instead of being yanked for a pinch hitter in the late innings, Mel stays in and wins games that weaker-hitting pitchers never get a chance to finish. Example: Parnell beat Washington last May, 4 to 3, singling home the winning run with two out in the 12th inning.

Parnell, a quiet kid who signed with the Red Sox before the war for $75 a month (and no bonus), mostly to please his dad who was a star semipro player in New Orleans in the 1920s, makes no 30-game claims whatsoever.

"Down home in New Orleans," Mel insists, "I'm just the second best left-hander in our parish. Howie Pollet (the St. Louis Cardinal ace) grew up a few doors away on our block and if I turn out to be as good as Howie, I'll be satisfied."

Red Sox fans are less restrained in estimating Parnell's future. They're already calling him Marvelous Melvin and predicting, "The Sox are going to win the pennant—that's pennant, spelled P-A-R-N-E-L-L." THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ ★ ★ with the Stars

By ARCH WARD
Sports Editor of The Chicago Tribune

The "Tex Rickard" of newspaper promotional wizards, Arch Ward is the originator of the major league All-Star baseball game, the College All-Star football game, and countless other athletic events which have contributed an estimated $3,000,000 to charity over the last 18 years.

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities writes a special sports article for this page, "With the Stars." Each article carries the sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own and in no way are to be construed as endorsing the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any comments by the author.
—Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

FOOTBALL'S DREAM GAME

THIS IS A STORY about a football team which has had more great coaches, more All-Americans, more followers, than any other one you could name. It has been led by Frank Leahy, Bob Zuppke, Lynn Waldorf, Bo McMillin, Elmer Layden, Gus Dorais, Eddie Anderson, Harry Stuhldreher, Carl Snavely, Frank Thomas, Bernie Bierman, and the late Noble Kizer.

It is a football team which plays only one game a season under the lights of Soldiers' Field on Chicago's cool lake front, though we must confess there have been All-Star nights when perspiration reigned supreme. Then, like a moth consumed by flame, this team disappears, to return magically each year in all its glory.

The sixteenth annual College All-Star game is coming up for decision next month (Aug. 12) with the campus delegation looking for its sixth victory and the National League, represented by the Philadelphia Eagles, after its ninth. Two have ended in deadlocks.

The All-Star squad just doesn't happen. To build one is a combination of fun, excitement, and hard work. Underneath the surface of good fellowship and thrilling competition is the real core of the game—the incalculable wonders it works for the city's underprivileged and unfortunate.

We think of such Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc. spectacles as the All-Star game and Golden Gloves as happy mediums which bring dividends both to the sports fan and those people who must depend on charitable and welfare organizations to help them over life's cruel bumps.

Charley Trippi is the all-time All-Star football player. The great halfback from Georgia was on the squad three times and on another occasion returned to receive a trophy as the collegians' most valuable player. Charley was such a fixture because talent was so scarce during the late war we invited undergraduates in addition to the seniors whose eligibility had ended.

Each year some 100 graduating players are pinpointed as of All-Star caliber. From experience we know that the potential will boil down to 70. Among the lot will be more than a few bridegrooms who will hesitate to bring the little woman into a football atmosphere. Others will have launched a business career that now has no time for booming punts or forward passes. But when all the returns are in, there will be a representative squad camped in Hinman House on Northwestern university's campus, the headquarters down the years.

We like to think of this as more than a ball game. Here the greatest college players of the day, and coaches, meet personally. They have read about each other in the newspapers and magazines, those build-ups that make of the hero a superman. At Northwestern they learn this classic lesson all over again: that every player, no matter how great, puts his foot in his pants leg, one at a time!

A camaraderie quickly springs up. Sometimes these stars from every section of the land become an unbeatable unit. Other times they fail to jell. You never know until the game is played. We thought the 1948 All-Star team was one of the best, but it was walloped by the Chicago Cardinals, 28 to 0.

In 1946, Elmer Angsman of Notre Dame, almost as an afterthought, was invited to join the All-Stars. He had been just a fair player with the Irish, but had

*Johnny Lujack**

been signed by the Cardinals. Jim Conzelman, then coach of the Cards, asked us to excuse Elmer from the squad on the grounds that he wouldn't get in the game anyway. But Elmer wanted to play in the All-Star game. So he stayed. He not only stayed, but was such a ball of fire that he advanced over a flock of more highly publicized players and was in the starting backfield the night the collegians walloped the Los Angeles Rams, 16 to 0. And Elmer went on from there to become one of the standouts in the professional ranks.

Going back a few years, we remember vividly another All-Star—Bud Wilkinson of Minnesota. He played 40 minutes at quarterback in the 1936 game against the Detroit Lions, a 7 to 7 tie. And what do you think? The head coach of these 1949 College All-Stars is that same Bud Wilkinson, now the successful coach of the University of Oklahoma Sooners. Time marches on!

☆ ☆ ☆

We have enjoyed many thrills from the College All-Star competition, the Golden Gloves, Silver Skates, bowling tournament, but must go back to 1933 and the first major league All-Star baseball game for the biggest one of all.

That was a project which had two strikes on it from the start. Some of the major league club owners were aghast when we approached them with the suggestion of this mid-season game to be spotlighted in the sports program of the Century of Progress, Chicago's world fair. (Surely you haven't forgotten Sally Rand and the Streets of Paris so quickly!)

Fortunately, there were enough forward looking men in baseball to carry the day and make possible for the first time a "dream game" among the top performers of the two big leagues. Of course, you fans know the rest—of Babe Ruth sledging a home run into Comiskey park's right field seats—a prelude to other Herculean feats which have distinguished this annual diamond spectacle.

But we're wondering if this won't drop to a No. 2 rating if Bud Wilkinson, the All-Star player, triumphs as an All-Star coach! *—Arch Ward*

☆ ☆ ☆

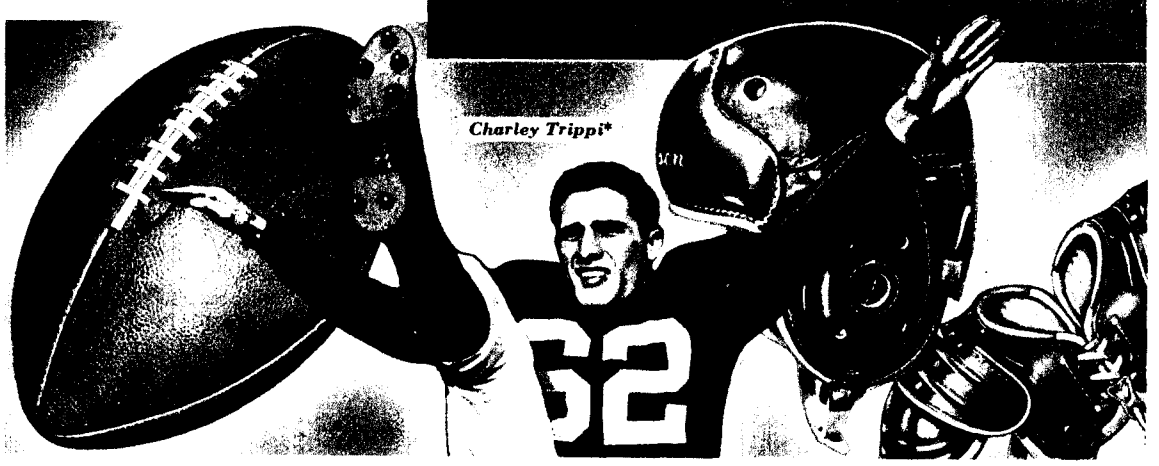
Again, for the seventh consecutive time, Wilson will broadcast the 1949 All-Star game coast to coast ... and again Harry Wismer and the famed "Galloping Ghost," Red Grange, football's foremost analyst, will be at the microphone to give the game's play by play story. So, if you can't be among those who will fill Chicago's mammoth Soldiers' Field stadium to overflowing the night of August 12, you are invited to join Wilson's 50 yard line party on the Mutual network. See your local newspapers for time and station.

And remember, with the stars of sports Wilson equipment is tops. In the game August 12, as in previous All-Star and other big bowl games, the Wilson WR Official football and other Wilson equipment will be used. Whether your game is golf, tennis, or any other major athletic sport, you want today's most modern equipment. Play Wilson and you play the world's finest.

[illegible] FOR [illegible] GOODS [illegible]
[illegible] of Wilson & Co., Inc.
[illegible] New York, San Francisco, and other [illegible]

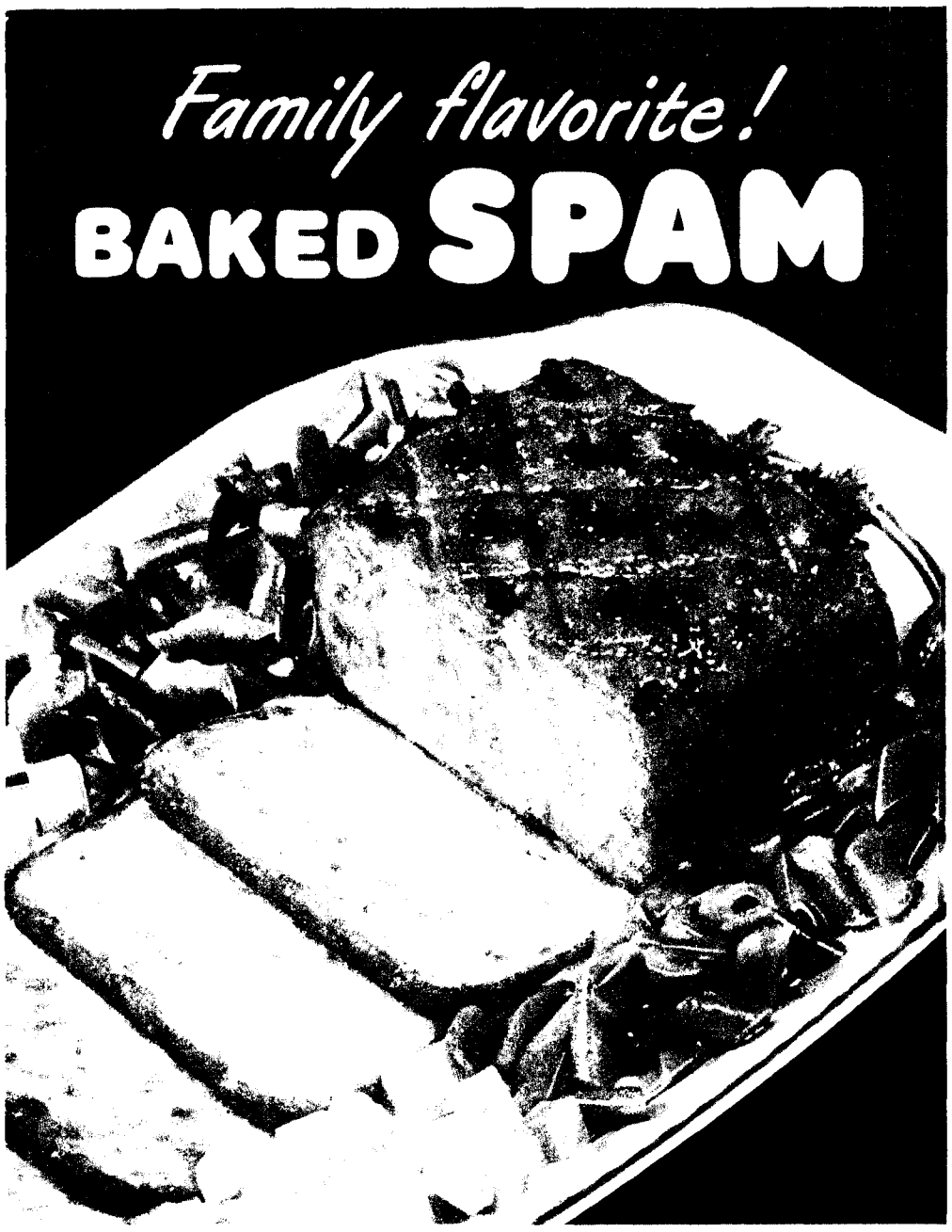
Warner Wilson, staff for one of the most [illegible]
in the art and the development of sports equipment [illegible]

IT'S Wilson
TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

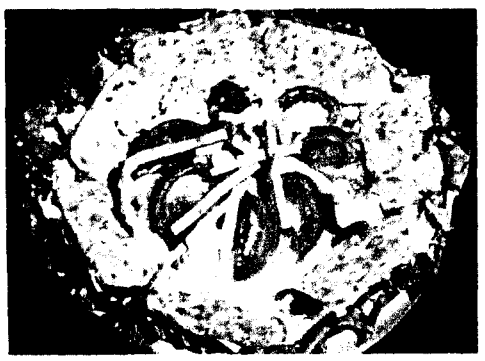


ADVERTISEMENT

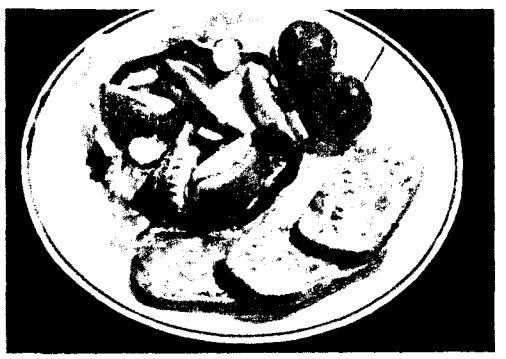
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



by cutting the top lightly with a knife to make a pattern **MIX** together ⅓ cup brown sugar and 1 tsp. each prepared mustard, vinegar and water **SPREAD** over SPAM Stud with whole cloves **BAKE** in moderate oven (375°) 20 minutes, basting twice **SERVE** generous slices with sauce poured over... buttered green beans and carrots from your garden for good companions.

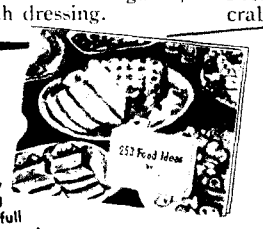


Stay home and make this western salad: chunks of lettuce, quartered tomatoes, green peppers, slices and slivers of tender-mild SPAM. Touch of garlic, liberal splashes of French dressing.



Cut generous slices of chilled SPAM to go with an old fashioned tomato-cucumber-green pepper-lettuce salad. French dressing or mayonnaise. Pickled crab apples or relish.

WHILE SUPPLY LASTS
ONLY 25¢
48 pages of exciting recipes, menus and meat planning helps lavishly illustrated in full color. Send quick for your copy!



Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Box 352, Dept. B, Mpls., Minn.
I enclose 25¢ for my copy of 253 FOOD IDEAS by Hormel.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

COLD OR HOT
SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

Hear the HORMEL GIRLS Saturday noon E.S.T. ABC network

Voyage of the Pagan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

solid force. The broken wire shroud—the forward one on the starboard side—was flailing like a whiplash. Its whine cried out the danger to my 40-foot mast, with only one shroud still holding it on the starboard side.

Before jumping on deck I bound a heavy line around my middle, and made it fast to the handrail on the deckhouse. As I crawled into the windward waist the prying fingers of the wind caught the loose folds of my shirt, filling it at the front, tearing away the buttons and ripping it to tatters. My full strength was required to lie flat on the deck.

Journey to a Broken Shroud

I crawled ahead a few feet at a time. When opportunity offered, I freed my waist line on the handrail, moved it forward a length, and slid under it. Movement was slow. It had to be. Thus I worked my way to the broken shroud.

There was only one desperate move I could make to save the mast—loosen the forestay at the stemhead and bend it to the chain plate as a jury shroud.

I did my repair job with painstaking thoroughness, working with only my hands and forearms in the wind. I took my time, thought carefully over each motion. When I finished, the mast was bolstered by full shrouds and I felt easier.

Now that the job was completed, I made the gross error of sitting up to check it. An explosive wind picked me up bodily, and a flurry of bubbling water bounced me against the deckhouse, then beyond the rail into the churning waves. I was overboard in a hurricane, at the mercy of merciless seas.

The line was around my waist, tugging me back toward the boat. But the pull of the waves spun me upside down. Pagan submerged her rail and I found myself clawing in a surging, choking froth. I was being slammed hard against the hull with ruthless hammer blows, one minute under water and one minute above.

The strain of fighting back had cost me all my strength in a few short moments. I was gagged with water in my lungs and stomach, and the flippety-flap against the hull had set my head spinning. I was giving up, I knew it; but I couldn't resist longer, I didn't want to resist. I could see Pagan close by and I could see the gray loom of seas, but I couldn't reach toward one or lean away from the other. I relaxed. I became part of the sea.

Pagan's white hull was only a foot or so away, looking like a high wall. I closed my eyes, wondering what would happen next. A dollop of seas whirled broadside into Pagan. I struck the rail and floated against it. At just that moment the deck tilted steeply. Somehow I was thrown inboard against the deckhouse, and Pagan came out of the hollow between the seas.

I was safely back on board, but I was only half conscious. I remember vomiting the water I had swallowed, and tugging faintly at the hard wet knot on the handrail. My reactions were automatic: I slid the hatch back and tumbled in a heap onto the cabin floor. I was too sick and weak to care what happened next. For long hours I rolled, insensible, to and fro on the floor, knocking against the bunks as Pagan tilted high. Finally I crawled into my bunk and bound my lashings over me.

When I awakened at daylight, it was because of Pagan's sudden change in behavior. Her pitching and rolling were entirely different. She inclined to flatness on both beams, and pitched so violently it seemed she would jerk her keel off.

I thought at first she must be turning over and over in wild somersaults. Most perplexing was the absence of storm noises. I had gone to sleep with the hurricane shrieking in the rigging. Now, aside from the wash of water in the bilge, a pounding on deck and a tormented swish of sea, there was little else . . . strange.

The combination of quiet and violence scared me. Unbinding my lashings, I wavered to the hatchway. I saw a vast circle of foam studded with rearing cones of water—but not a breath of air. No rollers or combers as such, only peaks of water shooting up and falling away flatly.

Instantly, I knew I was in the heart of the hurricane, the central circle inside the revolving cyclonic winds. Numberless wind-churned seas were pushed into this diabolic arena from every direction to collide and collide again.

Nausea assailed me. The sickening surge of the boat, and the unstable watery sight, set me vomiting. My legs were wobbly, my eyes wouldn't focus. I stumbled into my bunk and lashed myself down. I was too sick to move.

Early in the afternoon Pagan nosed into the outer circle of the hurricane. Once again the rigging dinned with howling winds. At last the wind had shifted into the south, putting my bunk on the windward side, and my ear against the one slender inch of tired oak planking which stood between me and disaster. Water was overtopping the decks and sloshing through the smashed porthole. It wet me down, refreshed me, eased the seasickness a bit.

Shift of Wind Allays Nausea

I was still strapped in my bunk. My nausea was pacified by the more consistent motion of the boat. Now that the wind was back again, there was some system and pattern in her wild behavior, and I could adjust myself to it.

From where I lay, I could hear the bedlam in the rigging, could feel the boat wince under each header.

I got up and stuffed a pair of pants in the porthole to keep the water from slopping through.

I realized that while I was up I should go on deck and pump out the bilges. But, remembering my narrow escape from drowning, I reasoned that the threat of wet bilges was nothing compared to the risk of venturing into the open. I returned to my soggy bunk and tightened the lashings over me. Again I waited—listening.

Night came. More hours dragged. The hurricane was 24 hours old, then 30. Still the same violent jerks of the boat,

Week-End Wisdom

OFF TO THE COUNTRY

Friday P.M.s
Are lovely stuff,
But in a week
There aren't enough.

SATURDAY GARDENER

Digging, hoeing,
Raking, mowing—
My muscles tell me
Youth is going.

BEEP, BEEP!

Sunday drivers—
What a crew!
Look who's talking:
I'm one too.

—LEONARD A. PARIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same roaring wind, crashing sea, clatter and slosh.

In the wee hours of the morning—after two days of storm—bad luck struck its hardest blow. I had unbound my ropes to take a look, when suddenly a mighty gust fired point-blank. Pagan heeled to her beam ends. The next moment a resounding snap of solid timber froze me. The mast! I could tell by the feel of the wounded boat.

I knew what a broken 40-foot spar could mean. I staggered toward the companionway. Another heavy sea hit her. Just then the stout little doors of the cabin dissolved into a sheet of gray. With black suddenness a lump of water shot at me. I was knocked back the full length of the cabin, rolling, twisting. When I stopped falling I was under the foredeck, sitting waist deep in rushing water.

Chaos Below the Foredeck

In front of me was the heel of the mast. On one side was my mattress where it had been washed by the sudden breakthrough. On the other were the spare sails, where I had stowed them. In my lap, pinioning and fighting me, was a 15-gallon water cask, swept loose from its lashings. I was helpless to push it away.

More water poured through the companionway. It rose to my chest and raced to and fro faster in the pent space. With an ocean to drown in, I was drowning inside my boat.

A providential movement of the barrel enabled me to slide from under it, and struggle from beneath the forepeak. The cabin was a nightmare, thigh-deep in water.

All my gear was adrift. The locker doors were gaping, and their contents dropping into the brine.

I wavered through the morass and clambered into the brimming cockpit. Its coamings were gone, but I was protected from the wind when I lay low.

The mast had snapped; that was definite. I could see it wrenching at the dark sky. I could feel it jerk the planking around the chain plates. I could hear it stomping on the foredeck, threatening to break through.

The heavy pole, held up only by shrouds and stays, was trying helplessly to fall. Each pitch, each roll, each twist endangered the life of my boat. And lying there in the flooded cockpit I knew there was no alternative but to chop away the shrouds and let the big spar topple into the sea.

A hatchet was ready to hand. I bellied along my system of life lines, tying my waist line ahead of me as I went. The decks were still awash, and the wind still high.

Lying on my back I hacked at the now slack, now taut, wire shrouds, until the broken mast slammed away to leeward and splashed into the sea.

I cringed against the deck when it went and heard rumbling and splintering after it fell.

Without a mast my little craft lay more comfortably, less affected by the powerful winds. She no longer beat into the waves, but rose with them, and kept a more even keel. I crawled back into the cockpit.

The cabin was a bog. Water, hip-deep, was solid from the watertight bulkhead to the bow. Only that stout bulkhead kept her from foundering by the bow or stern as the water surged fore and aft. I knew I must pump before more seas came aboard.

But how? My bilge pump was aft. I dared not expose myself by using it. There was only one recourse: the bucket. I commenced the awkward bailing, bracing against the carlings or clinging grimly to the hatch coaming. I bailed till I was blue in the face—and bailed some more.

Water kept coming in through the smashed forepart of the deckhouse and the three broken portholes. Only by stupendous efforts could I gain a little on the flood.

I kept at it despite my recurrent nausea. I filled and poured for endless hours. There was no consciousness directing my work, and I bailed blindly, dumbly, unfeelingly. In fear of further swampings, and in complete indifference, I jettisoned anything and everything that came to hand.

My mattress went by the board; also blankets, tools, dishes, canned food, coconuts, clothes, water breakers, sails—all that encumbered my bailing.

A Desperate Job of Bailing

I was fighting for my life in hip-deep water, lightening my boat. Any moment I expected her to dip her stern into a sea and go under. There was no such thing as bailing just water alone. I bailed whatever I scooped up in the bucket; and I scooped and bailed till it was an effort to lift even the empty bucket.

When I could no longer think or even hope—I hadn't had any food or water for two days—I collapsed on my bunk boards. I slept as I fell. I slept where Pagan rolled me. I wasn't even lashed down.

I was totally spent, sick and numb. I put myself in Pagan's hands. I was aware of nothing. I never knew when the hurricane ended. I only knew that I sat up, and it was strangely quiet, and Pagan was rolling easier, shifting on a light seaway. Outside it was dull and gray, but calm. The hurricane had gone and the adaptable sea was already becoming composed under a friendly sky and gentle breezes.

In the next 24 hours I slept twice around the clock. I wakened but once in that time, to bail out 20 inches of water. Where it came from I didn't know. It hadn't dawned on me that my boat was leaking. I thought the cabin was flooded from a swamping while I slept. That was a foolish explanation, because outside it was calm. But I was too tired to reason things out.

When finally I was aroused from my deep slumber by water slopping over me again, my brain was clearer and I went on deck for the first time since I had freed the mast.

The boat was a monument to chaos. Any dismasted boat is a naked sight; but one in Pagan's condition—battered and bruised—was heartbreaking. I walked to the bow and looked back over the scarred decks. Tackle and spars were down, dragging in the sea with the rigging.

The bowsprit was missing, snapped at the stemhead. There was barely a rail on the boat—only slivers and stubs. The staysail boom had disappeared, its fastenings broken at the bow. The tiller had been torn off. The splintered stub of the mast, a foot high, where the stick had twisted off, was the most unreal sight of all. Only one porthole was whole; all others were stuffed with an array of clothing. The raveled trailings of Pagan's rigging hung from either side of the boat like tufts of matted hair.

The hold had all the earmarks of an Augean stable. There was a chowderish mixture of a thousand and one articles of gear that had once been tucked away in corners. It was a fearful sight: a quagmire, enough to discourage a battery of janitors.

My main concern at the moment was food. For three days and nights I had not eaten; I was ravenous. I found a quart can of tomatoes and a coconut in the debris and broke into them with the hatchet. Then after gulping them down, I looked for water.

Water Down to Four Gallons

My water breakers, I soon found, had all slipped their bungs, so the water was either spilled or polluted. But strapped to the carling on the starboard side was a small keg of "emergency water"—four gallons. All I had aboard. Plenty, I thought, and took a deep drink. Would it last me to Samoa? I wondered.

By now, I knew Pagan was leaking. I spent an hour looking for the leak. It was somewhere below the cement-filled bilges where I couldn't see it or reach it. The seepage amounted to 12 gallons an hour. There was nothing I could do but pump hourly and hope for the best.

Before the day ended I learned some more sobering facts. My navigational instruments were smashed and useless. Worse yet, I was practically foodless.

On my bunk, in a thin weak line, lay the miserably few articles of food and comfort I had left. There was a bottle of catsup, two unlabeled cans of food, and a coconut—my total larder!

I remembered that during the hurricane I had heaved many articles out in a frantic haste to lighten my boat—and as I heaved, I knew vaguely that items of food were going, along with other things. But I never realized I was so completely sacrificing my food stores. Now I found that my jugs and jars, in which my precious staples were capped, had been smashed and their contents mixed with the sea. Even my charts and sailing directions were gone.

I was panicky. I tried to recall everything a seaman should know when he is lost at sea, foodless and waterless. I laid out a strict schedule for doling out my food and water. The water ration would be a pint a day. Food was so low that I could only regard hunger as inevitable—a matter of two weeks' discomfort until I reached Samoa.

Grim Outlook for Survival

Meanwhile I must conserve every morsel of food and every drop of water. I must avoid all unnecessary physical exertion. If my body was to stand the gaff of a 14-day fast, there must be a minimum use of energy, a maximum of sleep and rest. Perhaps I could add to my food store by fishing and catching sea birds. Unhappily my fishing kit was gone, but I had two hooks and a bit of line. My daily harvest of flying fish was no more; it belonged to a part of the journey that was behind me.

Since I had worked the whole day through and was tired, I decided to bolster my strength with one of the two remaining cans of food. This was contrary to strict rationing, but I was short on resistance.

It was a can of peas, delicious beyond belief. I chewed them to a fine gruel. Then I had a light nip of water.

Within an hour or so, an intermittent gnawing began to walk hobnailed around my stomach. I decided to open the catsup and have a taste—enough to take the edge off hunger. Working the cap loose, I took a strong swig. I replaced the cap and put the bottle away.

Another day dawned. I was hungrier than ever, so I went seeking another swallow of catsup. I found the bottle empty. I remembered taking a sip in the middle of the night. It must have been a deeper sip than I realized. For breakfast I rinsed out the bottle with my morning's water ration.

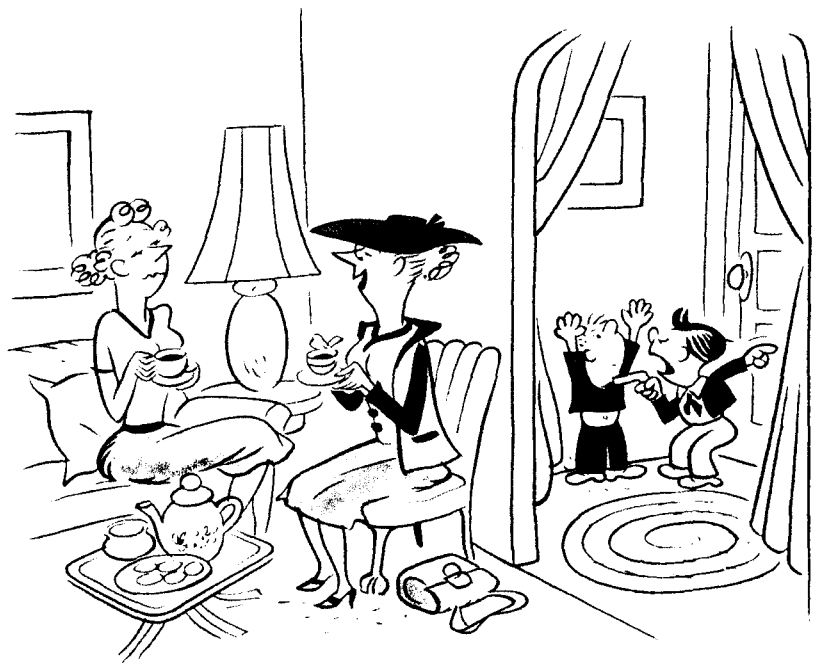
Then I got out my fish line. All day I fished without a nibble. My mind dwelt constantly on the remaining can of food and the coconut. Hunger pains irked me. Finally, toward evening, I thought: Why be hungry when there's food around? I grabbed the hatchet, and in a few minutes I was downing a can of sauerkraut.

I was still hungry. I looked at the coconut, smelled it, shook it and heard the teasing rustle of coconut milk. I put it away and went on deck, but I was soon back, staring at it. "Don't eat it," I said, "be reasonable." "Reasonable my eye," I countered, "if I were reasonable, I wouldn't be here." "It's all the food you've got for fourteen days. So what?"

Ten minutes later I was smacking over the last white morsels of the exquisite coconut meat. My spirits rose, and I promised myself, "Tomorrow I'll catch a fish."

Next week the concluding installment of Voyage of the Pagan takes the author through tortured weeks of starvation and shipwreck.

VIEWPOINT



"He reads nothing but the best children's books. He's just finished Little Men and today he started reading Lord Fauntleroy"

"Drop those rods, copper, and stretch! Now take a walk and keep yer flat feet movin' to the door!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shelley Winters zigged and zagged until she collided with stardom in A Double Life. But she still can't believe it and keeps asking autograph hunters, "Who am I?"

GLENN ADAMS—UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL

Green-Eyed Movie Madcap

By COLLIE SMALL

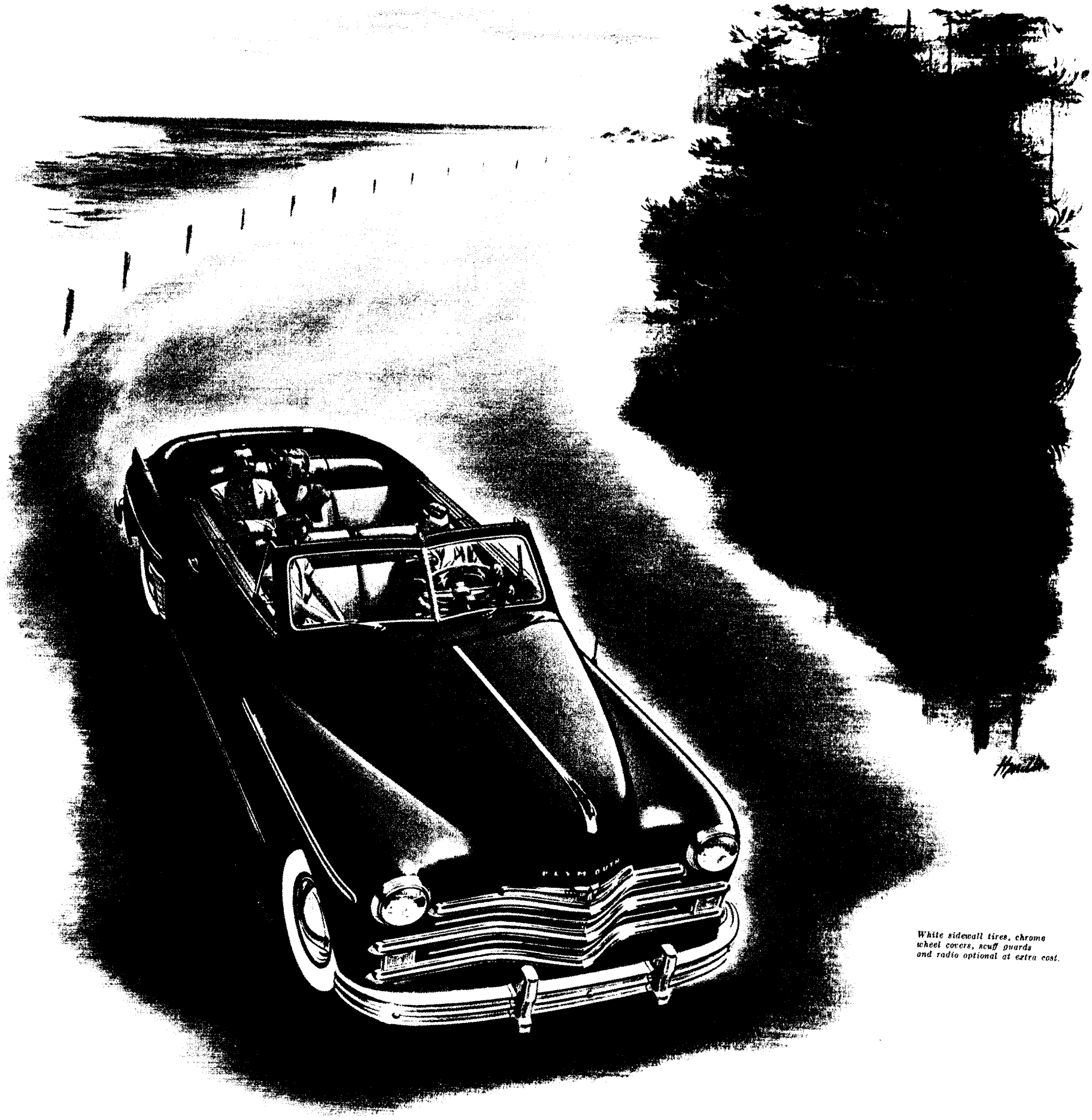
SINCE her emergence as a promising new actress about a year ago in A Double Life, with Ronald Colman, various attempts have been made to analyze Shelley Winters. Invariably, the analysts have had to take to the hills. The fact is that nobody can analyze a skittish green-eyed blonde who operates continuously under forced draft and yet somehow gives the impression that she is permanently marooned at Wits' End.

One tentative explanation is that Miss Winters, being constitutionally unpredictable in the first place, has been zigzagging for so long in her attempt to reach movie stardom that, having finally arrived, she is not quite sure whether she is in the right place. There is also the possibility, which occurs frequently to Miss Winters, that they got the wrong girl and that the face on the billboard is not really hers. This, in turn, has led to an obsession that she is being followed.

The whole thing seems too good to be true, and when the feeling comes over her that she is about to be hauled up for impersonating a successful Hollywood star, she is inclined to hop about even more erratically than usual in the hope that whoever is stalking her will get lost in the shuffle. On the other hand, she is pessimistic enough to be convinced that she cannot elude this mysterious representative from the motion picture industry indefinitely. When he finally catches her, as she is sure he will, she knows exactly what he will say. He will say, "All right, Shelley, the jig is up. Give the money back."

In view of her brooding distrust of a career which lay absolutely motionless for several years before erupting *(Continued on page 65)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



White sidewall tires, chrome wheel covers, scuff guards and radio optional at extra cost.

The car that likes to be compared—**new Plymouth**

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The best way to tell new car value is by comparison. Compare the new Plymouth—feature for feature, dollar for dollar, mile for mile—to any car in any price range. Of 22 quality features found in most high-priced cars, low-priced Plymouth has 21—low-priced car "A" has 13—low-priced car "B" has 4! See the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then drive "all three" and let the ride decide! PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Like I Hate Money

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

still higher. "I don't like your hotel very much," she said. "People were prowling the halls all night."

"Nonsense." He sat with his hands laced, rotating his thumbs. "A great place for railroad men. They were just meeting an early freight."

"Uh-huh." She was mocking him, so he walked over and kissed her. They were smiling at each other when the bellboy knocked.

The breakfast was as ordered, but in sacks. With no utensils, that posed a problem, but they used the toast to make egg and sausage sandwiches.

WHEN the impromptu meal was over, Kerry consigned the crumpled sacks and cartons to the wastebasket. Then he told her that he did not have to make a practice round at Patkai Hills. That they would just get in his car and drive across the fifty miles, doing anything that seemed appropriate. She clapped her hands and told him to pack.

It was a golden day. They drove out of town and across the pleasant countryside. He told her about Bekins, and the gambler's offer, and she said she was proud of him. They stopped in a small town for gasoline, and he bought her a chalk bulldog, and at another place they stopped and got a sack of apples.

The apples were small and russet and tart. Later, at a roadside tavern, they ate barbecue and danced until the shadows were lengthening. The juke box had Night and Day and Embraceable You, and both these songs called up old memories for them. Feeling subdued, they drove into the city just after dark and checked into a hotel.

A swank one, this time. They stood before the desk with the magic of the afternoon wearing off, and signed separate cards. Their rooms were on the same floor, and they rode up in the elevator feeling self-conscious. Kerry followed the bellboy to her room, and stood waiting while she was installed.

"I'm tired," she whispered, "but it was a wonderful day."

"Fine." He kissed her lightly. "I'll call you in a little while." His own room was just down the hall, and when he handed the bellboy a buck, the kid grinned so smugly that Kerry wanted to backhand him. But he didn't. Flopping on the bed, he watched the lights from the street below wash across the ceiling. When he called Kathie, she said she was going to eat in her room, and would see him in the morning. Feeling discontented, Kerry went down to the coffeeshop and had a sandwich. Some of the boys on the tour were at the counter, and they invited him to join a card game that was forming. He said no, got the papers, and went back to his own room, after pausing briefly and indecisively at Kathie's door. . . .

When the telephone jangled at seven, Kerry groaned and picked it up. "Thanks," he said, and dropped it again. Kathie was already awake, and he met her in the coffeeshop. He ate lightly, almost ignoring her chatter as she picked out famous golfers at the near-by tables. He had seen them before, and at the moment he was brooding over Speed Hendricks, and the important round ahead of them both. Everything he could win was already bet with Hendricks, so Kerry was in for double or nothing. Nothing meant poor living and more cheap hotels. Tipping the waitress too much, he helped Kathie into her coat and they walked down to the garage.

The Patkai Hills course was one of the best in the country. As they drove between the weathered stone gates, he glanced at the narrow fairways and hoped he could get off to a good start. Usually, he did; it was not until later that the trouble began. His eyes narrowed as he remembered the column in the Los Angeles Examiner last year—the one that had nominated him as the logical successor to Snead's crown, as the great choke artist. Kathie saw him frown and patted his hand.

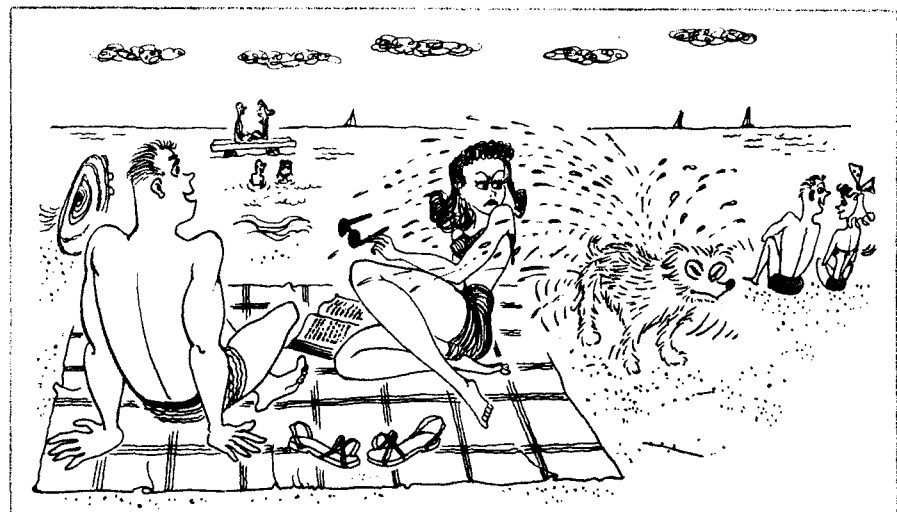
"Real good golfer," she said lightly.

Kerry laughed grimly. "Lots of good golfers here."

"Real good, you," she insisted. He only stared at her bleakly, already beginning to tighten up.

"Do me a favor, eh? Don't follow me around. I need this one, and I might start pressing."

"Okay, slugger." She kissed him on the forehead, like a lady giving favor to her knight, and they got out of the car. There was the inevitable small confusion at the gate. Larry Crowley had forgotten to leave her pass, so they had to locate him on the phone. After a considerable delay, the fat man on duty issued her a press pass grudgingly, and Kerry led her



COLLIER'S "How's the water?" STANLEY STAMATY

up to the glass-enclosed lounge that overlooked the last green.

"If I drink myself into a stupor," she said, "it will be your fault."

"No danger." Kerry was trying to be nice, but his voice was edgy. He handed the nearest waiter a bill, and told him to see that the lady got good service. The waiter assured him that she would be the best-watched lady in that part of the country. The lounge was humming with people, and Kerry shouldered his way through them and down to the locker room.

Finally he found Larry Crowley and got his locker number, together with a warning to watch himself. Not answering, he went to the locker and changed. There was a big crowd around the first tee. A tall man came up to Kerry and put an arm band on him. Glancing at the starting board, Kerry saw that he was paired with DeWitt and an unknown amateur from Louisiana. That explained the crowd. DeWitt was P.G.A. champion, and Kerry wondered why they had him out so early. The amateur was an active irritation; he might play too slowly, or go to pieces before the crowd, and then everybody would get the jitters.

It would be a clear day. The sun was clearing the trees at the end of the first hole, and the white rime on the grass was melting fast. Kerry located his bag; it was being held by a tanned, gangling boy who said he had worked the course for three years. Quietly, Kerry began discussing the water holes and tough greens with him. They were still at it when a hollow voice boomed overhead. "Kerry Garnett, of Fort Worth, Texas," announced the amplifying horns. Walking out, cradling the ball in his left hand, Kerry stooped and jabbed it at the turf.

That first one was always a flutter in the belly. Standing back from the ball, he took a preliminary swing before stepping forward again. Lots of people here, he thought, sighting over his wrists, all curious about whether or not I can play golf. Maybe I ought to paste one on the nose for the pretty people. . . . There was the usual mechanical conflict in his mind. To power the ball, or play it let-up, so as not to get in early trouble? But then he thought: I've spent too long learning how to slam this pellet not to show it now; so he took his full swing and heard the sideliners gasp.

The ball took off low. It was a solid click; it rose slowly, hung, and dropped far down the middle of the fairway. The crowd clapped, and Kerry touched the brim of his cap as he stepped back. DeWitt came out, and grinned at him briefly.

"Showing off again," the wiry little man said out of the corner of his mouth. Then he stepped up and hit his usual two-forty drive. His shot was as straight as Kerry's, but far short of it.

The amateur wore glasses and he was nervous; he waggled his rump wildly and leaned into a bad hook, and the three of them went walking off the tee. The amateur was next to DeWitt, explaining why his drive had veered so badly. The P.G.A. champion was nodding but not listening. His face had settled into the implacable mask that the professionals wear against good tidings or bad. He was making a living, and the amateur's chatter would bounce off him for the next eighteen holes. The gallery, only a few hundred strong, trailed after the three golfers. Most of the crowd was holding back for the headline trios, and they had two hours to wait. The sun was over the trees now, and Kerry walked briskly into its radiance. He was staring at his next shot, deciding what club to use.

When the round was over, Kerry showered and went back upstairs. Kathie was still at the corner table, and there was a man with her, a sandy-haired guy in tweeds. The man was gesturing and they were both laughing. When Kerry sat down, she smiled at him, her face still lighted up with mirth.

"This is Tommy Duncan, Kerry," she said. "He's covering the tournament for the Dallas News."

"How are you, Garnett?" The reporter smiled cordially and they shook hands. Anger twinged in Kerry as Duncan patted Kathie on the shoulder and got up. He said he had to go to work, and that he would see them later. Much later, thought Kerry, further offended because the sports writer hadn't even asked about his score. Beckoning to the waiter, he ordered two coffees, and they were working on them when Paul Shelley walked by with a crowd of people. Shelley murmured, "Nice going," to Kerry, and nodded at Kathie.

"Oh, a good one?" she asked.

"Had to scramble a little, but I got in with 69."

"That's wonderful!" Her eyes were bright with admiration, and Kerry laughed and stirred his coffee.

"Doesn't mean a thing," he said. "In this league, they've all got to be good, and I missed two putts."

"Okay, a 69 is lousy."

"No," he said, patting her hand. "Just that the other rounds are important, too." On their way out, they stopped before the huge scoreboard. Kerry's name was tied for second with Allred, the South Carolina pro. Shelley was on top with a 68. The boys working the board were busy; as Kathie and Kerry stood watching, one of them hung up another placard. It read, "Hendricks, 34-32, 66."

"See what I mean?" asked Kerry, swearing softly under his breath. The crowd hummed, and several reporters drifted over. Most of them looked unhappy, too, because Hendricks's score meant the afternoon paper leads would have to be rewritten. Kerry was still staring at the board.

"What is it?" asked Kathie.

"Nothing. Let's go." They went to the car and drove downtown. After a movie, they had early dinner, but it was not much fun. She could sense his tension, but since he did not bring it out in the open, she kept quiet. When they had bought the Texas papers and read them in her room, he got up and said good night. He took her kiss on one cheek, almost ignoring it.

"Not a very exciting vacation," he said.

"It's nice just being with you, in case you didn't know."

"Sure." Still withdrawn, he went to his own room. For an hour he thrashed fitfully, thinking of Speed Hendricks's three-stroke lead. If he had a bad round now—finally he dozed off and slept until dawn.

THE day was overcast, and a wind was whipping the course, but Kerry could handle that. While the high-ball boys were spraying all over the place, he sacrificed length and kept his shots low, so that the wind could not swing them. His putting was better, and he birdied the eighteenth for a 68. Feeling pleased, he showered and dressed hurriedly. Kathie had gone on a cultural junket through the local museums and galleries, and he went toward the front gate to meet her. On the way, he passed the big board and saw that Hendricks had racked up a 69 to go with his 66. Apprehension knitted his dark brows, and he walked on frowning slightly. Blondie was turning it on.

Dinner that night was better. They laughed and joked, and when they were through eating, they went into the Titian Room of the hotel. There, for an hour, they had a few beers and danced. It was a very formal room, and the waiter made it plain that he considered beer a plebian draught in such splendid surroundings. But even his disapproval was a source of merriment. Once Kathie asked Kerry why he was feeling so much better about the tournament, so he leaned forward over the little table and explained.

The score on any single round didn't mean too much. It could go a stroke or two either way, because of factors no golfer could control. Sometimes you could be doing a lousy job, and scramble in five under par. But when you had to fit four good rounds together, that kind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of playing meant danger. Even getting a relatively poor score on a round—so long as you were hitting the ball on the sweet spot, getting distance and control, and feeling loose—was not important. Then, if you got a few breaks, you could spread-eagle the field.

Kathleen was no dummy about sports. She understood most of what he was telling her, but his lean face, hawklike under the glow from the lamp, was almost terrifying in its intensity. The light found serrations around his mouth and skeins of wind wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. He's only twenty-seven, she thought—and he already looks like a tanned gargoyle, with wires of tension rippling across his cheekbones. What will he seem in ten years?

AS IF he could read her mind, he relaxed and stopped talking. The masklike quality slipped off his face and he smiled.

"Enough shop talk," he said. "Let's rip off another gavotte and go upstairs." She nodded, and when the dance was over he signed the check and they went walking toward the frosted crystal doors. Kerry had reached out when the doors came swinging inward, and a crowd of celebrants trooped through. They were all in formal dress, and Francia Layne was the core around which they circulated. She was wearing a gown of golden metallic cloth; her coppery hair was up, and the neckline on the dress plunged almost to her waist. She saw Kerry, smiled slowly, and her glance left him to rake across Kathie.

"Ah," she said, with husky amusement, "the fabulous Mr. Garnett." Then she swept by and the entourage followed, all shouting, being sure that nobody ignored them. Kathie was pulling on her gloves, and she did not look up at him.

"Somebody's mother, huh?" she asked quietly.

"Gal I met in Crestwood." Kerry was staring after the party. "Name's Layne."

"A trifle extreme," commented Kathie.

"Kinda nuts." Kerry was nervous. "Too much money. Spoiled rotten."

"But she's the one you had the fight over?" Kathie put the question in so smoothly that he nodded before he thought. Then he began to explain how it had been, but she pushed on out ahead of him. A feeling of restraint had settled in as they got their keys at the desk and went upstairs. Kathie took his kiss passively; she leaned against the doorjamb and surveyed him.

"I wonder," she said finally.

"Wonder what?"

"How badly she's got you hooked."

Kerry began to explain the thing again, but she only shrugged impatiently and straightened up.

"Also," she added dryly, "I wonder where she keeps that red hair, when she's not wearing it—"

The door slammed so hard that it hurt Kerry's ears. Sighing, he walked down to his own room. He was pondering the mercurial quality of women, and weighing the astounding possibility that Francia might be wearing a wig. As he undressed, he wondered uneasily what Kathie would say if she knew about the bet with Hendricks, and how Francia fitted into it. That thought was real shudder material, so he got into bed and went to sleep. . . .

Kerry was up at dawn the next morning. By seven, he was out on the practice range, hitting fifty balls with each club. While the caddie gathered them up, he waited patiently, crouching beside his bag and smoking. This third round was always important, because you had to hold it steady in order to be within firing distance on the last day.

When the call came for him to tee off, he walked briskly around the corner of the clubhouse. Under the rising sun, he was beginning to bead with sweat. Several people spoke as he went by, and he gave them that tight, jerky smile. His caddie was new, and it annoyed him. When he asked the starter about the change, there was a delay, and the starter finally reported that his previous caddie was sick. Kerry said, "Okay, okay," and stepped out to hit his drive. It was straight, but not too long.

He played every shot with extreme care, and made the front side in par. Two or three times, he could have gambled, but he held back and played it safe. As he passed through nine, he saw that Hendricks was ahead, and had been one under. That stacked another log on the fire, and Kerry's drive found a trap on ten. He deliberated for almost a full minute on the shot, and then decided it was time to move. He banged it all out at the distant pin, and the ball barely cleared the top of the trap. But it found the rolling green and stuck there. His putt curved across the smooth grass and rimmed the cup heartbreakingly, while he pulled for it with both hands.

He was still even par through sixteen. On the seventeenth tee, he handed his ball to the caddie for washing, and when the boy brought it back he set it on the tiny wooden tee. His club head whistled through as usual, but there was only a sick "thunk" as it met the ball. The drive went crazy; it took off with a whining sound, veered sharply twice, and fluttered to the ground not two hundred yards away.

Kerry stood watching it in amazement, sudden sickness dripping into his throat. Dropping the driver, he turned and grabbed the caddie by the shirt, half lifting him from the ground.

"Where did you get that ball?" he asked, his voice low and deadly. The boy stammered something about having some old ones in his pocket, and did he make a mistake. His face was taut with fear, and he went cringing backward. Kerry helped him with a push, and the boy sprawled on the ground, still scuttling away.

The gallery crowded around to watch this small act of violence. Turning again, Kerry pushed through them and walked swiftly down the fairway. He leaned down and examined the ball carefully. It was an old repaint, with a blistered hide and a sharp cut where his driver had punished it.

WHILE he was staring at it, the official scorer came up behind him. The scorer was a pudgy little man wearing an arm band and an air of fussy officiousness. "Some difficulty, Mr. Garnett?" he asked.

"Yes." Kerry got up and pointed at the ball. "The kid rang a switch on me, palmed off this water-logged job."

"Oh?" The pudgy man kneeled and peered. His face took on a look of shock.

"How about replacing it?"

The scorer straightened up, shaking his head regretfully. "Very definite rule on it, Mr. Garnett. Not without a penalty. Not on the fairway."

Kerry fought for control. His voice came out high and strained. "A penalty stroke here might cost me the tournament," he said.

"I'm sorry." The little man was sorry; unhappiness twisted his fat face.

"Okay." Kerry walked back to the tee and got his bag. The caddie was gone, but a tall man stepped out of the gallery and asked if he couldn't carry for Kerry the rest of the way. Giving him a quick glance, Kerry nodded thanks and handed the bag over. Taking out his spoon, he went back to the ball, hoping the cover would stay on it. Settling his shoulders, he hit the faulty ball with all the power he had. It came up whining and went through that queer wobbling flight again, but it rode well and the cover stayed on. The next shot was only a short pitch to the green, so Kerry made it quickly and changed balls.

Anger had drawn the flat planes across

. . . it's always a pleasure

J.W. Harper

Distilled and bottled in bond under the supervision of the United States Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF.
I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kerry's face, and he kept fighting himself as he walked toward the eighteenth tee. *Finish it, finish it, finish it . . .* kept pounding through his head like a surf roll. He slammed his drive away, all out, and the gallery hummed again. But his long iron was wide of the green, to the right, and he flubbed a six-foot putt. Bogey, for a 73. That tears it, he thought dismally. Going straight to his car, he got in and drove to town. When he lighted a cigarette, waiting for a traffic light to change, his hand was shaking so badly he had to steady it against the steering wheel.

FOR over an hour, he had been lying on the bed, in his darkened room, when Kathie called. She asked why he was such a hermit. In a flat voice he answered that he didn't feel too good. She persisted, in a playful tone, and to get rid of her he asked if she would get the papers and bring them up. Dropping the phone, he flopped back on the bed. Somewhere in the hotel, music was playing faintly, a rumba, and footsteps went by out in the hall, muffled by the deep rug.

When Kathie came in with the papers, he peeled one open to the sports page, the wet ink smudging his fingers. There it was. Hendricks on top with 205, and DeWitt, Allred and Shelley tied at 208. In ninth place, bracketed with three men, was Garnett, 210.

"Bad luck?" asked Kathie.

"Yeah." Briefly he told her about the switch in caddies, and the faulty ball.

"Do you think the gambler did it?"

"I don't know." Kerry drew a deep breath. "Could have been an accident, I guess."

"Does it put you out of the tournament?" She was sitting on the edge of the bed, rubbing his forehead.

"Nearly. Always a chance, of course, but—" He started to tell her about the bet with Hendricks, and then decided against it. They sat in silence, her hands caressing his temples. Finally he said he was going to try to sleep, and she kissed him lightly and got up. She said he could still win traveling money with a good last round, and he forced a grin and nodded. When she was gone, he lay there thinking about that enormous five-stroke deficit he had to erase.

He was dozing when a knock roused him. Groping his way across the room, he opened the door. Francia Layne was framed in the rectangle of light; the sequined epaulettes on her evening wrap glittered.

"Bon soir," she said lightly. "What are you doing in the dark, darling?"

Kerry knuckled at his eyes. "Meditating on my sins."

"A reprehensible practice, leading to drink and early death." Pushing him to one side, she walked in and sat down. "Speaking of early death, I came down to get you. We're holding a small charivari up in my suite."

Kerry flipped on the lights and blinked at her. "Haven't even changed clothes," he said. "I was feeling kind of rocky—"

"I'll wait." She put a cigarette in her mouth, and took a jeweled lighter from her bag. *"Allons!* Dress yourself."

Kerry stood watching her. He was all ready to tell her that he didn't feel like going when she got up and kissed him. The kiss was no small thing, and when it was over he felt more like going, so he went into the bathroom and showered. As he called for them, she handed his basic garments through the doorway, and when he came out she was rummaging idly through his bag.

They went upstairs with her arm linked in his, and when they opened the door of the suite, a lively babble engulfed them. It was a party of some dimension, subsisting solely on pink champagne, and several hours slipped by pleasantly. When Kerry finally glanced at his watch, it was nearly four. He took another look, frowning, and edged toward the door. Someone shouted as he went out, but he did not answer or turn around.

He came out of the suite walking fast. He had not shut the door behind him, and the sounds of revelry followed him down the hall. They lessened when he turned the corner and stood before the elevators, but they were still behind him, a bawdy racket in the early morning. Two men were waiting in front of him, and he started to push the down button when he saw that the red arrow was already lighted up. Neither of the men turned around. Whistling tunelessly, Kerry tried to gauge how much harm the champagne had done him, and how many hours he could sleep. He didn't have to tee off until two, and that was a great comfort. Everything was all right; he felt fine.

And he was not exactly prepared when the nearest man whirled and hit him with a blackjack. It was a blur of motion and a thick, meaty sound. Kerry heard it, saw the impassive set of the man's face below

the upraised arm, and then he was on his knees. He shook his head, because a dull pain had been planted in it. His downward progress halted; his head rested against the cool ceramic urn filled with sand and studded with cigarette butts. He moved his head again, and the second man spoke.

"Loaded. Feed him another one."

The arm went up again, and this time the blow flattened Kerry. Leaning down, the two men took him by the shoulders and dragged him, feet trailing, to the stairway door. Kerry was still conscious, but not enough to protest. They took him through the door and draped him, head down, on the stairs. An elevator stopped on the floor; its door clicked open and stayed that way for several seconds, while one of the men held his hand over Kerry's mouth. There was another click, a soft whine, and the elevator went dropping down.

The man loosened his grasp on Kerry's mouth. Reaching out, he got both of the young golfer's arms and hung them down the stairway. Kerry realized dully, through the great fog of pain, that they were about to ruin his hands. One man was straddling him, and the one with the blackjack stepped down the stairs. Tightening both shoulders, Kerry tried to break loose. It was a poor effort, and his hands were dragged back into position again. The blackjack fell, and the pain spurted up through Kerry's arms to his shoulders, and down his back. He moaned and the blackjack was rising again when somebody said, "No!"

The hands holding his wrists loosened, and the blackjack was withheld. Kerry could not focus his eyes, so he closed them and waited.

"Beat it," said the voice, and then Kerry was free. Released, he flopped down the stairs and rolled to a halt on the next landing. Someone came down and squatted beside him. It was Bekins' boy, Nick. The porkpie hat was pushed back on his thin forehead, and he examined Kerry's lacerations with distaste. Then he pulled Kerry up and steadied him against the wall. Somehow, they made it back up the stairs and to the elevators. The operator looked at them in amazement, but did not speak.

When the elevator stopped again, Nick helped him out and down another hall. He rapped on a door, but no one answered. So he rapped again, a peremptory sound in the quiet hall. The door swung open and Kathie stared out.

"All right," said Kerry thickly. "Don't worry."

Her startled gaze went to Nick. He still held Kerry by the arms, and he half lifted, half jostled him inside.

"Some guys worked him over," explained Nick without emotion, and dumped Kerry on the bed. "Get the hotel doc, name's McGarrity." Then he turned and went out, straightening his hat.

KERRY watched the single light, watched it balloon and come back to normal size. He straightened to a slumped sitting position, and stared at the blood dripping from his knuckles.

". . . heard what the man said. Get the doctor."

She crossed to the phone and talked briefly. When the call was over, she came around and examined him, deftly and without panic.

"It's all right," he insisted doggedly.

"Sure." She went across the room and sat down. He watched the slipper twitch on her toe as though he were hypnotized. Once he tried to smile, but it was a weak effort. When she spoke again, she seemed to be far away. He saw her pooled under lamplight, at the end of the world.

"They must have slugged you with a case of champagne," she said thoughtfully. "And one of them kissed you several times . . ."

"Joke," he said, feeling his head cautiously. "Thugs."

"Sure." She got up and lighted a cigarette. He tried to follow her progress, but his head was too heavy. Through the pain, he could smell the faint, womanly fragrance in the room.

"Maybe I got hurt worse than you did, sport." She was out in the shadows. "You're the best-kissed victim of brutal assault I ever saw."

Kerry licked his lips; they had an acid taste.

"I should have taken that yachting trip," Kathie went on. He was trying to figure out a protest, knowing he had none, when someone knocked at the door. It was the doctor.

The doctor knew what to do. Kerry felt the man's fingers explore his skull, heard him give instructions to Kathie. Obviously annoyed at being awakened at that hour, the doctor cut away some hair and applied some unguents. Then he left again, his pajama legs hanging out from under his trouser cuffs. For two hours, Kathie sat waiting while Kerry soaked his hands in the hot solution. When the water got tepid, she renewed it.

WHEN the third hour was up, she handed him the sleeping tablets the doctor had left, and dried his hands. Then she told him to leave. It was not discourteous, only brief. Kerry was sober; he flexed his reddened fingers carefully, and, for a wonder, his hands worked just like hands. His head felt terrible and he started to explain again, but she only opened the door. Her arms were akimbo on her hips, and the thin robe over the short gown struck through his weariness. He reached out, but she moved away.

"Either you're a bum or I'm a sucker," she said evenly. "Whichever it is, Lochinvar, take off."

He walked out of the room unsteadily. Going down the hall he remembered the final round at two o'clock. Kathie's right, he thought dully. I'm a bum. When his door was shut, he called her on the phone. She answered, but when he had said a few pleading words, she hung up. Mouthing the sleeping tablets, he fell on the bed fully clothed. The next thing he knew the phone was ringing. It was Larry Crowley, and his voice was cracking with rage. He shouted something about "twenty more minutes, brother, and that's all." Mumbling assurances, Kerry rushed to the bathroom and began to lave his face with ice water. . . .

He went directly from his car to the first tee. Crowley was there, and almost apoplectic. Kerry cut him short, found his bag, and stood flexing his hands for several seconds. They were stiff and wrinkled from immersion in hot water, but the pain was not great except in his left little finger. Crossing to the starter, he said, "Okay?" and the man turned around.

"Next up, Mr. Garnett," he answered, glancing curiously at Kerry's hands and the bandage on his head. "We were about to cancel you."

"Delayed," said Kerry. He found he had a little difficulty fitting the cap over his bandage. Facing the ball, he felt strangely loose. The flutter in the belly was gone as, almost leisurely, he lashed at the ball and watched it go far down the line.

On the first five holes, he got par, par, birdie, par, birdie, and had to start fighting himself again. He slipped one over on seven and got it back on eight. On the long dog-leg ninth, he loosened up again and hit the longest drive of his life.

It was a par-five hole, but a few men birdied it every year during the tournament. After a long second shot, there was a short iron over a water hazard that rimmed three sides of the green. Kerry's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ball was in a good lie, and he stared at it thoughtfully. His left little finger was aching badly, but sudden excitement filled his dark eyes as he looked toward the silvered edge of the water hazard. He could not see the green; it was to the right, around the bend. Stepping up, he whispered, "Here goes nothing—" and slammed the ball with his brassie. The solid shock of impact ran through his hands, and the ball faded slightly to the right, toward the green. Kerry winked at his caddie, and had started forward when a great shouting broke out up ahead.

No, said Kerry to himself, stopping. No. It must be the match ahead. But the shouting did not abate. It got louder.

WHEN Kerry was making the turn, he saw something odd. People were streaming down the fairway, shouting, and the gallery up ahead seemed to be dropping back in a solid body.

"Holed out!" shouted a man ahead; he was dancing across the fairway, his arms aloft. "Deuce!" shouted the capering man.

Well, I'll be perpetually flabbergasted, thought Kerry, watching these strange antics; the damned thing must have rolled in the hole.

It had. The news ran across the course like wildfire, and people began converging on Kerry's threesome from every direction. They poured across the fairways, trampled through traps, and came down from the clubhouse in a solid stream. Kerry stood at the back of the ninth green while the other men putted, and listened to the crowd humming. In less than fifteen minutes, his gallery had grown from a few hundred to several thousands. The bearer of the portable scoreboard jammed a placard by his name. With the double eagle, Kerry was five under for the first nine. He looked at the big red five and his hands clenched.

On the tenth tee, the pressure started smashing at him like a mailed fist. His head was throbbing faintly, and his hands ached. The little finger was swelling badly. From tee to green, the tenth was edged with spectators.

Kerry hit his drive carefully and pitched close enough for two putts. Par. He went down the line from there, threatened to buck on every shot, fighting his hands and his stomach.

On the sixteenth fairway, he took too much turf on his approach, and the ball was short of the green. He could not get the putt down, and then he was four under. On the seventeenth tee, he laved his swelling hands in cold water and dried them.

Because he was tightening up, he hit the drive far and wide. But his pitch was on the pin and he curled it in for another birdie. Sweat was beading his forehead as the gallery roared. While he was walking to the eighteenth tee, it began to drizzle.

One more, he cautioned himself. After promising himself not to, he asked one of the bystanders how Hendricks had finished. Par, the man said, and Kerry let out his breath with a sigh. That meant he had par for a tie which would mean a play-off. But he refused to think about that. Savaging momentarily at his face with both hands, trying to knead the tension out, he stepped out to drive. The rain was falling steadily now; it dripped off the brim of his cap.

He met the ball carefully, and it took off, lifting through the haze ahead. When the other two men had driven, Kerry went down the fairway, trying to control his elation. His shot had hooked a bit, but not enough to get him in trouble. With any kind of an approach, he still had two putts for his par. That spelled apple pie, even in the rain.

It was not that good. His ball was eight inches behind a large tree. Kerry pushed through the gallery and stood staring at it in mingled anger and amazement. It didn't make sense. The tree was on the left side of the fairway, and his ball had not been hooked enough to reach it. But there it was, half buried in the mud, and there was a large footprint around it. The ball had been stepped on, and there was no way to play it straight ahead.

The rain was coming down harder. Kerry stood under the huge tree; drops soaked into his sweater; vapor sifted through the limbs. The gallery, now down to a foolhardy score, huddled behind him like sheep as he glanced toward the last green. Water was filling the heelprint in which the ball rested. Kerry stood looking at it, trying to keep his rage from taking too great a hold on his nerves, his muscles.

There was a greens maintenance shed to the left, a small white structure about twenty feet away. To the right of the fairway was the practice course—out of bounds. Kerry clenched his aching hands and frowned. It was rough as a cob to come this close and get shut out right at the finish. He could pitch out safely to the right. Might get par that way—

When he pulled the three iron out of the bag, the caddie looked up at him startled. The boy glanced toward the green again. It was not more than a hundred and fifty yards away, and if Garnett hit his usual three-iron, the ball wouldn't just go over the green. It would go over the clubhouse. The drenched spectators saw it, too; they began whispering to one another as Kerry dug his heels into the mud. He was facing almost at right angles to the green, facing left, toward the other fairway. The caddie dropped his bag and started forward.

"Mr. Garnett," he began, "that ain't no—"

"Hush," said Kerry, "and I'll show you a shot an old Osage chief taught me." Lofting the club, he powered at the half-sunken ball. The impact. The follow-through.

Kerry stayed the way he was, head down—as though he might be listening, as if the blowing rain ahead might have something to tell him.

The ball catapulted out of the bad lie. It rose low and was only waist-high when it slammed into the wall of the little shed. There was a crack like a pistol shot, and the ball caromed away to the right in a high arc. It hit twenty yards short of the green and skipped across the sodden grass. Losing momentum, spinning up a tiny plume of spray, it came to rest even with the pin, two yards to the right. The crowd huddled under the clubhouse portico gave a collective yelp of astonishment, and then broke out in a rash of cheering and clapping.

Under the tree down the fairway, Kerry Garnett heard the cheers, sounding ragged in the wind. Taking a deep breath, he tossed the muddy club to his caddie. Soaked to the skin and laughing like a child, he went toward the green. When his turn came to putt, he dropped another ball and tapped it to see how slow the carpet had become. Then he crooked his elbows and banged the putt. He hit it up, and the ball thumped against the back of the cup and dropped. Turning, he walked off the green and forced his way through the crowd. People were shouting at him, slapping him on the shoulders, but he kept moving.

HE WAS sitting in front of his locker, ripping off his wet sweater, when somebody said, "Hello, champ." Kerry looked up, and then ducked his head to hide sudden tears. Paul Shelley was standing there, smiling at him.

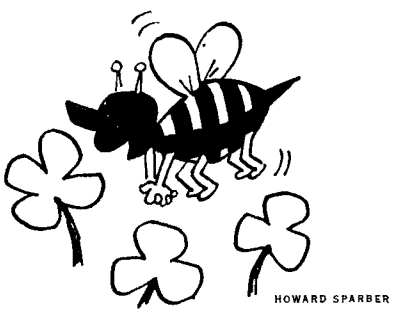
"You really hauled off and belted it," said the graying champion. "It was a gut shot."

Kerry kept his head down and fought his voice. "Tried—to figure out—how you would have played it."

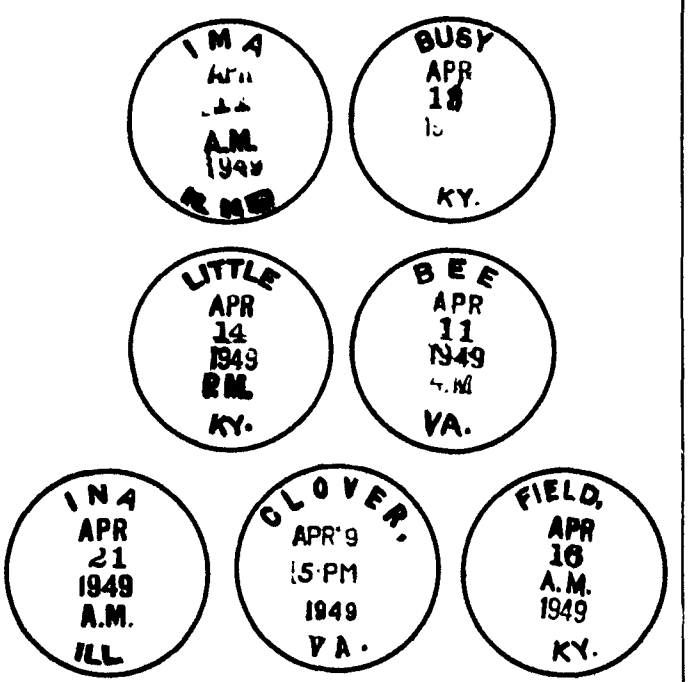
When Shelley laughed, his somber face came alive. "I don't do it today," he admitted. "But when I was young and hungry, I used to bank them off everything in sight." Leaning down, he patted Kerry on the shoulder. "Kid, you're growing up. You'll be a great golfer."

The words were a punch in the mouth for Kerry. Coming from Shelley, they were the accolade he had been seeking for so long. He tried to answer, but the words wouldn't come, and when he could look up, Paul was gone. Then the crowd poured in around

Picture Postmarks



HOWARD SPARBER



FROM JACK N. SOWDER, FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Gives hair that

"just-combed" look

all day long!

'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is the **ONLY** hair tonic which contains new, wonder-working **VIRATOL.** This special compound helps make your hair **LOOK** natural, **FEEL** natural . . . stay in place **HOURS LONGER.**

Just rub a little 'Vaseline' **CREAM** Hair Tonic on your hair each morning . . . then **COMB** it and **FORGET** it! 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic is good for your **SCALP,** too. Contains Triple-A **LANOLIN** . . . checks loose **DANDRUFF.** Try a bottle today! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK®
CREAM
HAIR TONIC

the cream of them all!

Tops in entertainment:
DR. CHRISTIAN, starring JEAN HERSHOLT, on CBS every Wednesday night.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, Larry Crowley among them, and he was kept busy answering questions and nodding thanks. A newspaper photographer pushed through and took a flash picture of his swollen hands. All of it was rare wine for Kerry. Everything he said seemed to be either very authoritative or very humorous, and he began to have an idea of how it would become.

When two small boys came crowding through for his autograph, he signed their programs and gave each of them a new ball. They went away saucer-eyed, and Larry Crowley came over to put an arm around his shoulders. Larry said to hustle, that the presentation would be upstairs, as soon as he was ready. *As soon as he was ready*. Grinning wryly at the difference one 64 could make, Kerry went down to take his shower.

ALL during the presentation ceremony he looked for Kathie, but the place was so jammed he couldn't locate her. When they called him forward, Kerry had a new kind of buck fever. Always, before, he had just grabbed his check and stepped back with the other small fry. The battery of microphones glittered like snakes' heads, and Kerry shook hands with the club president and stood there uncertainly.

"All I did," he began, "was give a very rough imitation—of a golfer named Paul Shelley. But I was kinda lucky—"

There he stalled, and as usual Paul saved him. Stepping up, Shelley smiled and said, "That's a lie, folks. I never hit a shot that good in my life." So they all laughed, and it was over. Kerry waited until the crouching photographers had got their pictures, and then he worked his way outside. The rain had stopped, and he was getting in his car when someone called to him. It was Bekins, the gambler, sitting in the back seat of a long black car. Kerry walked over.

"You did a good job on it," Bekins said. "I seem to have been wrong about a couple of things."

"You tried to be right," Kerry said. "You made quite a pitch."

The gambler smiled. His chauffeur kept on looking straight ahead.

"You wouldn't want to try getting out of that tank, would you?" Kerry said. "Come out and see how the infantry does it?"

"No." Bekins cleared his throat. "No, I think not. In the future I'll just have to learn not to send boys to do a man's job—indoors *or* outdoors." Bekins bent forward and rolled down the window all the way. "That's a compliment, Garnett. I can't take it from you—you're good. You're just a little out of my class, now."

"You forget," said Kerry, "I was never in it."

Bekins sighed. "How 'bout that? The guy gets a little lucky, he won't even speak to his old friends." He shook his head ruefully. "Well, at least I'll be able to say I knew you when."

"All right," Kerry said. "And thank Nick for me, will you?"

"Sure. What for?"

"Never mind," said Kerry.

Bekins shrugged, leaned back, and spoke to his driver. The big car pulled away.

Kerry went back to his coupé and drove downtown. From the lobby, he phoned Kathie's room, but she did not answer. He had her paged, but that didn't get any results, either, so he went to his room and waited. Two newspapermen and several salesmen called, and he talked briefly with all of them. After trying Kathie's room again, he went down to the corner drugstore and got some more of the salve, for his hands and head. There were no calls while he was gone, and he waited nearly an hour before the phone rang. Francia's voice was lazy in his ear.

"I understand you were quite spectacular today," she said.

"Naturally," said Kerry. "That's the way I make a living."

"Well, poor old modest you!" She laughed. "You won another bet, remember?"

"Of course I do."

"Suppose you come up to the suite, and we'll discuss the terms of surrender."

The phone clicked in his ear and she was gone. After trying to get Kathie's room again, he walked down to her door and knocked. No answer. She could at least give me a chance to explain, he thought, and resentment made him feel very self-righteous. So he changed into his dark suit and went upstairs. As usual, the party was enormous and rowdy; the rooms seethed with smoke and noise. Francia wandered over in a fetching hostess gown that proved she had never had a major operation, and gave him a victory kiss. As she introduced him around, he nodded politely and accepted their slightly incoherent congratulations.

More people kept drifting in to join the party, and after two shouting hours someone suggested moving down to the Titian Room. As usual, it was an effortless transition. One minute Kerry was dancing with Francia, and the next she was drawling into a telephone.

"This is Francia Layne. I have an enormous number of people here, some not quite sane, and before very long we will be down there in the Titian Room."

She dropped the telephone for someone else to hang up, and resumed her dance with Kerry. The whole motley crew, including a nameless unemployed jockey, surged downstairs and into the Titian Room. There was no delay. A long table, dominating the dance floor, was waiting, flanked by a small army of bowing waiters and an effusive captain.

THE dance floor was jammed; a set had just ended. As the big party sat down, the band leader announced that the winner of the Patkai Hills Open, Mr. Kerry Garnett, was with them, and would he please take a bow? The drummer gave a fast roll, and a baby spot flared around Kerry, who bowed to scattered applause. As he sat back down, Francia was regarding him with an amused smile.

"You hate that, don't you?" she asked.

"Just like I hate money and fried chicken." Kerry grinned. "Remember, I'm a hungry guy. It may get old later on, but right now it's fine."

She laughed again and pulled him up as the music started. It was a rumba, at which Kerry was only tolerable, but what he lacked in skill she made up for in proximity. They went along nicely, and every once in a while, he could hear someone whisper his name.

"I might," said Francia thoughtfully, "even marry you."

"Ah." He glanced down at her. "But would you be good to me?"

She came in closer. "You don't like me? You don't like money? I'm better than fried chicken."

"I'll check with my old recipes," he answered solemnly, and she giggled.

When the music stopped, they walked back to the table hand in hand. This is the softest mint I ever had hold of, thought Kerry, and as he held her chair he reflected that it would be a rough chore to be married to her. Like tiptoeing over land mines.

It was nearly midnight when he realized that his smile was hurting. He had been wearing it too long. All of a sudden, the splendid *décor* of the Titian Room with its acres of discreetly shaded tables was wearisome. Lifting the champagne bottle out of the silver bucket, he poured another glass, but it tasted like vinegar. "Like the lady says, Garnett," he told himself, "you got a long way to go before you learn to appreciate this French grape juice."

Pondering on his provinciality, he looked up and saw Kathleen. She was just stepping on the dance floor, and for a second he thought the bubbles had addled his pate. So he closed his eyes, counted three, and opened them again. It was Kathie all right, and she was dancing with Speed Hendricks.

She was not, however, the brown wren type any longer. His astonishment changed to anger, and he told himself that she could get arrested for wearing a dress like that in Fort Worth. It was a strapless evening gown of clinging black velvet. There was a velvet band of the same material around her throat, and something glittered in her upswept hair. Hendricks was doing a skillful job of piloting; as he swept her around, her eyes raked over Kerry with detached amusement. Then she was lost in the pack. Kerry pushed his glass away and got up.

"Where away?" asked Francia, turning to him.

"Back in a minute." He took several steps away from the table, and then turned back. "Correction," he said. "I won't be back. I'm too shy to be a good father for your children."

"Most of them are," Francia murmured. "Good luck." Turning, she resumed her conversation. Kerry wandered around the edge of the dance floor, but he couldn't find Kathie. When the music stopped, he began a systematic search through the small tables. . . .

When he walked up and sat down, Hendricks was telling her a story. Their heads were close together, and neither one of them looked at him. When the anecdote was over, Kathie laughed and leaned back in her chair. They were like that when the waiter brought two Martinis.

"Cheers," said Hendricks, and they lifted the drinks to each other. After a short sip, Kathie put her glass down and glanced at Kerry.

"Good evening," she said.

"Evenin'." Kerry felt uncomfortable and unwanted. He stared at his swollen knuckles. He crossed his legs. That didn't feel right, so he uncrossed them again. Hendricks reached in his pocket and handed Kerry a folded check.

"You seem to want everything," he said. "First, my old girl, then my money, and now my new girl."

"You haven't got any new girl," said Kerry crossly. He was looking at Kathleen. "I hit it for you," he said. "I banged it right on the nose, just for you."

"It was a nice shot," admitted Hendricks. "I never saw a better one. But still, you are being a little hoggish."

"No," said Kerry. "I'm just a plow hand who doesn't like champagne. I wish you'd go away and let me talk to Kathie."

She was smiling faintly, turning the stem of the Martini glass.

"I mean," said Kerry desperately. "how big a sucker can I be?"

"Enormous." Hendricks stood up, and looked across at Kathie. "If you ever need anything better than a substitute, coach, let me know."

"Thank you, Speed." She smiled at him, and he saluted and walked away.

KERRY moved into the vacated seat hurriedly. He said that she seemed very intimate with Hendricks, and instantly knew he had made another mistake. Her eyes blazed.

"And why not?" she said angrily. "What were you doing over there with that cut-rate edition of Catherine the Great, holding her hand like a lovesick ape—"

"Now, Kathie."

"Don't 'Kathie' me!" She tossed her head and the bangle glittered. "I wasted a vacation to come up here, and you looked at me like I was a mud hen from the Trinity swamps. You win one tournament and go around breaking your back, bowing in spotlights—"

"But look—"

"You look! You ought to win a tournament. You've been batting those silly little balls around all your life, and—"

"Kathie, let's get married."

"Oh—" Her anger simmered. She put one hand to her precious headdress, and looked him over warily.

"Tonight," he insisted. "I won a bundle of dough—"

"Money." She was scornful, but muted. "If I wanted to marry money, slugger, you'd be very near the bottom of the list."

"Okay, then let's dance." He temporized hastily, and she was still smoldering in silence as he turned and took her in his arms. For some blessed reason, the band was playing a slow arrangement of Night and Day, and that put more roots in his case than he had any right to expect. They drifted along in perfect complement, and her hipline slowly melted against his.

"That dress," he whispered in her ear, "cut kinda low, ain't it?"

"It's not the dress," she answered tartly, "that creates the confusion. We will go into that later."

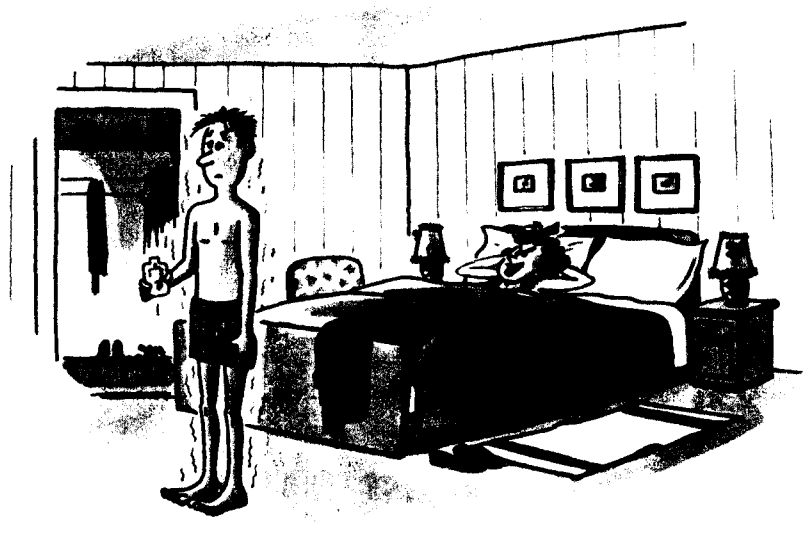
His arm tightened around her.

"And," she continued, "there is no great difference in women. If you desire some new and fetching type—"

"Yes?" he inquired guardedly.

"Just slip me the garbled word, champ, and I will show you what the big girls are doing. No side trips will be necessary."

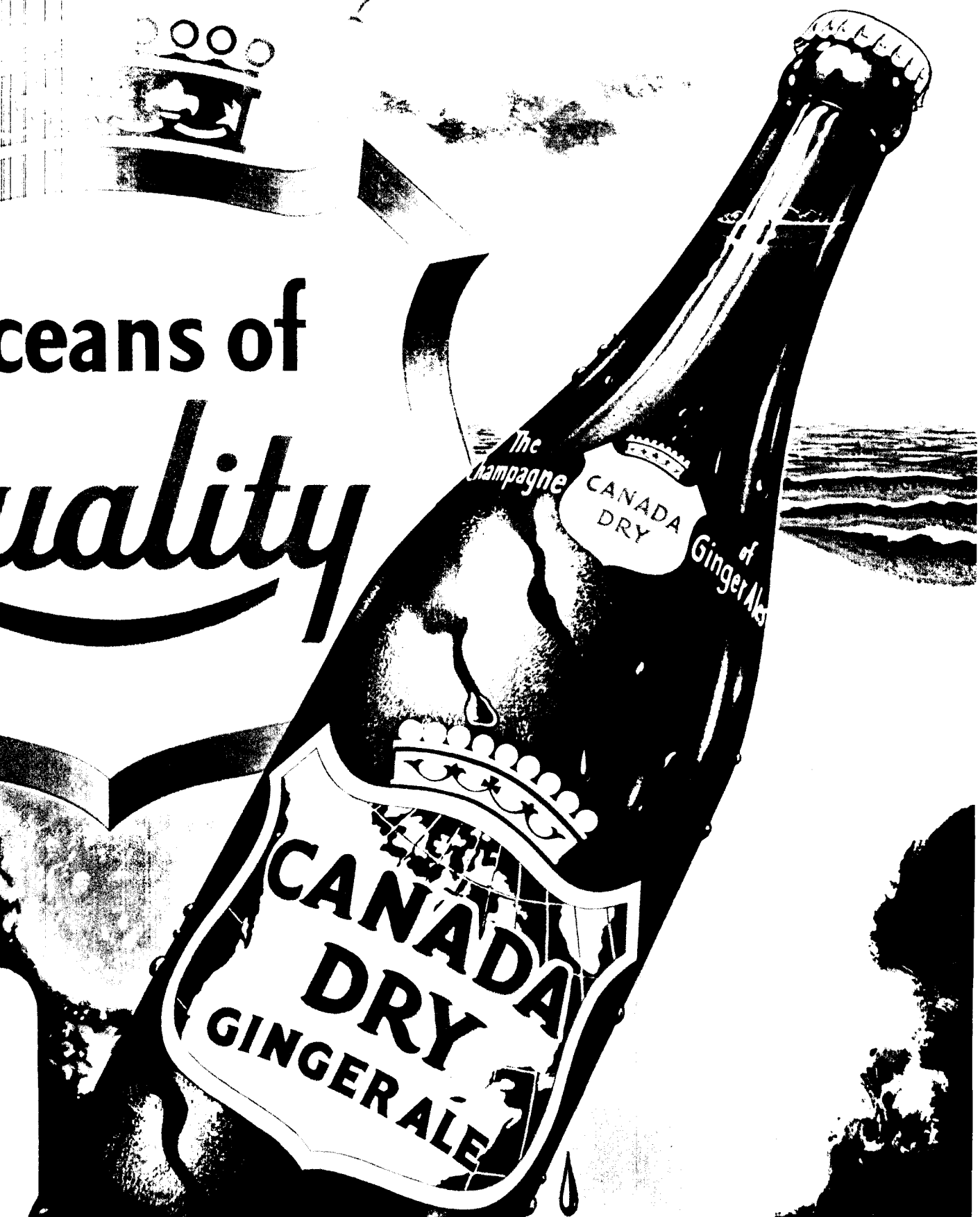
"Yes, ma'am," said Kerry dutifully, and they moved out into the lilting promise of the music. THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, no—we never sunburn—we just tan!" BOB BARNES

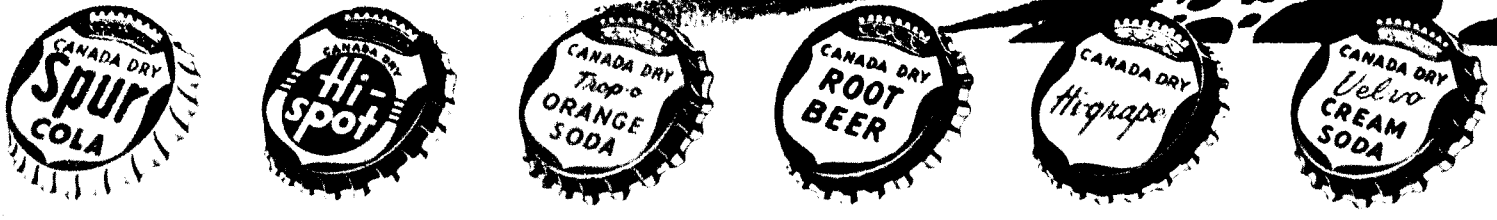
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oceans of Quality



Whenever you're thirsty, enjoy the world's finest refreshment—Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Its refreshing ginger flavor freshens you up like a dip in the deep. World-famous for pure, wholesome goodness, for bright, tangy sparkle . . . Canada Dry is perfect for thirst for *all* the family. It's your best beverage buy—always . . . *because* it's the best that money can buy. This summer, drink the drink that's first for lasting refreshment—Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

For variety, enjoy sparkling Canada Dry quality in these other favorite flavors. There's one to suit every taste . . .



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Happened in Mississippi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Young William Gresham is manager of a large store in Indianola (pop. about 5,000). He sells refrigerators, ranges, radios, washing machines and other household equipment. An alert, highly intelligent young businessman, Gresham voices the sentiment of delta merchants.

"I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for the business we get from the FHA farmers," Gresham says earnestly. "Once they get their homes built and realize that this house belongs to them, they want to furnish it well. First thing they buy is a refrigerator and then a radio. Owning their own homes and land gives them a great sense of responsibility. We're glad to give them credit because we know that when fall comes and their crop is sold they come in to pay their bills. They're about our best customers, and I mean both white and Negro FHA farmers."

A Skeptic Changes His Views

Wade Hollowell, president of the First National Bank of Greenville, admits that he had no use for the FHA when it first began to operate.

"I felt that it would put the land into weak hands," he explains. "Actually it strengthened those hands by putting responsibility into them. This plan looked Socialistic in the beginning, but what it has done," Hollowell smiled, "is to make capitalists out of once penniless farmers. The FHA farmers have been good for the community in every way. Right here in Greenville we're starting up a new dairy and milk industry. The success of that will depend largely on the 500 head of dairy cattle raised by FHA farmers here in the Greenville area, most of whom are Negroes."

Hodding Carter, editor-publisher of the Greenville Delta Democrat-Times, is nationally known as a liberal Southerner, a Pulitzer prize winner and a brilliant writer. Carter is very proud of this tree-shaded city of about 30,000 that nestles close to the levee of the Mississippi.

Greenville is a progressive city in a state never exactly considered to be ahead of its times, and its citizens are more liberal in their outlook than some Northern cities of the same size.

Carter is especially proud of the fact that the last time Congressman John Rankin came to Greenville to speak he could muster an audience of only 23; one of them was a reporter assigned by Carter to count the crowd.

"Here in Greenville and all through the delta counties," Hodding Carter says, "the FHA has been a blessing. The economic results are, of course, obvious, but there are other collateral benefits not apparent at first. To begin with, a farmer who is netting $2,500 a year—that's the average income of an FHA farmer—immediately wants to raise his standard of living.

"He wants some of the things for his children that he was never able to enjoy. He wants an education for them and he wants them to be self-respecting, law-abiding citizens. And that's just how it's working out.

"I know FHA is a federal scheme," Carter went on, "but it is administered locally by Mississippians and it has succeeded here because these men have a sense of dedication to the program. Take men like Benton Fatherree, the state director, or Jesse Haley, our county supervisor, or bright young Delors McGee, his fieldman.

"This program is a religion to them and they got the rest of us around here thinking of it the same way."

In Washington County only about 4 per cent of those granted loans have failed with their farms. The amazing success is due in part to the intelligent screening of applicants. The applicants are always interviewed by a committee of local farmers before their loans are approved. Men like Leo Williams, E. A. Curry, Frank Mascagni and Walter Beard are Washington County planters who have given an enormous amount of time to selecting applicants who seem good risks. Beard manages the Trail Lake Plantation outside Greenville.

I went to see Mr. Beard but discovered that he was spending the day in Natchez. He was there to receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from the sixty-seven-year-old all-Negro Natchez College, the first time in history that a white man had received an honorary degree from a Mississippi Negro institution of learning.

BERN KEATING

Mose and his wife look over the farm record book in the living room of the new house

BERN KEATING

Mose signs a note for money to buy new farm equipment and gets the approval of Wade Hollowell, president of the First National Bank of Greenville

Calvin Perkins, president of the college, praised Beard warmly as a man who had contributed much to the material and spiritual welfare of the Mississippi Negro. In reply Beard made a strong appeal for racial co-operation and urged that the white and the Negro "practice good citizenship together."

You used to hear a great deal about Bilbo, and we still hear about Rankin, but unfortunately we don't hear so much about the Walter Beards of Mississippi, the men who are warmly respected by both white and black citizens. It is men like Beard, Jesse Haley and fieldmen like Delors McGee who are responsible for the success of FHA.

Where Paternalism Ends

There are still those who criticize the program as being paternalistic, but once the small farmer pays off his loan and owns his land outright he achieves complete independence of both government and plantation owner.

The Farmers Home Administration is one government agency that more than pays its way. In Mississippi the interest paid by farmers on their loans takes care of the state's FHA administrative cost. If an occasional farmer defaults, his farm is taken over and assigned to a better risk—with no loss to the U.S. Treasury.

Delta sharecroppers and tenant farmers rarely used to make enough money to pay taxes, but now every FHA farmer in the delta counties pays an annual tax and the Treasury gets a substantial income from this group.

The FHA is in no way in competition with private industry or banking. An FHA farmer who is doing all right can borrow additional money for operating expenses. If he needs a tractor, a combine, or wants some hogs or cattle, his application for additional funds is usually granted by FHA. But once he acquires a 35 per cent equity in his farm he is no longer eligible to borrow government funds.

Now he has collateral that a bank will consider substantial enough for a loan. The FHA takes him this far. Now he's on his own, and like any other farmer or businessman of the community, he must abide by the conventional rules of free enterprise.

Delta county banks are glad to grant loans to farmers who have a full crop planted and who have a 35 per cent vested interest in their property. As a rule they're very good risks.

Some large plantations have been successfully mechanized, and this has displaced many white and Negro workers. The small farm has provided an opportunity for the displaced who are willing really to work. It is at the moment about the only solution. And men like Mose Mason and Stokes King (and hundreds like them) have proved that a small farmer can afford a tractor and a combine and that mechanization need go no further.

Drive around the delta country. You'll see Glen Mary and the old Nunnery Plantation near James Crossing and the Currie and Mosswood Plantations over near Wayside. You'll see dozens of them in the delta counties, and when you see them dotted with freshly painted homes and when you see hogs and cattle in the pasture you'll know that they've emerged from the dusty unreality of the past. You'll know that they've been divided into tracts and that these tracts are owned by men who not long ago enjoyed a status little better than slavery. And you'll agree, I think, that all this is a pretty good example of how free enterprise can help men along the road to real freedom. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Pal, Drew Pearson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

quantities of food and other supplies the U.S. was sending to Europe were unpublicized, unmarked and unacclaimed.

Out of these thoughts Pearson conceived the spectacular Friendship Train idea.

He first offered the plan to his friend Charles Luckman, then chairman of the President's Citizens Food Committee. The soap man was both enthusiastic and encouraging. To get a public sounding, Pearson wrote an open letter in his column to Mr. Luckman.

Accused of Selfish Motives

Public response was instantaneous. Hundreds of acclamatory messages and offers poured in. But certain of Luckman's advisers were hostile. They told him Pearson was a publicity seeker and strenuously warned against getting mixed up with him. Under this pressure Luckman backed away.

But he remained friendly and urged Pearson to go ahead on his own, saying he felt it would be best not to associate the project with his committee. Pearson accepted the challenge and immediately found himself immersed in the most hectic period of his whole supercharged career.

His original idea was one train of possibly a half-dozen freight cars. Before he was through, the trains had snowballed to several score with hundreds of freight cars. Every source he tapped responded with alacrity and enthusiasm.

The railroad companies, rail workers, shipowners, truckers, editors, local and state officials, civic organizations, junior chambers of commerce and millions of little people opened their hearts, their hands and their purses. And while the White House looked on in aloof silence, Pearson received wholehearted backing from leading members of the President's official family. Clinton Anderson, then Secretary of Agriculture, and Attorney General Tom Clark gave unstinting cooperation.

Another government leader who gave potent help at a crucial moment was Comptroller General Lindsay Warren.

Much of the donated food was in bulk. Packaging and labeling were essential. The estimated cost was $25,000. Congress had voted the State Department $5,000,000 for unspecified charity abroad. Pearson proposed that the department pay for the packaging from this fund. But the striped-pants clique of the State Department would have none of it.

Pearson went to Lindsay Warren. The North Carolinian's response was instantaneous. "I'll okay that. You tell the Commodity Credit Corporation to handle the matter."

Pearson's early experience as a Chautauqua agent made him invaluable as an organizer of the huge project. He set up hundreds of local committees to do the work. The heavy cost of supervising it came out of his own pocket. When the first Friendship Ship was ready to sail, Pearson was broke. He didn't have the money to meet a last-minute expense—that of obtaining posters for the trains and trucks that were to distribute the food in Europe.

This time Pearson applied directly to the White House. He went to one of Truman's aides and through him got $6,000

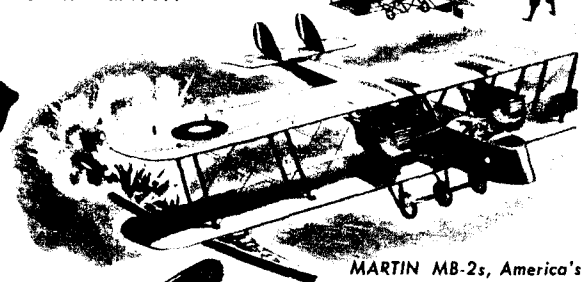
"It's a wonderful wedding—
but, then, they had a rehearsal"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

BOX KITES to BOMBERS—by Martin

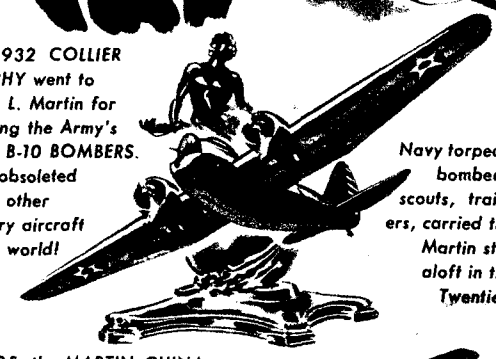
40 YEARS of building Air Power to serve the Nation and its People!

World-famous aviator, pioneer aircraft manufacturer, technical genius, GLENN L. MARTIN founded and still heads the oldest aircraft manufacturing concern in the United States. He learned his first air lessons flying box kites in the prairie winds of Kansas—built his first crude aircraft by rule of thumb in 1909.



MARTIN MB-2s, America's first twin-engine bombers, helped Gen. Billy Mitchell prove the potency of airpower by sinking the captured German dreadnaught Ostfriesland in 1921.

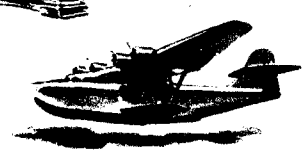
The 1932 COLLIER TROPHY went to Glenn L. Martin for building the Army's great B-10 BOMBERS. They obsoleted every other military aircraft in the world!



Navy torpedo bombers, scouts, trainers, carried the Martin star aloft in the Twenties.

In 1913 Martin delivered to the Army the first of the famous Model TT trainers, in which hundreds of pioneer flyers earned their wings.

In 1935, the MARTIN CHINA CLIPPER heralded the dawn of regularly scheduled over-ocean air transport.

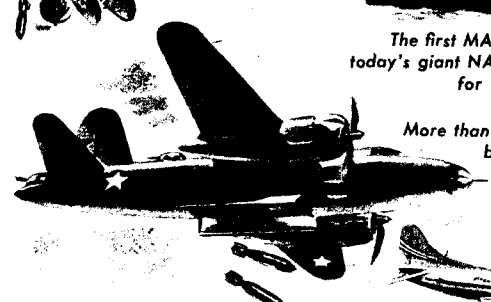


The work-horse MARINER flying boat series, begun in 1937, had no peers in World War II as Navy patrol bombers and search planes.

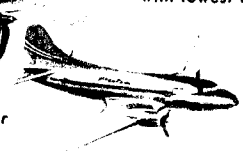
MARTIN BM-1, built for the Navy in 1929, was the first practical dive bomber!

The first MARTIN MARS, built in 1942, was the forerunner of today's giant NAVY MARSHALL MARS, the world's record-holder for total passengers (308) carried in a single flight!

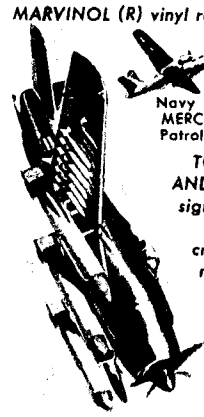
More than 6,000 deadly MARTIN B-26 MARAUDERS were built for the Army in World War II—won fame as the bombers that brought their crews home—with lowest combat loss ratio of any bomber!

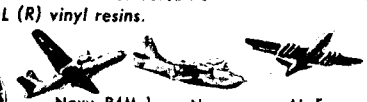


MARTIN 2-0-2 AIRLINERS entered airline service in 1947, have set enviable records for dependable, economical service, here and in South America.



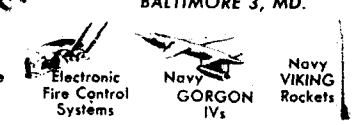
EARLY EXPERIMENTS WITH PLASTICS for bomber blisters and gun turrets led to the formation, in 1945, of the Martin Chemicals Division—manufacturer of versatile MARVINOL (R) vinyl resins.





Navy P4M-1 MERCATOR Patrol Plane — Navy XP5M-1 Flying Boat — Air Force XB-48 Six-jet Bomber

TODAY, MARTIN LEADERSHIP AND INGENUITY in research, design and manufacturing are producing advanced military aircraft, revolutionary rockets and missiles, electronic fire control systems . . . typical of a 40-year history of building better products, making greater progress! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD.



Navy AM-1 MAULER Attack Plane — Electronic Fire Control Systems — Navy GORGON IVs — Navy VIKING Rockets

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION

MANUFACTURERS OF: Versatile Marvinol resins (Martin Chemicals Division) • Dependable Martin 2-0-2 airliners • Advanced military aircraft • Revolutionary rockets and missiles • Electronic fire control systems • **DEVELOPERS OF:** Mareng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Stratovision aerial re-broadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Electric Corp.) • Honeycomb construction material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Corp.) • New type hydraulic automotive and aircraft brake • Permanent fabric flameproofing • **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to guard the peace, build better living in far-reaching fields.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Presidential funds to pay for printing the posters. The work was done at cost by the Government Printing Office.

To this day the President has given no indication he knows about this.

Printing done by the GPO must bear an official U.S. imprimatur. Arriving in Europe, Pearson and his assistants scissored this label off the bottom of each poster. He did this to preserve the concept that the venture was entirely a spontaneous outpouring of good will from the people of the U.S. He did it also to prevent the ever-vigilant Communists from raising the cry, "another imperialistic scheme to enslave Europe."

Pearson was decorated by several European governments for the Friendship Train. His own government has never given him a sign of recognition.

The Price of a Medal

But one circuitous offer of an award was made months later when Truman was in the midst of his desperate re-election campaign. Pearson received word that if he would write Truman a letter on the Friendship Train project the President would award him the civilian Medal of Merit. Pearson's answer was, "No." Truman had refused to attend or send a message when the first Merci Ship arrived in New York from France, despite the fact that he was in the city.

The President did finally come across with a back-pat—of sorts. Pearson attended a dinner party given by his old friend Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, widow of Woodrow Wilson's Attorney General. The Trumans dropped in during the evening. Both were very cordial to Pearson.

Such is life in the torrid metropolis known as Washington on the Potomac.

For Drew Pearson that life is a dual existence. Publicly he is sometimes a shrill and bombastic sensationalist, and always an embattled, controversial figure. Privately he is quiet-mannered, considerate, a doting father and grandfather, and a very accomplished gentleman farmer.

Inherently there is no real conflict between these two Pearsons. Both sides of his character stem out of a basic impulse—at heart he is simply a devout do-gooder. Brutality, stupidity, venality—particularly on the part of men of public trust—shock and outrage him. He is impelled to do something about it. On occasions this urge leads him into recklessness. But always the compulsion is to right wrong and succor the injured. A friend once called Pearson the "Savonarola of U.S. journalism." (Savonarola was a Fifteenth Century friar famous for taking stands on controversial issues.)

A perfect example of the way the Savonarola in him leads to painful predicaments was revealed by an incident that occurred in Alabama.

Pearson went to Montgomery to report on a highly commendable civic innovation in Negro education. Pearson's hosts were most hospitable, and he was equally laudatory. But while in the city, he got wind of a case involving two white policemen charged with raping a Negro girl, which was being suppressed. Pearson saw red.

He cut loose with a radio blast about the police case. Pearson's hosts were very sore.

As a do-gooder, Pearson attracts strife as a magnet does steel. It pursues him day and night. His column and radio program are forums of crusading fervor and whiplashing exposures, and he is literally inundated with tips, inside stories and appeals for help. The highest and the lowest seek out his scarifying typewriter and searing tongue.

His sources of information are worldwide. A graphic illustration of this is the tip that came from India—from a man Pearson had never heard of before. But his informant knew about the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a fact that paid

COLLIER'S

"I have a horrible feeling that people aren't talking about us any more!"

JARO FABRY

off big for Pearson, giving him one of the most spectacular scoops of his career: This was the publication of a letter which Ambassador William Phillips, then personal representative of the President at Delhi, India, had written to Roosevelt in November, 1944, urging four-power intervention to settle problems of India.

Disclosure of the letter had tremendous impact both in India and Downing Street. India whooped ecstatic hosannas; Downing Street frothed at the mouth. But the British government could do nothing. It was not in a position to kick up a rumpus.

Made a Friend of His Shadow

Downing Street had to seethe in private, which it did plenty. So much so that an agent was assigned to shadow Pearson. Pearson became aware of that very quickly, and he and the agent got quite friendly. The agent turned out to be a "good guy," and on occasion even exchanged news bits. It was the agent who gave Pearson the hint that led to another spectacular scoop.

One night the agent announced he was leaving on a new assignment, and would not be seeing Pearson again. The assignment was a "stupendous affair" in Canada.

From this point the story of how Pearson pieced together his sensational scoop must remain untold. His sources are inviolate. But the beat is a matter of resounding record.

Pearson revealed that Igor Gouzenko, Russian code clerk in Canada, had turned on his masters and spilled the beans on a network of atomic spies.

Subsequently, the Canadian government confirmed Pearson's beat; a number of the spies were seized, tried and convicted. Pearson was weeks ahead of anyone else on the story.

In Washington, Pearson's news sources have long been without equal. They range from right inside the White House to government clerks and anonymous phone callers. Such calls, particularly in the late hours of the night, are a common occurrence. Some have proved very productive.

For that reason Pearson is meticulous about speaking personally to anonymous callers. His wife has long tried to dissuade him from this practice. She objects particularly to his answering the phone during dinner. But Pearson reaches automatically for a phone when it rings. Often he will imitate the voice of his butler Melvin, until he learns the purpose of the call.

It was an anonymous phone message that led Pearson to his exposé of the wartime frauds of former Representative Andrew May and the Garsson brothers. All were later convicted. They recently asked the Supreme Court to hear their appeal.

Another anonymous tip started Pearson on the trail of his breath-taking disclosures regarding the commodity-market speculations of Senator Elmer Thomas. At the time the tall, white-thatched Oklahoma Democrat was chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee.

Thomas heatedly called Pearson a "liar" and threatened all sorts of dire consequences. None developed.

The development of a tip into a scoop requires endless hours of hard digging and leg work. Uncovering skulduggery or popping state secrets is not done at a desk. It entails toil, tenacity and the minute assembling of bits and pieces. Often the pursuit requires scouring in cities other than Washington.

An instance of this was Pearson's story of an astounding letter Senator Thomas had written Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan. Ferguson was chairman of a committee that had started a probe of Thomas's market operations. Months passed and nothing happened, although it was known that the committee agents had amassed a great deal of evidence. Pearson was already suspicious that the investigation had been derailed when he got a hint that Thomas had made a mysterious trip to Detroit.

Probing the Prober

Pearson rushed a leg man to Detroit. The reporter learned that it had not been Thomas who had gone to Detroit, but his campaign manager and close intimate, Martin Heflin. The leg man uncovered among other things the fact that Thomas was rooting into Ferguson's private business dealings.

The tortuous trail led to other cities. In the end, Pearson published Thomas's letter to Ferguson. This letter, in substance, bluntly warned Ferguson to call off his investigation on pain of having certain of his secret business deals exposed by Thomas. Neither Thomas nor Ferguson peeped about Pearson's disclosure. But to this day, Thomas remains unprobed.

How did Pearson get Thomas's private letter? The answer to that is still another story, as fabulous as the letter itself. But it's one that only Pearson has the right to tell. Echoing his sometime friend in the White House, all he will say is, "No comment."

Pearson's fans are widespread and many. One of the most enthusiastic of them appears to be a man in the Coast Guard who recently wrote Pearson that he would be ready to "end it all" the day Pearson shuffled off. "I don't want to live in a world in which there is no Drew Pearson," the sailor said.

There are many who would welcome that day with ecstatic relief and riotous celebration. Yet one eminent American—who over the years has been the target for many searing Pearson barbs—has a different view. This is Herbert Hoover. As President, he complained bitterly to Pearson's editors on the Baltimore Sun. The editors of the Sun backed up Pearson.

Talking to a friend of Pearson's recently, Hoover recalled this incident. He said he was glad he had not caused Pearson to lose his job.

"I'm a wiser man now," the ex-President remarked. "I've learned a lot since I left the White House." THE END

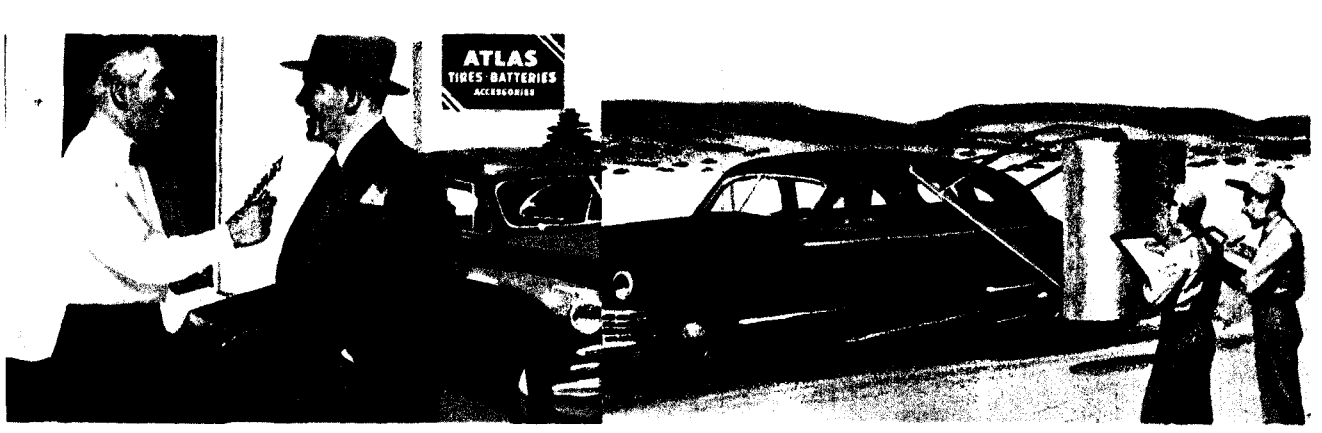
Next Week

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. Tells How He Licked TAMMANY HALL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

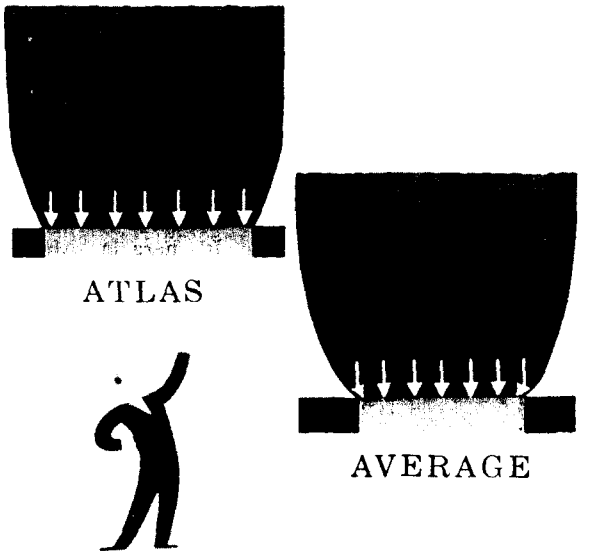
Why no other Tire Warranty beats this

1. The broad Warranty on Atlas tires is honored 7 days a week by 38,000 Atlas dealers in 48 states. It's honored in Canada, too. In fact, wherever you are or go, you're seldom more than a few miles or minutes from Atlas service.

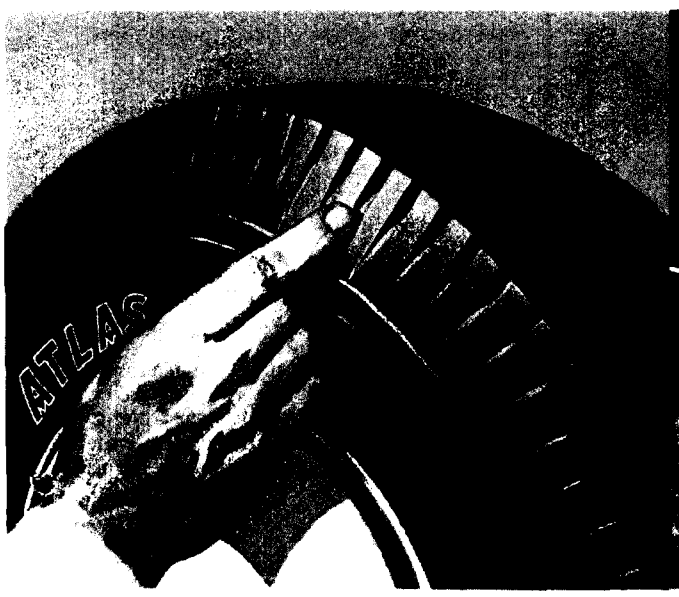


2. Terms of this Warranty are liberal—adjustments can be made on the spot by any Atlas dealer.

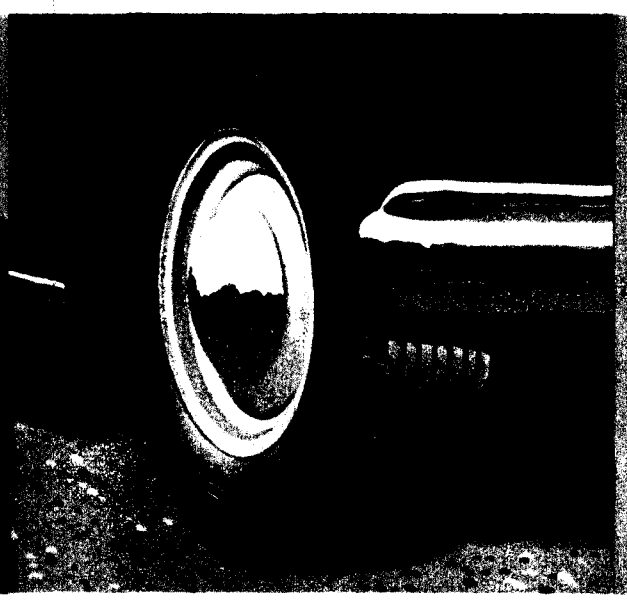
3. In our exhaustive tests, Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires gave most mileage among the 5 leading brands.



4. Flatter tread, built for longer mileage and greater safety, puts more rubber on the road where it counts.



5. Buttress design assures cooler running, resists curb scuffing and gives good tire stability.



6. Atlas tires contain the new "cold" rubber and special abrasion-resistant carbon black. Get a pair or set today.

7. See your local Atlas dealer for outstanding value.

No Greater Service Anywhere

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPYRIGHT 1949. ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY. NEWARK 2. N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

women I had missed, and the liquor and cigarettes I hadn't drunk and smoked in the order named!"

"I can understand that."

"I got out of the hospital alive, as you've probably guessed. Since then I've devoted myself to a life of pleasure."

"Wine, I suppose? Song?"

"And spending money."

Abigail fiddled with her brief case uneasily. "And women?"

"And women," Ben responded cheerfully. "But don't look at me so queerly, A.J.—my trouble at the moment doesn't concern a woman. Among my many pleasures is the one of going to Las Vegas and doing a bit of gambling. Well, not too long ago I flew to Nevada, took a pair of the galloping bones in my hand, and dropped sixty thousand bucks."

"Holy smoke!" Abigail ejaculated.

"You may well say 'holy smoke,' " Ben said. "When I finished playing, I checked my assets over and discovered that I had approximately three thousand dollars. This house is being bought on time and isn't worth much."

"You sound crazy."

"I am crazy, A.J. You'll just have to accustom yourself to that." He smiled the blinding smile and stubbed out his cigarette. "To continue—I was surprised by the results of my accounting. So was the guy who ran the gambling joint I was in, a man named Harry Kallen. In addition, he was very excited. He couldn't seem to believe that I was really broke; and he said a lot of bad words and shook his fist in my face. And several other men came in the room and shook their fists in my face and said bad words. We eventually reached an agreement whereby I was to pay Kallen on the installment plan."

"Did you sign anything?"

"Yes, I'll get it for you. It's here in my desk." He arose, rummaged in a desk and produced a slip of paper for Abigail to see. "It's just a copy of a note he wanted me to sign. In fact, he insisted on my signing it. I gathered that if I didn't, I'd never get out of there."

SHE examined the paper, which was a carbon of a hastily typed loan form in reasonably accurate language. The essence of it was that Ben Castle acknowledged the receipt of sixty thousand dollars advanced to him by Harry Kallen, and agreed to repay the sum after one year, together with five per cent interest per annum.

"Naturally I'll have to check on this," Abigail said, "but offhand I'd say that Mr. Kallen hasn't much chance of collecting from you if he decides to go to court. As you probably know, gambling debts are not collectible in most states, but this is a note signed in Nevada where gambling is legal. That lends complications. Besides which, the note here is an imperfectly drawn instrument. The signatures are not witnessed, obviously Mr. Kallen did not *advance* any sixty thousand dollars to you, and so forth. The moral obligation that you may or may not feel to repay him is another matter. It would not come within the compass of a court action. On the whole, Mr. Castle, I do not believe you have cause for worry."

"Oh, yes, I have," Ben said. "Apparently you haven't quite grasped the character of Harry Kallen. He's a gent who takes his losses seriously, and he knows men who have guns. Last week a friend of Mr. Kallen's called me and said that if I didn't beg, borrow or steal the money to pay off, something awful might happen to me."

"But I thought your agreement was that you would pay off on a time basis?"

"Kallen has changed his mind. Now he wants the money on the barrelhead."

"In that case," Abigail said, "you seem to be getting beyond the powers of an ordinary attorney. Shouldn't you inform the police of Mr. Kallen's threat?"

"I have a strong feeling that would be my last mistake."

"Do you have an obligation to repay the money—from your standpoint, and morally, I mean?"

"Sure. It's simply a question of where to lay hands on the dough. I'm already behind on my income tax payments. Everything else is mortgaged. And the studio is suspicious of me and won't give me an advance. Nobody I know has sixty thousand dollars that they're willing to bet on me either."

"Well," Abigail said, "I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"Listen," Ben said, "you've got to think of something. Mr. Graves said you were wonderful. He said if I could just put you under a retainer, my troubles would be over."

Abigail was conscious of a little glow at this and reminded herself that she must thank Mr. Graves very kindly. She hadn't realized the shattered little business manager in the Fogarty Building was so intent upon aiding her. In addition, she was powerfully moved by a desire to help get this careless cowboy out of his difficulties.

"In view of what I've told you," Ben said, "you can imagine the effect that Kallen's warning has had upon me. I'm sure I couldn't stand another guy popping from the bushes and taking two shots at me. Once was enough."

"Yes, of course," Abigail said. She drummed her fingers on the brief case and absently bit her lower lip. "The question is, what's the next step? I suppose it's having an interview with this Mr. Kallen. I might talk with him, in the character of your counsel, and try to work out an equitable arrangement. At least, it's worth trying."

"It certainly is, honey. And the blessings of a hunted man will shower upon your pretty head."

"Where can I get hold of him?"

"He's in Las Vegas. Why don't you fly up there tonight? I'll go with you."

"Would that be wise—for you?"

"Oh, they won't shoot me right away," Ben said. "Not until after you've thoroughly explored the legal aspects with them. I'll arrange for the plane and everything, and call you later in the day."

"Very well." Abigail got up, gave him her card, returned the copy of the note, and lifted her brief case. "Please let me do the talking in Las Vegas, Mr. Castle. I urge you to do nothing whatever to further antagonize Mr. Kallen."

"Nor you either, darling," Ben said. He started to unbutton his shirt. "As evidence of my good will, I'm going to show you where I was shot. The scars are dreadful."

"No, no," Abigail replied, with some agitation. "I'd rather not, if you don't mind. We scarcely know each other."

"I practically owe my life to you," Ben said. "You're my dear attorney. Have one quick look."

"No, please," Abigail said. "Some other time." She tucked strands of hair under her hat with flustered fingers. "I'll hold myself in readiness for your call, Mr. Castle."

She left the room in something of a hurry, accompanied by her host. Ben favored her with a parting smile that almost demolished his face.

"You've been simply charming," he said, "and you're not nearly as plain as you alleged."

Oddly stirred, flustered and bemused, Abigail returned to the Fogarty Building. Gratitude caused her to go directly to Mr. Graves's office. The worn little man was engaged in totting up the account of some other profligate client.

"I've had a talk with Mr. Castle," Abigail said. "He's an odd sort of man."

Mr. Graves gave her an intent look. "He is, isn't he? Can you help him?"

"Well, I'm going to try."

"Good for you."

"He mentioned how highly you have spoken of me," Abigail said. "I certainly appreciate the boost. It's nice of you to remember a poor female barrister."

Mr. Graves gave her that intent look again. "Don't mention it."

"I'm going to Las Vegas with him tonight, so I'll have to run along." Pausing at the door, Abigail added, "By the way, is he married? I forgot to ask."

"No," Mr. Graves said, "and I wish he were—then he could file two income tax returns. That would reduce the amount he pays the government and give him more money to lose in crap games."

"He has some excuse for his conduct," Abigail said. "Have you ever looked at his chest?"

"Not that I remember," Mr. Graves said. "Have you?"

"No," Abigail said. "Good afternoon, and thank you."

WHEN Alice Norman, the handsome beautician with whom she shared a little apartment on South Reeves Drive, came home, Abigail was excitedly packing a bag. Alice stared at the travel preparations as Abigail straightened up.

"I came home early," Abigail said, "so dinner is already on the stove. Creamed chicken and green peas. Have you got a date tonight?"

"That I have," Alice said. "And so have you, apparently."

"Yes, I have."

"What kind of life are you leading? Do you need a suitcase for your dates?"

Abigail frowned impatiently. "I'm going out of town. Come on, let's eat."

They went into the tiny dinette adjoining the kitchen, and Abigail served their usual meager meal. Alice's perfectly made up and slightly expressionless countenance was registering doubt. She paused with a forkful of creamed chicken suspended in mid-air, and regarded her roomy closely.

"Why are you flushed?" she demanded.

"From bending over that suitcase."

"Come clean with Aunt Alice, dear."

"Well," Abigail said, "an astonishing thing happened today. I was the recipient of some new business. Mr. Graves, the man in the office across the hall from me, got it for me. One of his clients."

"Is that why you're leaving town?"

"Yes, I'm going to Las Vegas. Just for a conference." Abigail was too exhilarated to notice Alice's pursed lips. "It's in connection with a—a note. I think I'll be gone one night."

"Who is this client?" Alice asked.

Abigail hesitated. "Ben Castle, the cowboy actor."

Alice splattered green peas on her second-best rayon frock. For a moment she was too bottled up by conflicting emotions to speak. Finally she said, "Look, A.J., what are you trying to give me? The next thing you'll say is that he's going along with you."

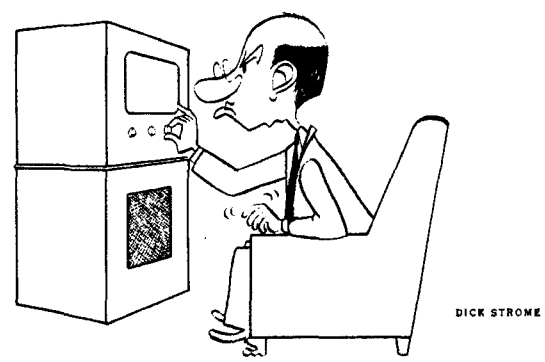
"He is," Abigail said.

"Now, wait a minute," Alice said. "Are you sure this trip is being taken on account of a note? I've heard plenty of tales of that guy. Why, every dame in southern California has been out with him, and lots of times they're never the same again."

Abigail spread her palms upward and appeared genuinely innocent. "Remember who you're talking to, Alice. Why would he take a girl like me when he could get—"

"I admit the evidence is on your side.

The Viewing Public



STATION SWITCHER

• He is the restless type who sits in front of the television receiver with his hands constantly on the automatic station switch.

You are watching the climax of a mystery show, and Inspector Dix is talking:

"All right now. You've all had your say. The killer made one slip and that slip is going to cost him his life. That person is—"

CLICK!

Suddenly, you are watching a grinning master of ceremonies who is saying, "And now, folks, our surprise of the evening! For the first time on television, here is that famous star of stage, screen and radio—none other than—"

CLICK!

A night baseball game. The announcer is shouting. "Fans, it's all tied up here in the last half of the ninth. Brissie has two strikes on him with two outs and— Wow! Look at that line drive out into left field! It looks like—"

CLICK!

—PAUL RITTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But sometimes those guys get tired of blondes and cigarette girls and start yearning for dames on the order of lawyers. Are you certain you know what you're doing?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Abigail said.

"A.J.," Alice said, "I have always regarded you as a nice, uninteresting girl. You're still uninteresting, but are you still nice? I'm a woman of the world, and I want to remind you of a few things. Don't try to be anything except a lawyer. Don't get drunk. As soon as the discussion on that note is finished, grab a plane and come home to Aunt Alice."

"Roger," Abigail said. "Wilco."

The doorbell rang shortly thereafter. It was Nacio, Castle's Filipino servant, in a dark coat and black bow tie now, and smiling.

"Ready to go?" he said. "Shall take bag?"

Abigail turned to Alice, who had grown tense. "This is it, Alice. I'm off. See you in a day or two."

"Hold it," Alice said sharply. "Hey, you with the big brown eyes."

"Me?" Nacio said. "Nacio?"

"That's right," Alice said. "Is your boss out in the car?"

"No. At airport."

"Mr. Castle called me from the airport," Abigail explained. "That's why I was hurrying when you came in."

"Well," Alice said, "I've done all I can. But it still sounds funny to me. Remember, act like a lawyer, not a woman. And if worst comes to worst, insist on a church ceremony."

"A church ceremony," Abigail said. "I've got it, Alice."

Flinging her distraught roomy a kiss, she bounded along the front walk after Nacio. Ben's limousine was suitably large, black and glittering. She settled herself comfortably on the deep rear cushion. Alice came out and waved gloomily. Abigail blew her another kiss as the limousine rolled away.

AT THE airport in Inglewood, Nacio let Abigail out; then he drove off to park the car. She stood on the curb, her muscles growing tight with pleasurable anticipation. Darkness was coming over the low coastal hills, and the field suddenly assumed a Christmas-tree garishness with its string of red, green and white lights, and brilliant neon signs. There was a sense of urgency in the air, a stridency of horns and voices, a bustle of travelers, porters, busses and taxicabs and, over all, the roar of engines and the sight of great flitting shapes swimming in the night.

"Come by me," Nacio said, as he showed up with her bag. "Don't know where Mr. Castle are."

She followed him into the waiting room. Ben was nowhere in evidence. "Probably in bar," Nacio said.

He was quite correct. Ben gestured from the dim interior, and they went over to him. He grinned at Abigail and patted the bar stool next to him.

"My dear attorney," he said. "Sit down, honey, and have a drink. Nacio, why don't you wait for us outside?"

"Will wait," Nacio said.

The bartender walked up and looked at them expectantly. "Thank you," Abigail said. "I don't drink."

"Now I remember," Ben said. "You told me that this afternoon." He gazed at her admiringly. "Clear eyes and a steady hand for the negotiations, huh?"

The bartender smiled and left to mix Ben another highball. Ben patted Abigail's hand. "How about some dinner?"

"No, thank you. I ate early."

"I suppose I should have," Ben said. "Drinking on an empty stomach always makes me kind of tipsy."

"Then you'd better eat right away."

"I enjoy things more when I'm tipsy."

The bartender brought his new drink, and he sipped from it reflectively.

Fumbling in her purse, Abigail produced cigarettes. He accepted one from her. "When does our plane leave?" she said.

"Oh, pretty soon," Ben said. "Say, what is your first name?"

"Abigail—Abigail Jane."

"A nice old-fashioned name. Do you object to my calling you Abigail?"

"No," Abigail said.

"Call me Ben," Ben said. He leaned toward her and tapped her forearm for emphasis. "I have an urge to tell you something."

"Why don't you?"

"A lawyer is the same as a minister or a doctor, isn't he? Or isn't she?"

"That is the generally accepted opinion."

"This is in absolute confidence, you understand."

Abigail nodded.

"I have your word of honor that this will go no further?"

"On my word," Abigail said solemnly.

"I'm drunk," Ben said.

THERE was a little silence. The loudspeaker blared that a Nevada-bound plane was loading on the ramp.

"Isn't that our plane they announced?" Abigail said.

"I'm sure it isn't," Ben said. He rapped on the bar. "I'm having another drink."

"No, you're not," Abigail said. "You're going to pay your bill and catch that plane with me. Hurry up."

"That's not our plane!" Ben said. "Abigail, we'd better have an understanding right here at the beginning of our happy association. I never take advice from people on what to do, even from legal lights. I don't like having such advice offered. Besides which, I particularly don't like bossy women. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," Abigail responded. "And I particularly don't like drunken cowboys. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly," Ben said. "Furthermore—"

"We need go neither further nor more. What you need Ben, is new counsel. I bid you good evening."

The bartender was leaning with both elbows on the bar, listening to this interestedly. A couple of other customers on the stools craned their heads around to see what was going on. Abigail slid to the floor and straightened her rumpled skirt. She was aware that Ben was watching her in genuine alarm.

"You heard the lady, Mr. Castle," the bartender said. "Pay your bill and go."

"Certainly," Ben said. He clutched Abigail with one hand and shoved money across the bar with the other. "Here you are. Keep the change."

"Just a moment," Abigail said. "That's twenty dollars. How much is the bill?"

"Six eighty, lady," the bartender replied.

"Please bring me the change," Abigail commanded.

The bartender rang up the transaction on the cash register and returned with the change. Abigail gave him a dollar, and dumped the rest in Ben's pocket. "Come along," she said.

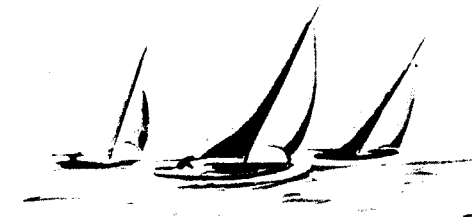
"Whatever you say, A.J.," Ben said. He pushed himself off the stool, staggered ever so slightly, and followed Abigail. Nacio saw them from his seat on a near-by bench and hurried over, still grasping Abigail's bag. "Mr. Hall come," he reported. "You go out any time."

Ben glanced humbly at Abigail. "Are we ready to go, A.J.?"

"All set," Abigail said.

She was conscious of red cheeks as she fell in step with Ben and Nacio, and accompanied them out of the building and around the corner to a gate in the high wire fence. Her firmness and success with Ben both scared and amused her. Her heart was beating fast in triumph, and yet she wished she had not been quite so uncompromising.

The attendant at the gate recognized Ben, and they were immediately admit-



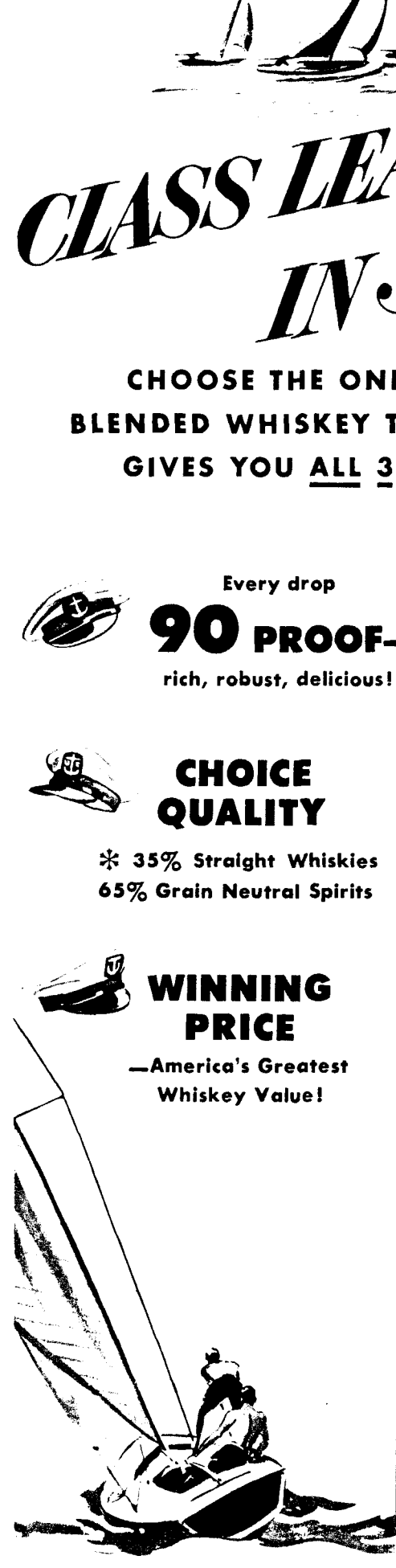
CLASS LEADER IN 3 WAYS!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

Every drop
90 PROOF—
rich, robust, delicious!

CHOICE QUALITY
✻ 35% Straight Whiskies
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

WINNING PRICE
—America's Greatest Whiskey Value!



FLEISCHMANN'S
PREFERRED

✻ THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath."
Mrs. S. B. McE., Longview, Wash.

You know what Mrs. McE. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP

Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

ted. They crossed a wide strip of concrete, passing under the looming wings of several airplanes, and stopped by a little single-engine ship painted silver and blue.

"Get Hall, will you?" Ben said to Nacio.

Nacio trotted off. Abigail glanced around uneasily.

"I thought we were going on that air liner they announced," she said.

"Mingle with the vulgar herd?" Ben said. "I should say not. Nothing is too good for my dear attorney."

"I presume this costs more."

"I presume you're right." He frowned at her.

ABRUPTLY, Abigail's heart again began to bump. "Look, Ben," she said. "I'm awfully sorry I was rude to you in the bar. I didn't mean to be so overbearing. My only excuse is that it was for your own good."

"I know," Ben said. "It hurts you worse than it does me."

"You're mad at me, aren't you?"

"No, dear."

Abigail sighed. "I can tell you are. I don't much blame you—I have no right to presume like that. But as long as I'm in so deep anyway, I might as well tell you that I think you're an idiot to throw your money around the way you do. You ought to try pulling up your socks, Ben."

He stood looking at her, his wide shoulders drooping a trifle, his expression wary and abstracted. He started to reply, hesitated, and then grinned faintly.

"Well, that's off my chest," she said. "Shall I run along?"

"No, stick around," Ben replied. "I love to get bawled out frequently."

He wheeled, turning his back on her, and walked over toward the nose of the plane. She let him go, standing where she was. They waited awkwardly until Jack Hall and Nacio appeared. Hall was a big, bristly-haired young man in a leather flying jacket. He greeted Ben casually and shook hands with Abigail. Under his supervision, Nacio stored Abigail's bag in a compartment near the tail.

"Where to this time?" Hall asked. "Las Vegas, again?"

"You've guessed it," Ben said.

Hall smiled. "Can you stand it?"

"Let me do the worrying," Ben said.

With the aid of Hall's hand, Abigail climbed uneasily into the narrow little cabin of the plane. There were two pairs of seats arranged in tandem. She sat down in the right rear seat, and the pilot helped her hook the safety belt.

Hall settled himself in the left front seat. Ben slammed the door shut and moved forward to sit beside him.

"By the way," Ben said, "I don't think I explained—Miss Furnival is my lawyer, Jack."

A faint ironical note was in Hall's answer: "Is that a fact?"

They waved good-by to Nacio. The starter whined, and the engine started with a roar. Abigail gave an affrighted start. She reached out instinctively, and the next instant her client was holding her hand. As she had suspected, he was an experienced and accomplished hand holder.

"Honey," Ben said, yelling above the roar of the engine, "I forgive you that speech you delivered. I'm afraid you're all I've got, and I'm going to stick to you. Will you stick with me?"

"Till hell freezes over!" Abigail yelled, and was astounded at the intensity of her words.

The little ship lurched forward. . . .

As they drove into Las Vegas from the airport, Abigail peered wonderingly from the cab windows. First there was the dark and treeless isolation of the desert, and then a gaudy blast of cars, people, buildings and illumination. The warm night was underscored by bits of recorded music and the shuffle of many feet. Abigail saw a city stuck in the middle of a wasteland. Her ears caught a persistent and disturbing note that was a compound of dealers' chants, the rattle of chips and the clicking of roulette balls and dice.

"Ever been here before, Miss Furnival?" Hall asked.

"No," Abigail said.

"It's a great place," Hall said. "You ought to have a fine time with Deadeye Dick here. But if he picks up a pair of dice, bet with the house, not him."

Hall had the driver stop at a downtown corner, and climbed from the cab. He told them he was going to his hotel and would probably see them around.

"We won't be leaving until tomorrow," Ben said. "Late tomorrow, I guess. You can risk having a drink with me sometime tonight."

"I shouldn't wonder, Deadeye," Hall replied. He glanced in his offhand manner at Abigail; a flicker of something between pity and contempt was in his eyes. "Hope you enjoy yourself, Miss Furnival. Take it easy."

She had correctly interpreted the meaning in his look, and she pondered it as Ben directed the driver to go on to the Wagon Wheel Inn. Suddenly she understood the reason for Hall's grave disapproval, and she sat up straighter than ever. He did not believe she was Ben's attorney, or that she was up here for purely professional reasons. Instead, of course, he thought she was another of the cowboy's easy conquests, bent upon a few hours of disastrous pleasures. It was doubtless an old story for Hall, the common carrier for Ben. This explained his attitude of pitying displeasure. Having never before been mistaken for a loose woman, Abigail felt a shock of combined horror and gratification. Heat rose in her cheeks.

"I'll be darned!" she said.

"How's that again?" Ben said.

"Nothing," Abigail said. "I was just thinking. Where are we going now?"

"To the hotel," Ben said, "to get you settled. Then we'll give Harry Kallen a ring and arrange for the struggle."

They were going along a wide street lined with stores and auto courts and signs advertising entrepreneurs who arranged weddings day or night. Beyond a main intersection, the spaces between buildings became wider. Ben showed Abigail the vast, dark skeleton of a structure on their left.

"Newest and biggest hotel yet," he said. "Most luxurious this side of Chicago. And guess who is building it."

"Mr. Kallen?" Abigail guessed.

"None other. I hear he has sunk every cent he can beg, borrow or steal in it—with the accent on 'steal.'"

FAR ahead a huge red wagon wheel flamed in the darkness. Ben pointed out a white stucco building lettered the Pastime Club. "Mr. Kallen's gambling hell," he said.

"Why don't we go in and get it over with?" Abigail said.

"We're too early," Ben replied. "This is a late town, and Kallen never shows up until around midnight."

Behind the electric wagon wheel lay a huge hotel, complete with main swimming pool and a wedding chapel done in the style of the 1880 frontier.

Abigail was amazed, and remained amazed when a bellhop in boots took her bag and she was led into a lobby whose walls bristled with old Winchesters and the stuffed heads of animals. A grizzled desk clerk with a red bandanna handkerchief for a cravat received Ben enthusiastically.

"Mr. Castle!" the clerk said. "Glad to have you with us again, sir. Will it be the usual?"

"Why, podnah," Ben drawled, "you know I never want no more than jist a fence post to tie my cayuse to, an' a piece of dry ground to spread my bedroll on. In the mornin', of course, you might bring out a little greasewood so I can cook my flapjacks."

The clerk and the bellhop laughed immoderately as Ben signed the register. He was evidently an accepted character at the Wagon Wheel. But Abigail found herself not greatly amused; when they looked at her, the clerk's and the bellhop's eyes wore the same veiled contempt as Hall's. She stepped forward to the desk and reached for the pen.

"No necessity for your registering, Miss," the clerk said. "You're with Mr. Castle, and he's taking care of things."

"This is Miss Furnival," Ben said. "My lawyer."

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Furnival," the clerk said, and grinned unobtrusively.

"I'll register anyway," Abigail said grimly.

She signed her name with a flourish, and added her address in full. On the portion of the card labeled "Business," she wrote, "Attorney at law." The clerk looked solemnly at Ben, who seemed rather abashed.

"Miss Furnival is a member of the California bar," Ben said. He stopped to clear his throat. "She's in Las Vegas to handle an important deal for me."

"Oh," the clerk said. "Boy! Here's the key. Take Miss Furnival and Mr. Castle to bungalow sixteen."

THEY left the lobby, traversed a large expanse of grass where a fountain played, and arrived at a group of bungalows. Number sixteen was set back a bit from the others. It had a parlor that formed the connecting link between two large bedrooms with baths. The whole was charmingly furnished, air-conditioned and equipped with an icebox in the pantry and an automatic phonograph.

"Why don't you take the left-hand bedroom, A.J.?" Ben asked. "It'll give you a view of the mountains in the morning."

The bellhop put Abigail's bag in the room. Abigail walked as far as the doorway and halted uncertainly. She turned and looked at Ben. He was engaged in emptying the pockets of his suit on the coffee table. Lifting his head, he grinned at her.

"My luggage," he explained. "I always travel light. Toothbrush, nail file, comb, safety razor and a tube of shaving cream. I also use the shaving cream for tooth paste. It doesn't taste bad when you get used to it."

"I don't know whether I ought to stay here, Ben," Abigail said. "It's—"

"Illegal?" Ben said.

The bellhop came out of the bedroom. Abigail had to make way for him. She had opened her mouth to speak, and now closed it.

"Here's my luggage," Ben said. "Would you put it in the right-hand room, please?"

The bellhop gathered up the odds and ends and disappeared in the other room. Ben crossed to Abigail.

"I don't want to seem silly," Abigail said, "but—"

"I know what you mean, angel," Ben said, "but you're on the wrong track. I need a lawyer, not an ever-loving girl friend, and that's a fact."

"Oh, it's not you," Abigail said. "I just thought that other people might misunderstand."

"Now that I come to think of it," Ben said, "they're bound to. You stay out here, A.J.—it's a real nice place. I'll trot over and get myself a room in the main part of the hotel."

"No, never mind," Abigail said, and wrinkled her nose disgustedly. "There's no danger—there never is. I'm imagining things."

The bellhop joined them again. "Everything went right in the medicine cabinet, Mr. Castle," he said, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grinned. "Will there be anything else, sir?"

"Only this," Ben said, and presented him with five dollars.

"Thank you, sir!"

"That was far too much to give him," Abigail commented, as the outer door closed.

"Go powder your funny face," Ben said. "I'll see you in a little while."

She went in the bedroom and wandered up and down for a time. Then she lighted a cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully, almost to the point where a pin was needed. All at once she was a little tired and vaguely unhappy. She looked at her watch and was amazed to see that it was late. Rising, she washed and then changed her blouse.

"Hey!" Ben said. "May I come in?"

"Come ahead."

He opened the door and leaned negligently against the jamb, regarding her quizzically. He was now completely the cowboy—with a gay neckerchief knotted around the collar of his flamboyant shirt. She was aware of an annoying flush rising in her cheeks. A Diesel truck went thundering by on the highway outside.

"What were you doing for so long?" he asked. "Worrying over your virtue?"

"That's a leading question. Shall we go see your creditor?"

He nodded and walked off. She trailed him. He opened the front door, leaving it ajar, and kept on going. Distinctly surprised, Abigail dogged his footsteps. He stopped.

"We needn't keep this up," he said. "They'll think I'm an Indian buck and you're a squaw. Walk beside me."

They took a cab to the Pastime Club. The interior was nearly deserted. A few people were clustered at a dice table, and one woman was playing blackjack. Dealers stood with their arms folded across their aprons, terrible ennui in their pale faces.

A COUPLE of men sat at the long bar, gazing into the depth of their beers. Ben inquired for Harry Kallen.

"He ain't here," a burly man said. "Usually at this time of night he's eating his dinner downtown. You might find him in Pepino's Restaurant if you're in a hurry. That's on Frontier Street."

"Thanks," Ben said. "We'll try there."

The burly man looked at him closely. "Ain't you Mr. Castle?"

"None other," Ben said.

"Then you're in a hurry," the burly man said. "Try Pepino's."

Another taxi brought them downtown. Out of a clear sky, the driver recognized Ben.

"Say," he said, "ain't you Ben Castle, the actor?"

"Podnah," Ben said, "I reckon I am."

"I seen you in your new picture here last week, Mr. Castle," the driver said. "It sure was great."

"That's right nice of you to say so," Ben said.

"You can have all those dames mooning around and being examined by seechiatrists," the driver said. "I'll take cowboys and Indians."

"Me too," Ben said. "That's the way pictures started, and that's the way they'll end."

At Pepino's, the driver asked him to sign his name on the inside of a match cover. Ben complied agreeably and tipped too much. The driver brightened and said he had two kids who loved Ben.

"My theory is," he said, "that it does them good to see guys like you in a show. They grow up wanting to do the same thing, and maybe the example you set will keep the little rats from drinking and smoking and chasing dames all the time. And gambling."

"I sure hope so, podnah," Ben replied. "If I can do anything to influence the youth of America toward a better life, I'll die happy." As they walked into Pepino's he added softly, "But I prefer not to die right away."

The anteroom of the restaurant consisted of a small bar, and Ben inspected it wistfully. Abigail took his arm and kept him moving. The large inner room was furnished with booths, over which brooded a mural in violent colors depicting various sanguinary episodes that involved cowboys and Indians. A girl with a stack of menu cards in her hand confronted them.

"We're looking for Harry Kallen," Ben said.

"Down there on the left-hand side."

They walked along the aisle to the last booth but one. The men were sitting eating ravioli and salad.

"Hello, cowboy," Kallen said.

"Hello, Harry," Ben said. "This is Miss Furnival."

Harry Kallen nodded to Abigail in the midst of stuffing ravioli in his mouth. He was squat, black-haired, heavy, with oval black eyes and blue-jowled cheeks. His suit was blue, and in his blue tie was a diamond stickpin shaped in the form of a horse's head. On fingers of both hands were diamond rings. He looked exactly the way you would expect a gambler to look, and Abigail was impressed. The little man beside him was old, bald-headed and had a puckered countenance. He could easily have been taken for a bookkeeper long past his prime.

Kallen jerked his thumb at the little man. "This is Ricky," Kallen said. Ricky stared at Abigail with an intensely curious look—but he said nothing.

"May we sit down?" Ben asked.

"Sure," Kallen said. Ricky made room for Abigail. Kallen continued eating. Ricky didn't seem to be hungry.

"I flew up here to see you, Harry," Ben said. "I brought my lawyer along—Miss Furnival." He pronounced his next words with peculiar care, as though he wanted Kallen and Ricky to make no mistake about the name. "Abigail Jane Furnival," said Ben.

Kallen glanced at Abigail sharply; so did Ricky.

Ben sat down and took a leaf of Kallen's salad. "Suddenly I'm hungry," he said. With an unused fork, he speared a piece of Kallen's ravioli.

KALLEN signaled a waitress. "Bring this guy some food, the same stuff as we have." He turned to Abigail. "Miss Furnival?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Kallen," Abigail said.

"And I'll have a double bourbon in ginger ale," Ben said.

"No, you won't," Abigail told him.

"No, I won't," Ben said to the waitress.

Kallen looked from Ben to Abigail. "A real lawyer, huh?"

"That's right," Abigail said.

"Abigail Jane Furnival is going to do the talking concerning this matter between us, Harry," Ben said.

Abigail frowned at him. "Can't you refer to me merely as Miss Furnival? I doubt if Mr. Kallen is interested in my full name."

"It's a funny name," Kallen said. "Maybe he's making a joke."

"It's no joke," Ben said.

"Mr. Kallen," Abigail said, "may I—"

"Not now," Kallen interrupted. "I got to finish eating." He finished in a methodical and deliberate fashion, consuming every bite. The waitress brought Ben's food and Kallen ordered a cup of coffee and a sweet liqueur.

"Dish of ice cream," Ricky said.

"What flavor?"

"Any flavor," Ricky said, "any color."

Abigail was getting a little nervous at the prospect of the negotiations before her. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. Instantly Kallen's eyes were upon her.

"I see you smoke," he said. "Do you drink too, Miss Furnival?"

"No," said Abigail. "Not that it's any of your affair."

Kallen smiled faintly; he put several teaspoonfuls of sugar in his coffee and stirred the treacly concoction. The waitress came with Ricky's ice cream. Abigail was pleased to observe that Ben was eating with an appetite.

"Can we talk now, Mr. Kallen?" she said.

Kallen sipped his coffee and then the liqueur. "I can," he said. He turned to Ben. "Look, cowboy," he said, "if you came up here to stall, it won't work. We haven't anything to talk about."

"As I understand the situation—" Abigail began.

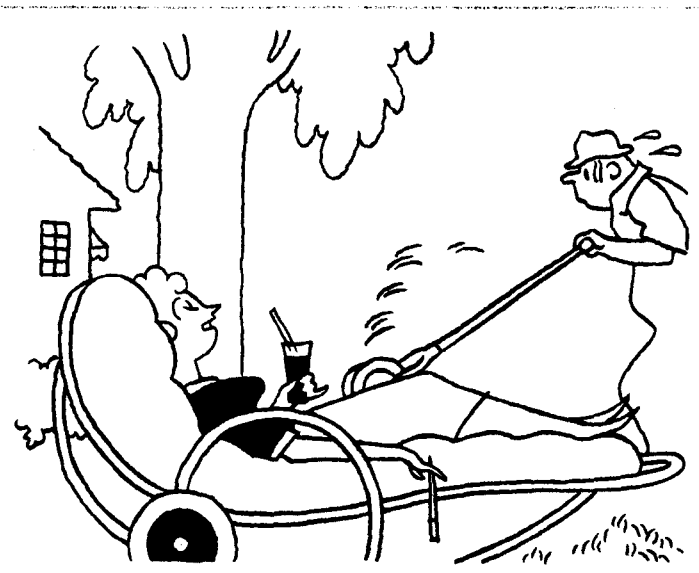
"I'm talking to the cowboy," Kallen said abruptly, without even glancing at Abigail. "I don't need a lawyer to tell me that note's no good and that gambling debts are hard to collect. I've known those things since 1922, when I was hustling in an Omaha poolroom. They don't affect our situation." He looked at Ben very hard.

"Cowboy," said Kallen, "you know well enough"—he spoke the words slowly—"how I plan to settle it."

Ben grinned his most engaging silver-screen grin. "I still insist," he said, "that you speak to my lawyer. You got the name right, didn't you, Harry? Abigail Jane Furnival."

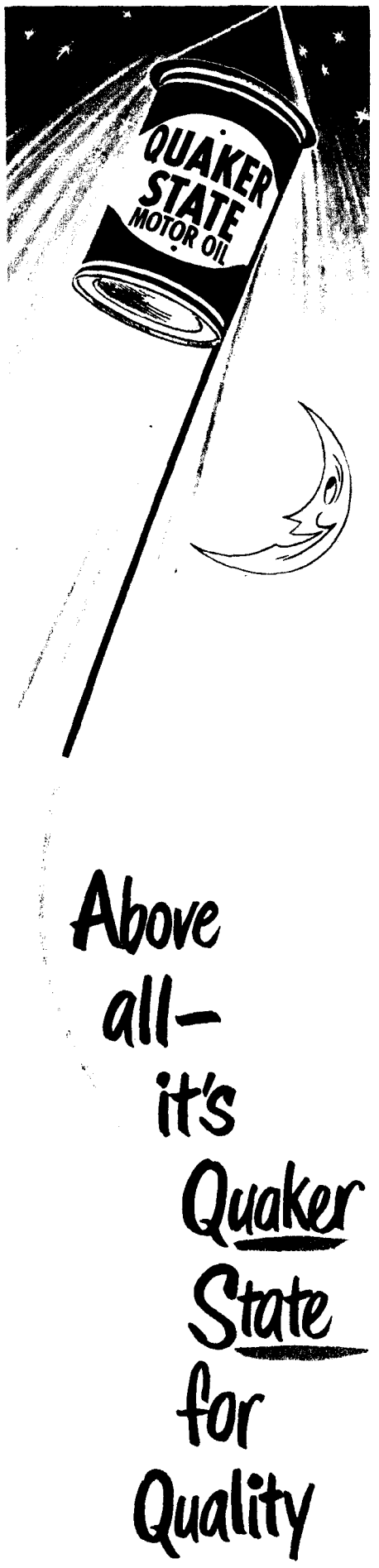
Kallen turned his head and stared at Abigail for a second. Ricky had been staring at her for much longer than that. For the first time, indecision arose in Kallen's black eyes. Then, surprisingly, Ricky said, "Talk to her, Harry. Go ahead—talk to her."

(To be continued next week)



"Just wheel me out of your way whenever you like, darling. I like to help all I can"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



Above all— it's Quaker State for Quality

Quaker State Motor Oil is refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, that is produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.

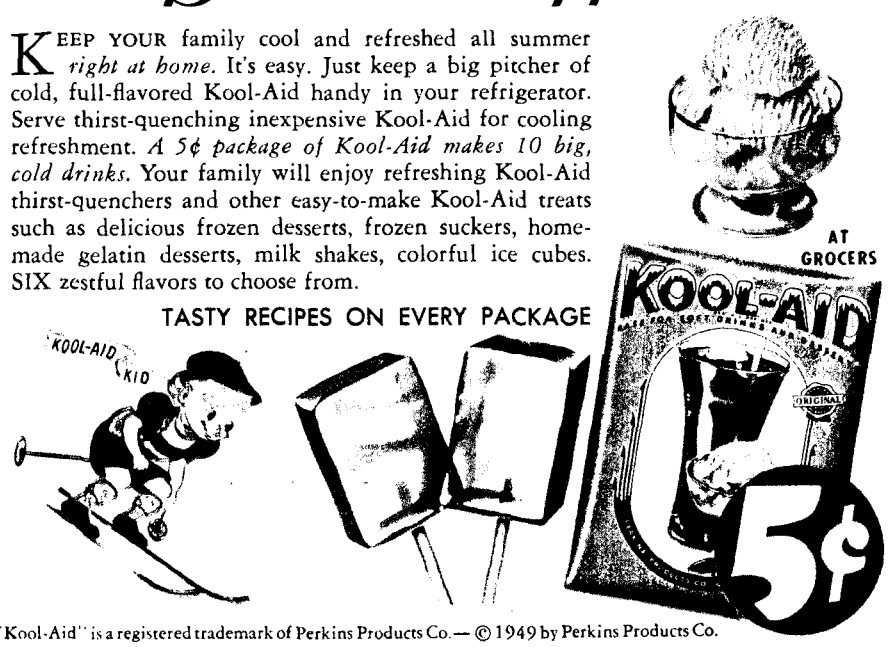
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kool-Aid
Will Help You
Beat the Heat!

KEEP YOUR family cool and refreshed all summer *right at home.* It's easy. Just keep a big pitcher of cold, full-flavored Kool-Aid handy in your refrigerator. Serve thirst-quenching inexpensive Kool-Aid for cooling refreshment. *A 5¢ package of Kool-Aid makes 10 big, cold drinks.* Your family will enjoy refreshing Kool-Aid thirst-quenchers and other easy-to-make Kool-Aid treats such as delicious frozen desserts, frozen suckers, home-made gelatin desserts, milk shakes, colorful ice cubes. SIX zestful flavors to choose from.

TASTY RECIPES ON EVERY PACKAGE



"Kool-Aid" is a registered trademark of Perkins Products Co.— © 1949 by Perkins Products Co.

I Cover the Animals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

deserting the story. Without pausing to make notes I charged through a side exit. I crossed a corridor, sprang up a short flight of steps and ran to a door. Finding the door locked, I leaped behind the corner of a projecting wall. The leopard was running up the steps behind me.

The leopard circled, crouching low. I eased from my corner, facing the cat. He didn't growl; he simply drew back his lips and showed his teeth. I have never seen a leopard that appeared quite so large. Stepping back, I hit something soft with my foot. Out of the corner of my eye I saw it was a piece of canvas.

Moving slowly, I picked it up and held it between myself and the leopard, like a bullfighter using a tent for a cape.

The length of time I held that canvas between me and the leopard seemed as long as a political campaign. It was less than one minute. But I've seen men get killed in less than a minute and I once saw a man get married in four minutes.

Finally several animal trainers came running. Dropping my canvas, I ran down a corridor and through the nearest door—into the women's dressing room. Under the circumstances I was admitted without protest. Several men who had joined the general stampede had beaten me there and were huddled among filmy circus garments.

The next thing I remember I was standing in a long room.

"Never mind the chaser, bartender," I told him.

After that when I went on assignments photographers would yell, "Look out! Here comes Tiger Man."

When not covering the fauna of New York City I reported wild life on a national scale. On one trip I floundered through the deep mud of a marsh under a hot sun for three days helping a pair of ornithologists count 6,328 laughing gull nests at Cobb's Island, on the Virginia coast. All the while the gulls soared above us sending down their almost human laughter. At times, when I was struggling through mud above my knees, I felt I deserved their derision.

Swamps always have held a fascination for me. One of my favorite stamping grounds was the Florida Everglades. Here was the home of the sea cow, or Florida manatee, the Florida crocodile, the snowy and American egrets and a host of other critters. But man was neglecting it. On one trip during a drought I flew over the Everglades in a Coast Guard plane. Beneath us more than 1,000,000 acres had burned or were burning. Thousands of egrets, ibis and other birds were wandering about, their nesting grounds dried up or burned.

New Habitat for a Tree Frog

To see some of the zoo animals in the wild, I visited the tropical jungles of Panama. In the jungle one night I turned my flashlight up into a tree and saw a large tree frog staring at me with huge, red eyes. I was unprepared for this sort of thing and it embarrassed me. I captured the frog and brought him and other curious frogs back to New York and installed them in my apartment. Callers became more frequent and my apartment became known as the only place in New York where, cold sober, a person could see a red-eyed tree frog. The frog, of course, was Agalychnis callidryas.

Between animal stories I covered strikes, political conventions, disasters and other such events. The editors contended that a newspaper has to contain something else besides wild life and its problems. When the war came on I dropped what I was doing and became a war correspondent. Instead of fighting the battle of wild life I found myself covering such things as the invasions of Sicily, Italy and Normandy and other campaigns of grim memory.

Before the American invasion of North Africa I was out in the Sahara Desert with the Fighting French forces. One day several officers of the oasis garrison where I was staying came to me and announced they had a gift. They all grinned and the gift was led forward. It was a camel. I winced but recovered myself. This one was a one-hump job that seemed as tall as a pyramid. My first ride was to visit a native chief in the desert. The trip took only three hours but all the old pains came back. I could hardly walk for three days.

Companions in a Foxhole

Once during the battle of Normandy strafing planes came over and I dived into a foxhole. Crouching there with that dryness in the mouth that comes with fear, I got the feeling that I was being watched. Shifting my head I saw a frog sitting in the corner of my foxhole staring at me with a steady eye. It is silly what people think about at such times. I remember laughing and thinking that this was the first time I had ever seen a frog being strafed. Just then another plane dived. I buried my head and the frog was forgotten.

Remaining in France after the war as chief of the Herald Tribune's Paris Bureau I tried to adapt myself to covering French politics. After a series of political crises I began to get hungry for a good old American swamp. So I headed for home.

There was plenty to be done. The American egrets were coming North in unprecedented numbers. The duck-billed platypuses needed checking. There was an invasion of inchworms in New Jersey. I went down to the Texas coast to cover the struggle to save the almost extinct whooping crane, America's tallest bird. I went to Bimini in the Bahamas and wrote about an octopus that took walks on the lawn at night. I tried to follow migrating hawks in a blimp and wrote about a scientist who was trying to find out what makes the tomcat howl.

During my absence a conservationists' dream had come true. The Florida Everglades had been made into a national park. I went down there to write a series of articles on the region under its new status. I poked around in the swamps and cruised the grassy prairies. The water was back in the glades and the birds were there in tens of thousands.

I had an office plane and pilot with me and we flew out over the vast Everglades country. At one point we were flying over Cuthbert Lake, behind Cape Sable, keeping high enough to avoid the great flocks of herons, ibis and other birds around the lake.

But all at once a big flock of wood ibis, the only American storks, shot out of the sky above us. Before we could change course we were in the midst of the flock. The birds wheeled, held their wings out stiffly and dived past us. Some hurtled within a few feet of the plane. They were all around us. It was a thrilling sight.

For the first time I had the feeling of actually flying with a flock of birds. Below us was a great expanse of one of the wildest parts of America which had been saved forever. About us were some of its residents; the creatures for whom this swampland wilderness was intended.

I exulted. Bring on your leopards. Show me your camels to ride. Stare at me, you old red-eyed tree frog. I'll stare right back. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bitter Honey

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

"This is no good. We can't trick ourselves, and we can't afford anything real."

It was Chris who put space between them, not an obvious room's width but the casual distance of two people talking of ordinary things.

He spoke as if finishing a sentence: "—when you flit through a chapter with your mind on a dozen other things. Then you wonder why you miss the meat."

Max Penrose dropped a stack of file folders on a chair by the door and came on into the room. "Well, I see you got the car," he said.

"They'll send you the bill for new spark plugs," Chris said. And then, not too quickly, "I've been browbeating your wife. She says she can't read Hockaday, complains he's tedious, obscure."

His mind was working coldly. He was aware of Alison without looking at her, aware of light glinting on Max's rimless glasses, of Max's hands tamping tobacco into his pipe. Every shape and movement had an exaggerated clarity.

Max sucked at his pipe, taking his time over the light. "Such constancy!" he said dryly. "Hockaday taught you one year and you're as faithful to his every word as some fools are to a woman."

"He has no manners, Max," Alison said. "He as much as called me a birdbrain, and not even politely."

"Unkind of him." It might have been dry, fond banter, but in it there was something colder, more devious. And it was familiar. With people Chris had an acute, sometimes painful perception of undercurrents. Almost from the first he had sensed in Max Penrose's intimately indulgent manner toward Alison an edged, elusive contradiction.

MAX began talking of a scheduled Agri conference, switched from that to questions about the interest the Boni-Arnaud Company in Akron was showing in Chris's fibers work. Chris balanced his answers between deference and reserve.

They walked with him to the door, together, when he was leaving.

"Drop in again soon, Merrill." Max lounged against the doorjamb, one hand cradling his pipe, the other lying with careless possessiveness on Alison's shoulder. "We like having him, don't we?"

"Yes," Alison said. "But don't take that as a departmental order, Chris. You'd do better to spend the time playing tennis, or reading pretty poems, with that Renner child."

How much or how little she meant by that, whether it was meant for Max or for him, Chris did not know. It was a barb in his thoughts as he cut along the path back of the gym, taking the short cut to the cafeteria. That Renner child—

In her white coat, working over microtome and stains in her uncle's pathology laboratory, her hair pushed carelessly behind her ears, she might look like a plain little girl at a grownups' talk, but Mara was twenty. Six years younger than he, nine years younger than Alison—eighteen years younger than Max Penrose, if you let yourself be sucked into a pointless arithmetical progression. And she had her own answer whenever he called her young. "I'm old enough to know what I want, Chris, and young enough to wait for you to get around to really seeing me."

He did not feel like a heel then. He'd had all that out with himself in those nights he had walked through, going nowhere, not running away from thoughts of Mara and of Max Penrose but deliberately taking them with him. He had faced the whole thing then, seeing what he was doing, what he had to do. Neither Mara nor Alison's husband could change the answer for him. And he could not afford the luxury and the waste of self-censure. . . .

The campus cafeteria was aglare with light, noisy with the blatting of the juke box. Students lingered at tables and in the booths which lined one wall. Chris got a cup of coffee at the counter and carried it to an empty booth.

The coffee was hot; that was the best you could say for it. He leaned on arms folded flat along the table edge.

MARA slipped into the seat across from him. She said, "Is this a private wake or can anybody get in on it?"

"Wake?" he repeated, grinning. "Do I look that low?"

She gave him that straight look he knew. Her hazel-green sweater was the color of her eyes; it showed the straightness of her shoulders and the high young curve of her breasts. She said, "You look —tired."

He relaxed. "These cotton experiments take more nursing than an incubator baby."

"What is all this about Akron?"

"So that's going the grapevine?"

"Did you have an idea you could keep anything to yourself on this campus?"

He felt tension in his cheeks, knowing again how careful he must be, how hard, for Alison. He said, "It's no secret. Fellow named Lloyd Corrin heads research at the Boni-Arnaud plant in Akron. I don't know him but he studied with Hockaday a few years before I did and the old man sent him my Bulletin 4. You read it, remember?"

"I helped you proofread it, you ingrate!"

"That's right. You did. Well, it works in with what Corrin is doing. We've shaped up a sort of collaboration by mail. That's all there is to it."

Mara said, "I like to watch your face when you talk shop. You never seem excited but there's something—"

He laughed. "If you'll leave off analyzing me and finish your coffee we can bowl a couple of strings before I get back to work."

"Tonight?"

He recognized a warning. Wednesday was faculty night. Any time an unmarried man of the group brought a girl it invited gossip, not malicious but speculative. "Would it get you down?" Chris said. "The matrimonial agency angle, I mean. We can skip it if you like."

"No. Let them think what they please."

"They will anyway. And what's the difference, so long as we aren't fooling ourselves?"

She thought about that. "You lean over backward to keep a gal from getting any hopes, don't you, Chris?"

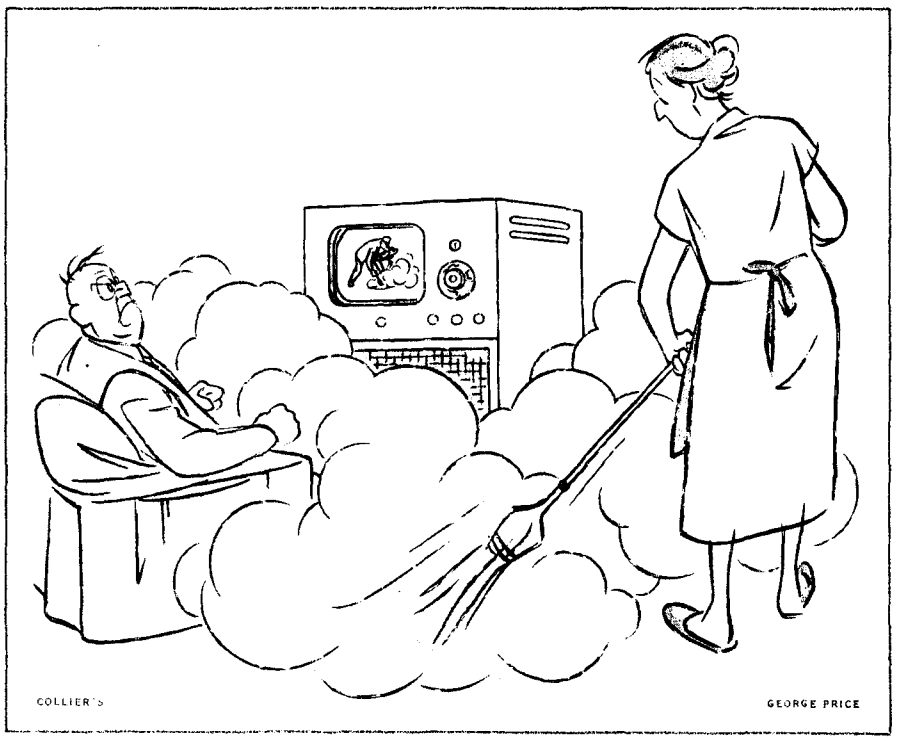
"Rather have me make passes at you?"

"I'd rather have you in love with me. But you think you aren't and it's what you think that counts."

"Brat! Watch yourself. Don't you know there are wolves aprowl? Throw out a lead like that and one may snap you up on it."

"*You* won't—I'm afraid." There was laughter on her lips, but soberness lay in her eyes. "Am I a bold wench to be so set on being Mrs. Christopher Merrill when you go to such pains to make it plain you won't ask me?"

A bus boy was hovering, wanting to get the tables cleared. Chris asked, "More coffee, Mara?" She shook her head. He signaled to the boy.



She said, "All right. I spoke out of turn. Let's go." She straightened and her slim fingers adjusted her sweater at the waist. "But I warn you my score will be shaky if I have to look coy when the faculty hens give me arch looks."

"You act coy," he said, "and I'll sock you!" They moved through the narrow spaces between tables and went out. . . .

He had an hour free Thursday after his ten o'clock. He meant to go straight to the lab but Pete Hale and Harry Cannon and Wes Niven hailed from the tennis courts as he passed.

"We need you for doubles," Wes said.

Chris's tennis things were in his lab locker. Pete walked over with him to pick them up.

A few minutes later they were playing. Chris and Pete, who were teamed up, won the first set, 7-5. Then they moved over under the trees to rest. Chris lay flat, arms under his head. He felt good. He shut his eyes, hearing his friends' voices as from far off.

He heard Wes say in a different voice, "Come on over, Beautiful. We're watching baby have his nap."

"Okay, okay." He opened his eyes and Mara was smiling down at him. "What time is it?"

When she told him he stood up, fast. "Back to the galleys."

Mara hooked her arm through his. "Let's get along, then." And all five started for the galleys. . . .

The glass roofs drew in and held the sun. Students worked stripped to the waist and Chris moved among them, breathing the steamy green smell, compressing all thought in work. After the bell he went out along the path between the greenhouses and the gym. At the crosswalk he hesitated, moved by the harsh impatience growing within him. Then, abruptly, he turned away from the street and went on toward his laboratory.

Max was coming out of the department office, carrying a bag. "I left a memo on your desk, Merrill. I've got to cut over to Station 3 before the conference. Don't count on my getting back inside ten days. You and Foster and Hale can split my classes."

"We'll manage." Sim Foster, to feed his chronic grievance at having been longest in the department without promotion, would probably insist on meeting all the Head's classes.

Max started on down the hall, then turned back. "There was something my wife asked me to tell you—now, what the devil was it?"

Chris said, "Never mind. I'll drop by the house and ask her."

CHRIS could hear the bell ringing deep in the house. Then he heard Alison's steps coming and she opened the door. "Chris—come in."

They crossed the hall to the library. "You've missed Max," she said. "He left early to go by Station 3."

"I didn't come to see Max." Then, knowing he was moving into this too fast, he said, "I saw him. He said there was something you wanted him to tell me. He'd forgotten what it was."

She crossed the cool undersea quiet of the room and sat at one end of the sofa. "It was about your camp on the river. Max's sister's children are coming down at spring vacation and I'd like to take them out there for a picnic."

"Sure," Chris said. "Any time."

He had bought the camp last summer, as soon as his job here was assured. Until fall semester started he had lived out there, resting or working as he chose, finding a solitariness he liked and needed. He said, "I haven't been out since Christmas, and I wouldn't try to guess what condition the place is in." Then he said, "Do you want to drive out with me tomorrow and look it over?"

She put out her cigarette before she said, "Yes. Yes, Chris, I do." . . .

Parts of their afternoon at the river camp would not leave him. In some day long after, he would hear a woman laugh or see some man and some woman together, and remembered moments of that time would sharpen in his mind, more real than any present reality.

When he stopped the car Alison looked away from him, toward the house into which she must go now and leave him. "There shouldn't be any time after today," she said. "It's the time after that will wear us thin—the conniving for minutes to be together, the careful hypocrisy, watching people's faces, wary of what they may be thinking."

"It doesn't have to be that way."

She clasped her hands in her lap, knuckles white with strain. "Chris, I have so little for you. Why do you bother with me?"

He squared about, one elbow on the steering wheel. "What you have for me is all I want or need until—"

She did not let him finish. Her voice was edged, brittle. "There is no *until* in this. Don't hope for something that won't happen."

"That isn't the way you want it."

"What I want doesn't change a thing."

"It could."

"No!" Her hands were on the car

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door; her wedding ring glinted in the graying light. "We can't go on talking here." But she did not open the door. "There isn't much use running away from something hard to say, is there? You're thinking of divorce. There'll be no divorce to simplify things for us, Chris. But I can't talk about that, I'm not going to talk to you about my marriage or my husband."

"I know enough. This marriage has failed to make you happy."

She sat very still, mustering that harshness which was her weapon against the simplicity and the wholeness of what he felt for her. She said, "I may make you a pleasing mistress but I'd be a bad wife for you—for any man."

TENSION let him go. For all her schooled, brittle poise she made him think of a defensive child, parroting outrageous words. He said gently, "I don't want a mistress. I want a wife. I want you." He closed his hand hard over her taut, clasped fingers. "When will you stop trying to make me cut and run?"

Her shoulders rose and fell. "I'd as well stop now, hadn't I? But don't ever say I lied to you, built you any illusions about myself." She got out of the car. "Don't come to the door with me."

"All right, Alison."

She did not want to go up that walk beside him now, to have him deliver her at her husband's door. It was a gesture, but he had learned to respect other people's gestures.

A student passed along the sidewalk, whistling. Chris started the car. He did not watch Alison walking away from him. When he made a U turn at the end of the block and drove back past the house there was a light inside. . . .

There was that one week. Then Max Penrose was back and spring vacation was only ten days away. Chris dug into work. Lloyd Corrin wanted him to come to Akron for the time he'd have free and he was rounding out the material he would take with him. He felt excitement, impatience to meet this man whose mind meshed so perfectly with his own.

He saw Alison twice alone before he left, brief, seemingly accidental meetings, but important to offset the careful, exhausting farce of their time with other people. He wanted to share with her his ideas about Corrin but her restlessness stopped him. She said, "Don't talk shop to me, Chris. When you do you go so far away from me—it's worse than being with you in a room full of people." He let it go. It didn't matter.

Max did not wholly approve the Akron trip. Standing by Chris's laboratory table he said wryly, "Don't let their fancy equipment go to your head, Merrill. And when you get back, spare us, please, any details of how the bloated industrialists outclass us."

Alison called him at the laboratory late on the day he got back. "I meant to leave your camp key at the lab, Chris, but I forgot. The children loved the place." And then she asked, "Did you like Akron?"

He said he did. Then he said, "When shall I come by for the key?"

There was an indistinct murmur of another voice near the telephone before she said, "I'll bring it to you. We're starting for the tennis courts. Max says meet us there and he'll take you on."

"Sorry." He did not mean to play against Max Penrose. "I'll see you there, but I have a date to play with Mara."

He walked rapidly across the new grass to the Science Building.

Mara was cutting tissues, dropping thin, paraffined sections into warm water to prepare them for the slides. "Chris!" Her face was excited, glad. "You're back! Tell me about Corrin—tell me—"

"Can you knock off work now for some tennis?"

She was puzzled. "What is this? You look grim."

"Penrose," he said carefully. "I said I was going to play with you."

Her smile was one-sided. "The Great I-Am hates losing. And it gets under your skin to throw a game." She shucked off her white coat. "Stop with me at Uncle's. I'll have to change." . . .

Max was talking to Pete Hale beyond the far court. Alison left him and came to meet them. As she gave Chris the key her hand touched his; even so slight a contact could disturb him. She and Mara talked of trivial things. Then he heard her say, "Be a sweet, Mara. Max was counting on giving your young man a beating."

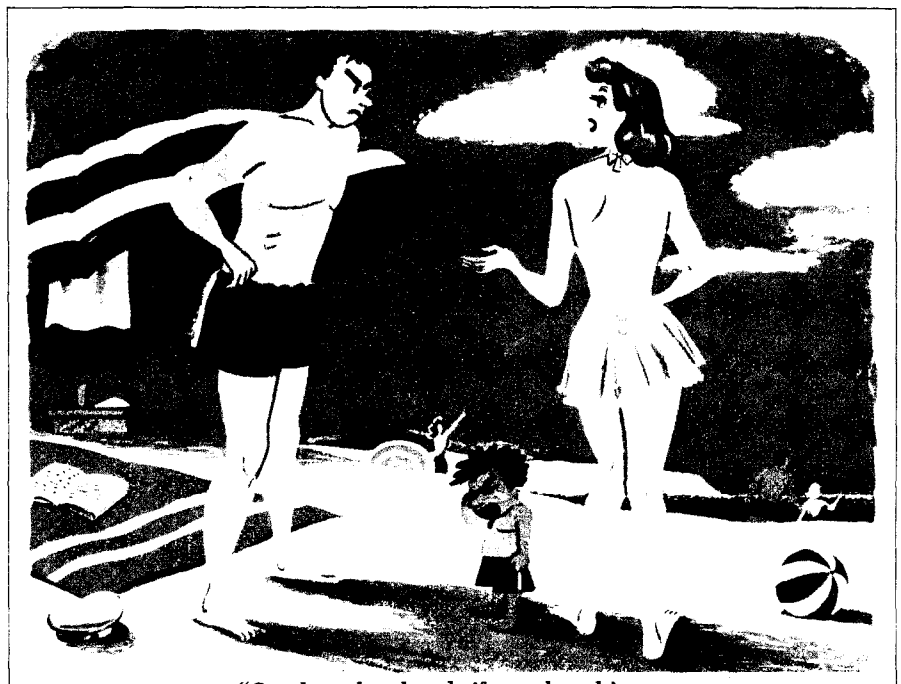
Mara looked very young, uncertain. Alison had made it so she couldn't refuse. Neither could Chris.

"Of course, Mrs. Penrose," Mara said. "I'll go and tell him that he can have his game."

She walked away and Alison said softly, "I'm glad being with her matters to you, Chris."

He kept the swift sting of anger out of his voice. "You know why it matters."

"I don't think I like what you mean. Using that child to save our faces—it isn't pretty, is it? But I believe you. Because I'm sure you know I won't compete for you—"



"On the other hand, if you buy him a hamburger now you won't have to take him swimming again for two hours"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

He carried the sharp incompleteness of that onto the court, feeling it in the tightness of his shoulders, in the strain of keeping up even a show of his usual form. Max played a cat-and-mouse game, tricky, unpredictable. He dropped one over, close to the net and Chris came in fast, off balance. Then his body twisted sickeningly as he fell—

PETE HALE and Mara came into the room. Mara was carrying a box. "You have it soft, lying up in bed while the rest of us sweat," Pete said.

"I do my share of sweating in this darned cast," Chris said.

"Three weeks—*poof!*" Mara snapped her fingers. "You're lucky. Two dislocated vertebrae and now Dr. Frank says you'll be up in no time."

Pete said, "I brought your mail. Anything else you want?"

Chris said there wasn't. He saw Lloyd Corrin's writing on the top envelope, but he didn't reach for it. "Stick around."

Pete shook his head. "Date," he said.

When he had gone Mara unpacked the box. Gay, pleased with herself, she set out what looked like enough apparatus to equip a kitchen, plugging in cords, making a work table of his desk. "Waffles, honey, sausages, coffee—the works!"

"You think of the darnedest things!" He liked watching her. And he liked the breakfast she put on his plate. . . .

The sharp division in his wants would not let him alone. He was poor company for Mara but, perversely, when she had gone, time dragged. Corrin's letter did little to slow his thoughts:

". . . We were pretty sure before you came up. Maybe we waited only to see if you work in your sock feet or wear a long red beard. Not that it would matter. You fit in here. And now you've looked us over. If you take our offer you won't be going it blind. . . ."

If this could make the break—for him and for Alison! Divorce would be but a period to something already finished. She could come to him then in Akron—

He curbed the heady completion of that thought. If she said again, "What I want doesn't change a thing," then what?

That was a question already answered. For as long as it must be, this they had could go on being enough. Even all Corrin offered, without her, couldn't be enough. It was as simple as that. But it was not the cast which kept him wakeful that night. . . .

Three days later, Wednesday, he sat up, free of the cast, and late Thursday afternoon Dr. Frank told him, "I'm through with you. But don't hurry things. Take your time before you try those stairs."

He watched the doctor go, knowing what he was going to do. Then, moving with careful, wooden slowness, he got up and dressed.

He held to the stair rail, cursing the unsureness of his legs. On level sidewalk the going was easier. Sim Foster looked up as he came into the lab.

"Time you showed up! Penrose is at Station 3 again. Some fool mix-up on requisitions over there. And that cub Hale is about as much use as an extra thumb."

"Pete's okay," Chris said.

Foster's pinched simian face sharpened. "Some woman's got him on the hook, if you ask me. Any work he's done all the time you've been out I've had to check. Not that anybody cares!"

Chris left him to his grievance. When he could see the house through the trees his steps slowed. Unfamiliar fatigue dragged at him but that was not all. Need to see Alison, to hold her, was sharp, insistent, and yet when the maid told him at the door that she was not in he felt an odd sense of respite.

"Any time I'm not here, Chris—wait," Alison had said. "We have so little time for ourselves—always wait for me." He told the maid he would wait for Mrs. Penrose in the sunroom and after a little time he heard her leave by the back door, her work finished for the day. The narrow room slowly filled with shadow. His imagination shaped Alison's face, eyes strongly lighted with pleasure and surprise. But he did not think past that moment, letting questions of what they would say to each other lie unanswered.

DUSK deepened so slowly that he felt no absence of light. And today there was no cautious need for a lamp at his shoulder, a book he might reasonably have come to borrow in his hands.

The front door opened, closed, Alison, and someone with her, crossed the hall. He heard the click of a lamp switch. Light filled the library but was cut off from him by the high-winged back of the sofa. He could see no one; there were only the voices, detached, like voices in a radio play. He did not move. Recognizing Pete Hale's voice, he recognized as clearly the hard knowingness he would encounter in Pete's eyes if he walked out into that room.

He found himself staring at the glass panes of the door leading outside, some time-marking part of his mind counting the glass oblongs.

"You'd better go now, Pete," Alison was saying.

"Go? You don't want me to go. You'd be surprised if I did. You know how that negative come-on of yours gets to a man!"

Chris jerked forward, feeling his muscles bunch, tighten.

"I could laugh now, Pete," Alison said. "You'd laugh with me and things would be safely back where they were."

"You're not laughing. But you do play it safe, don't you, sweet? A nice safe marriage and Papa lets you play. Maybe he couldn't stop you. Or maybe he gets a boot out of seeing you put other guys through the same small hell you make for him. I wouldn't know. But I know you won't walk out on a setup like that for me. Not you. You'll notice I haven't asked you to."

"Pete—Pete, I know how little I have for you. Why do you bother with me?"

That moving, barbed honesty! It beat in Chris's head, like words borne in upon the brain in that instant before an anesthetic blanks out all sound, all meaning. But now there was no blanking out.

"It's enough. It has to be enough." Pete's voice was tight, hard, but under that harshness lay hurt.

As if fed by that betraying undertone, Alison's voice smoothed, softened. "This isn't the way I want it. But, darling, what I want doesn't change a thing."

Dully, as if they belonged to someone else, Chris looked down at his hands, clenched on the chair arms as if to tear the wood apart. Tightness in his chest was a swelling weight. Moving against that weight was like pushing upward through undertow. But he was on his feet. Some part of his mind, coldly separate from shock, gibed crazily: "This is where I came in."

The knob of the glass-paned door turned at his touch, almost without sound.

He did not look back. Revulsion, sick disbelief, self-derision, pain that was like the ache of an amputation—all of it dulled to the numbness of reaction. The thing to do was to keep walking, all mind, all feeling, cradled in the hollow of that numbness. Nothing was so quickly finished; there could be no such swift and final end of anything.

But Lloyd Corrin's letter was in his pocket. And beyond the quadrangle hedge, though his walking had not yet brought him to where he could see it, though he would not lift his head and look toward it tonight, a light burned in the laboratory where Mara was working late.

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Green-Eyed Movie Madcap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

into stardom for her, it is not surprising that she has developed this deep suspicion that everything is not what it appears to be. Small children, for example, are frequently left standing with their mouths open when, instead of graciously signing their autograph books, she stares at them and belligerently demands, "Who am I?" If the youngsters' answer is "Shelley Winters," she is undeniably flattered. But still she cannot help feeling that someone must have prompted the little rascals when she wasn't looking.

An even more painful example of her skeptical nature occurred not long ago in a New York night club when a tall young man approached her table. When he was not introduced immediately by his friends, he introduced himself to Shelley.

"How do you do?" he said. "I'm Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"How do you do?" Miss Winters replied brightly. "I'm Mrs. Abraham Lincoln."

Miss Winters was reprimanded later. She defended herself vigorously. "Listen," she demanded, "how was I supposed to know there were two of them?"

Seven Years to Be Dreaded

This is exactly the sort of thing that the studio fathers at Universal-International, to whom she is bound for seven years, have come to expect but nonetheless to dread. Miss Winters is dangerously irreverent when her spirits are up. The dilemma lies in the fact that nothing can be done about it.

George Cukor, who directed A Double Life, is credited with making the discovery that Miss Winters is at her best as a gorgeous vacuum. Cukor found to his amazement that she reacted better if, instead of shouting, "Action!" just before the cameras rolled, he shouted, "Don't think, Shelley!" Miss Winters somehow was able to translate the emptiness which this induced in her head into a genuinely impressive performance as the rowdy waitress who is throttled by Mr. Colman.

As in her other pictures, Miss Winters had a rough time in A Double Life. She is choked to death. In The Great Gatsby she is run over by an automobile, and in Larceny she is shot to death. She has met with so much violence on the screen during the past year that she describes herself as a professional corpse.

And in the reviews which followed A Double Life she was variously described as a flashy trollop and a hardhearted floozy. The sex appeal she generated while leering at Mr. Colman over a bowl of bread sticks was described by a London paper as "astonishing."

As a seductive "other woman," Miss Winters has inevitably set people to comparing her to the late Jean Harlow. There is an agonizing tendency in Hollywood to describe her as another "blond bombshell."

There is evidence that she would prefer it otherwise. Actually she has a great deal of integrity when it comes to her work, but even those who know her best find it difficult to reconcile her desire to be a great dramatic actress with her erratic way of going about it. Nevertheless, she is currently studying the finer points of acting with Michael Chekhov in Hollywood, and apparently Chekhov is surviving the experience without difficulty.

Charles Laughton, with whom she recently studied Shakespeare in evening classes at his home, was not so fortunate. Laughton was finally forced to give up entirely on her, although it was his painful duty to concede that she had considerable talent. Laughton was not only distressed by the fact that she attended class irregularly, but he found her such a baffling piece of machinery that he will not discuss her even now.

Others in Hollywood have found themselves unwilling to believe that she could possibly have any interest in Shakespeare, and this annoys Miss Winters. Several months ago, for example, Jimmy Stewart called to ask her for a date.

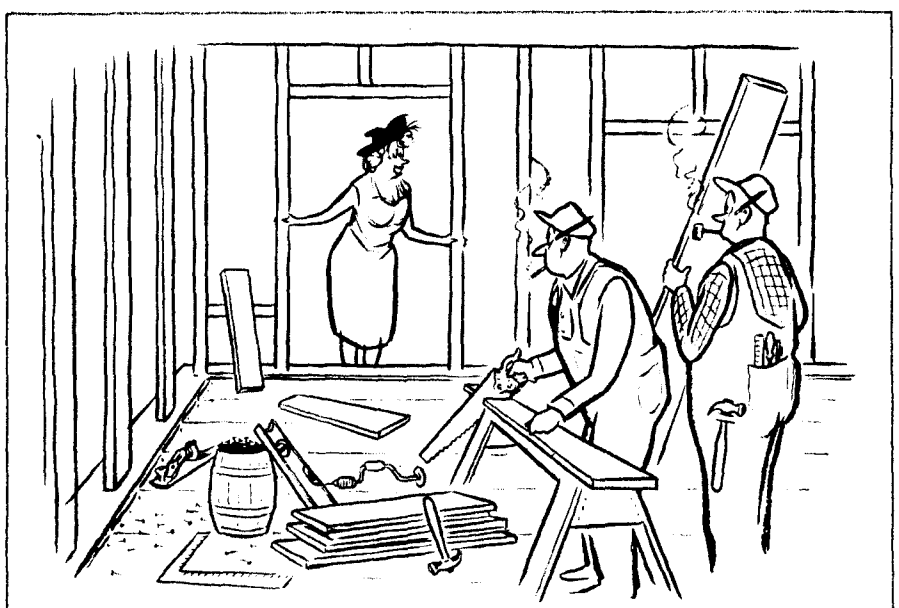
"I'm sorry," she said. "I have a date with Charles Laughton."

Stewart, understandably enough, expressed a certain skepticism. Miss Winters was incensed.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked defiantly. "Bring you a note?"

Miss Winters' blithe disregard of all convention may or may not be a good thing, but Hollywood obviously would be a duller place without her. Her unpredictability has given her studio a number of bad moments, but, generally speaking, the studio has been able to head her off before any great damage has been done. She was recently dissuaded, for example, from writing a magazine article entitled, "All Right, So You Ain't Beautiful!" but only after it was carefully pointed out to her that there was no particular advantage in her advertising the fact that she herself is not a classic natural beauty.

Not long ago she appeared at a party



"Let me know when you're far enough along so I can start making some changes"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

BUT CAN IT BE FOUND IN THE BIBLE?

People often indignantly demand that Catholics prove their teaching from the Bible.

The Bible is their "rule of faith"...and they argue that every man has the right and ability to discover for himself, by his interpretation of the Bible, what he must believe and do in order to be saved.

We do not question the sincerity of these people and we applaud all who strive earnestly to understand and observe the Scriptures. But—are they right in calling the Bible, privately interpreted, the sole source of Christian teaching?

"Hold the teachings that you have learned," wrote St. Paul, "whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thess. II:15). He refers to Christian teachings, some oral, some written...and demands that *all* be received.

Christianity did not begin with the Bible. It began with the coming of Christ. The Lord instructed His Apostles to "go forth ... teach all nations"— and to insure that His truths would always be maintained, Christ established His Church, "... the pillar and mainstay of the truth" (1 Timothy III:15).

The last part of the Bible...written by St. John...was not completed until 60 years after the Crucifixion of Christ. There was no Bible in anything resembling its present form until nearly 400 years after Jesus had died on the Cross. And the widespread distribution of the Bible as we know it today was impossible until the invention of printing, some 1400 years after the Savior's death.

By what "rule of faith" did the millions of Christians live during those 1500 years?

The answer is, of course, that the teaching of the Church was the rule of faith for the Christian world. And St. Paul reminds us that Christianity consists of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Eph. IV:5). "God is a God of peace, not of disorder," St. Paul said further (1 Cor. XIV:33).

Yet today we have nearly 300 different religious denominations in the United States, all calling themselves Christian ... all professing the Bible as their rule of faith...and all differing to some extent or another in their understanding of what the Bible means. Could Christ have left a "rule of faith" that would permit such confusion? Would He have left the interpretation of His Word to the fallible and changing judgments of men — when our very souls depend on a correct understanding and observance of the things Christ has taught us?

Because this question is all important ...because it certainly does matter what a man believes...we invite you to examine the rule of faith of the first Christians — a rule that is still maintained by the Catholic Church. Because the Bible is God's Word, and because He gave it to us for a purpose, we invite you to see what this purpose is. We have an interesting pamphlet on the correct use of the Bible, and we offer it for the inspection of all who are sincerely interested in following the teaching of Christianity as Christ revealed it. Ask for your copy of Pamphlet No. 13—C.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

Decide Today!

IT IS up to you to decide whether you'll go along as you are now—or whether you'll make extra dollars in spare moments. Thousands of girls and women who read this great magazine are making money—you can too! Just send me a card or letter today to ask for our free folder, "*There's Money For You.*"

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, Department C-48
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in an evening gown considered daring even in Hollywood, and one of the other guests was finally badgered into remarking that "they should make ladies out of actresses."

Miss Winters fixed the other guest with a gimlet eye. "You should know by now," she said coldly, "that you can no more make a lady out of an actress than you can make an actress out of a lady." It was shortly after this that Hedda Hopper, the noted arbiter, warned her publicly to "mend her ways on the Hollywood social whirl."

Several evenings later, at another party, she captured the hearts of everyone present when she overheard someone mention a contribution for Henry Wallace.

This time, however, Shelley was nonplused. "Gee," she said, "I didn't know he was hard up. I thought all his pictures made money!"

The fact that she confused Henry Wallace with Hal Wallis, the producer, was not unusual. Miss Winters also confuses the island of Sumatra with Frank Sinatra, and Malibu Beach with marabou bird feathers.

This is a fundamental failing with Miss Winters, but it is not to imply that she operates exclusively off the main line. It simply happens that in her unquenchable enthusiasm she frequently leaps before she looks. As a matter of fact, she can be unusually cagey if she thinks the situation calls for caution. This is probably the result of an unfortunate interview in Philadelphia several years ago when she confided to a music critic that her favorite musical work was Beethoven's Eleventh Symphony. She discovered later that Beethoven had written only nine.

The First Question Was Easy

Remembering that embarrassing moment, she exhibited some extraordinary footwork not long ago when she was asked during a luncheon how she happened to choose "Shelley Winters" as her stage name. Miss Winters, who has several versions of this story, decided that for the moment it would be because of her insatiable love for the poet, Shelley.

"And which is your favorite poem by Shelley?" she was asked.

Miss Winters narrowed her eyes and looked warily across the table at the questioner.

"You certainly don't expect me to answer that question at one o'clock in the afternoon, do you?" she asked haughtily. Then, as an afterthought, she added hastily, "And don't come back at six, either!"

The accent in which this parting shot was delivered suggested that Miss Winters might come from Brooklyn. As a matter of fact, she does come from Brooklyn, via St. Louis, where her father, Jonas Schrift, was a men's clothing designer, her mother a lyric soprano with the St. Louis municipal opera, and one of her uncles a genuine, sure-enough one-man band.

It is from her mother that Shelley, who was then Shirley Schrift and hated every moment of it, apparently inherited the burning desire to become an actress named Shelley Winters, and it is probably from her one-man-band uncle that she inherited her tendency to try to do everything at once. Her father stays out of the picture as much as possible in order not to agitate himself; Mr. Schrift takes a suspicious view of the motion picture industry as a way for his daughter to make a living.

Other members of the family are all for it, however. In fact, since Shelley became established as an actress, there has been a general migration to California from St. Louis. Hollywood and Los Angeles fairly teem with relatives from Missouri, who during the previews of her pictures exclaim loudly over her magnificent performances.

Mrs. Schrift follows her daughter's career carefully, and is not above making suggestions to the studio. After seeing Larceny in which Miss Winters plays a gaudy trollop, Mrs. Schrift collared Leonard Goldstein, the producer, and demanded, "Why can't Shelley play nice girls?"

She has also reprimanded Bill Goetz, in charge of production at Universal, for keeping Shelley too thin, although this is not apparent to anyone else who has seen her, and when she attended a preview of The Great Gatsby she stroked Shelley's hand after the screen motor accident and said, "I don't care if you did get killed, dear. You were wonderful."

Like most actors and actresses, Miss Winters cannot recall the precise moment the muse beckoned. At the age of four she saw The Jazz Singer and she swears that she can remember every word of it, although she is now twenty-six. She thinks she was really bitten while she was attempting to waylay the school basketball captain one day at Thomas Jefferson High School in Brooklyn. This was presumptuous on her part because at sixteen she was the neighborhood zombi. She weighed 90 pounds, had buckteeth, a mole between her eyes, a mop of wild blond hair, and could lick any kid in school. Nevertheless, observing her hero strolling through the school lunchroom, she took off in pursuit. Unfortunately she lost the scent, missed the gymnasium, wandered inadvertently into the school auditorium, and wound up with a part in The Mikado.

After high school Shelley went to work in a Brooklyn five-and-ten-cent store. She also went to dramatic school in the evenings, modeled in department stores, played briefly in summer stock, and generally struggled, as befits young Thespians.

Her first so-called Broadway job came to her in 1940 through the grace and momentary gullibility of Chester Erskine, the writer-producer. Erskine was casting his ill-fated play, Conquest in April, one hot August afternoon when Miss Winters, wearing saddle shoes, horn-rimmed glasses and carrying a large book, bounced into his office. Erskine at first assumed that she was a Greenwich Village intellectual selling subscriptions to something, but Miss Winters came right to the point. She wanted a job.

Erskine was tired and said there was no job. Miss Winters was not tired and insisted there must a job. Eventually, she wore him down.

"Well," he said resignedly, "what have you ever done?"

Miss Winters glibly reeled off a list of parts that would do credit to Ethel Barrymore, and Erskine, temporarily befuddled by the heat, said, "All right, I'll give you a part."

He recalls now that Miss Winters was so shocked that she simply shrieked, "Yi!" and ran out of the office. She was back in 15 minutes.

"I forgot," she said. "I don't belong to Equity."

"How did you play all those parts you told me about if you don't belong to Equity?" Erskine asked. When no answer was forthcoming from the usually voluble Miss Winters, Erskine wearily sat down and wrote a letter asking for her admission to Equity. The next morning Miss Winters was in the office again. She had forgotten that she needed $25 to join Equity. Dazedly, Erskine handed her the money.

Conquest in April collapsed in Philadelphia, and from there Miss Winters appeared in such productions as Meet the People, Rio Rita, and Cocktails at Five, which flopped so quickly it was dubbed "Mickeys at Nine."

COLLIER'S "It's the same old story. Horses, women and drink, and before I knew it, the whole dollar was gone" REAMER KELLER

She worked in several night clubs, and when her father would not concede that there was a brilliant future in her going on the road with Rio Rita, she left home, moved into a small hotel with two other girls, and ushered at the Belasco Theater for eight dollars a week.

During this period she was occasionally forced to swallow her pride and return to Brooklyn for a square meal at the family table, after which she would set forth again on the great adventure with renewed spirit.

A Holiday from Hunger

Miss Winters' appetite is still rather astonishing, but even she confesses she cannot rise to the board the way she used to. Once, in her early days on Broadway, her finances were set askew when she purchased a skirt, and it became necessary to find a free meal somewhere. She was temporarily out of boy friends and was subsisting exclusively on coffee when she was invited to a cocktail party at the home of Charles Martin, a New York radio director who is now directing in Hollywood.

Miss Winters started off by eating her way through the hors d'oeuvres. Observing her in action, Martin suggested that she might like a steak sandwich. Miss Winters would, indeed. Having polished that off, she went out to a pre-theater dinner and had another steak. During intermission at the theater, Martin gave her a quarter to tip the attendant in the powder room and Miss Winters bought candy bars with it. After the theater the group went to Sardi's and she had a third steak. This is still the unofficial world's record in the girls' 120-pound class.

One way or another, Miss Winters attracted considerable attention on Broadway. During a number in Meet the People, for example, she got fouled up in the music and appeared unexpectedly on the stage frantically zipping up her unmentionables. Anyone else would have been fired on the spot. Since it was Shelley Winters, the director simply said, "Will someone please get Shelley a costume for this number?"

In her more orthodox moments Miss Winters was impressive as a genuinely talented young actress. Ultimately, while appearing in Rosalinda in 1942, she was tested in New York by Columbia and was signed for $150 a week.

Rough Going in Hollywood

As frequently happens, she went to Hollywood prepared to knock them dead. Instead, she became Hollywood's number one vegetable. Columbia dropped her, Warner's said she wasn't pretty and didn't know how to walk, and other studios exhibited a painful lack of interest in her. When she had a test at M-G-M they made her up like Lucille Ball, and when she asked why, they said, "You don't want to look like *you,* do you?"

After two and a half years of this sort of adversity, Miss Winters was desperate. She had, in fact, decided to take a bus back to Broadway. First, however, she went to a girl friend's apartment and recklessly called Garson Kanin, the author of Born Yesterday, in New York. She wanted to ask him for a chance to understudy the Judy Holliday role in his play.

In his innocence, Kanin took the call.

"This is Shelley Winters," a voice said.

"Who?"

"Shelley Winters."

"Oh," Mr. Kanin said.

"How is the weather in New York?" Miss Winters asked.

"Fine," Kanin replied. "How is it in California?"

"Oh, fine," Miss Winters said.

Then she hung up.

Several hours later Miss Winters was still trying to pull herself together. Finally, she wrote an air-mail letter to Kanin, explaining that she was not an idiot and asking for the understudy role in Born Yesterday. Kanin answered that Judy Holliday already had an understudy but that he would mention Miss Winters to his brother, Michael Kanin, the producer. Michael Kanin, in turn, arranged for Miss Winters to read for George Cukor, the director of A Double Life.

Miss Winters very nearly failed to arrive for the reading for Cukor. She had just finished one day's work at M-G-M in a Mickey Rooney movie called Killer McCoy and was without the necessary funds to take a taxi to Universal Studios, which is perhaps 20 miles from M-G-M. As her appointment with Cukor drew near, she had completed one leg of the journey by bus and was contemplating what to do next when Bud Abbott, the comedian, pulled up for a stop light.

Miss Winters had never met Mr. Abbott, but she jumped into his car anyway and instructed him to drive with all speed to Universal. Abbott was so unsettled by the shock of seeing a strange girl leap from the curb virtually into his lap that he turned his car without question toward Universal and Miss Winters was saved.

At the reading for the part of the waitress in A Double Life, Cukor took one incredulous look at Miss Winters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you would wipe your face off and take your hair down and remove those long eyelashes and put on some simple clothes, perhaps I could see what you look like," he said.

Cukor recalls that Miss Winters did little more than babble incoherently during the entire reading. Cukor, however, detected that she had a flair for comedy. "I can make them do anything else well except read comedy," he said later, "so I just hit her in the head to quiet her down and everything went along fine." Subsequent tests were made of Miss Winters, most of which were pretty awful, but Cukor stuck with her. As the waitress in A Double Life, she was so outstanding that Universal gave her a seven-year contract and immediately began laying plans for making her a star.

Ronald Colman was especially helpful during the filming of A Double Life. He taught her how to maneuver her way around the marks on the floor so as to be in the right place at the right time, took her to lunch and confessed his early failures, and generally calmed her down. Although she reported later that his hands were cold when he embraced her in the love scenes, dressed as she was in a bare-midriff affair, she still feels that Colman was particularly gallant with her, especially when he would lean over and whisper to her just before she had a line, "Now don't squeak, Shelley." It is largely due to Colman that Miss Winters' voice, which has a tendency to zoom off in shrill birdlike swoops when she is excited, remained in the proper register during the making of the picture.

All told, it was quite an experience for Miss Winters. As a matter of fact, when she once did a love scene badly, Cukor yelled, "What's the matter with you, Shelley? Pull yourself together."

"Be quiet," Miss Winters retorted. "I have been waiting since high school to make love to Ronald Colman and you're not going to rush me through it now."

THE END

The Surprising Mr. Jessup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

implying weakness on our part?" And the third question was: "Where did we have a man who could unobtrusively ask the Russians this $64 question without making us appear weak?"

Jessup was tapped for this job. In the months since he had emerged as the first American to battle Vishinsky to a standstill, he had become our most unorthodox working diplomat. He wore baggy tweed suits and woolen ties, instead of neat banker's gray, and he substituted jokes and interesting anecdotes for formal diplomatic language. Also, he avoided the usual procedure of losing one's temper with the Russians.

Jessup found a kindred spirit in Jacob Malik, who replaced Vishinsky on the Security Council when that gentleman was smitten with violent attacks of diarrhea in Paris. Malik, a big, back-slapping blond, over six feet tall and nearly a yard wide, could easily pass for a former Notre Dame football tackle. Unlike the dour Gromyko and the caustic Vishinsky, Malik has a bubbling sense of humor, and some strange diplomatic conversations have been recorded between him and Jessup. Once, for instance, Jessup expressed his amazement concerning last year's heavy snows in California. Malik smiled and replied, "It's the cold war."

Their best-known exchange took place after the 1948 Presidential election, when Malik chided Jessup about the unexpected results, and took special note of the spectacular failure of Dr. George Gallup and the other pollsters. "Perhaps," Jessup grinned, "Dr. Gallup should transfer his activities to your country. It would be much easier for him to predict the results of elections there."

It was this sort of background that prompted the State Department to select Jessup to ask Malik about the omission in the Stalin interview—a departure from the routine way of making the contact through ambassadors, State Department officials or higher U.N. delegates.

The actual question-popping has been described in the newspapers as taking place during a casual meeting in the delegates' lounge at Lake Success; but, as one State Department official put it, "It probably was the most carefully planned casual meeting in history." For days Jessup waited for the right moment, and finally, on February 15th, he spotted it. Malik was sitting alone on the other side of the lounge, sipping lemonade. Jessup moved slowly across the room, knowing that the slightest incorrect inflection in his voice might give the Russian the idea that our air lift wasn't going too well, or, on the other hand, that it was going *so* well that we weren't interested in lifting the blockade.

As Jessup approached his chair, Malik looked up. "Ah, my friend," he said, "congratulations on your new position." (Jessup had just been appointed ambassador-at-large.)

"Thank you," said Jessup, "and how are Madame Malik and your little girl?"

"Very good," said Malik.

The small talk continued in this vein for a moment or two. Then Jessup said, "I was very much interested in Mr. Stalin's statement last week. By the way, was there any significance in his omission of the currency question in Berlin?"

Malik hesitated. Finally he said, "I don't know. But I'll find out."

And that's all there was to a historic moment. A month later, Malik came back to see Jessup. "The omission was not accidental," he said. The two men then began delicate negotiations about lifting the blockade—on America's terms.

The secret negotiations went on in Malik's office for more than six weeks, during which a wrong word uttered by either side could have blown the entire matter sky-high. Finally, on May 4th, a U.S.-British-French-Russian agreement was signed in Jessup's office; and on May 12th, the trucks and trains began to roll into Berlin once again. World tension eased a bit, and the Big Four Foreign Ministers reconvened in Paris—with Jessup sitting at Secretary of State Dean Acheson's right hand.

So far as the general public is concerned, this is all they know about Jessup—that he is the man who busted the Berlin blockade. Actually, the fifty-two-year-old international lawyer is considered one of the world's greatest experts on such matters as neutrality, piracy, fishing rights and extradition. He helped set up the new World Court and he played a leading role in trying to save the old one. He is known as the Felix Frankfurter of international law, since a great many of his Columbia University students have gone into important jobs with the State Department and the U.N., and nearly every day he is asked to recommend others.

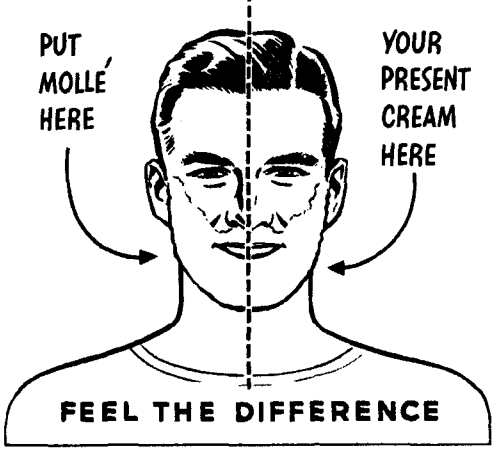
Dr. Jessup (he is an A.B., and M.A., a Ph.D., an LL.D., an LL.B. and a J.D.) has been in line for the presidencies of Yale and Stanford Universities, and before General Eisenhower got the job, he was the leading candidate for the presidency of Columbia. Foreign governments have sent representatives halfway around the world to ask his advice.

The record indicates, however, that in

Best shave you ever had or you get 50¢ for your 25¢!

BUY THE 25¢ TUBE OF MOLLÉ BRUSHLESS... MAKE THE "MOLLÉ TEST" AND PROVE WHICH GIVES YOU THE FINEST SHAVE!

1. When convenient, skip a shave.
2. Next day, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
3. Put Mollé, the heavier brushless cream, on the other half. *Spread it thin!*
4. Go over your face JUST ONCE with your razor . . . and feel the difference.

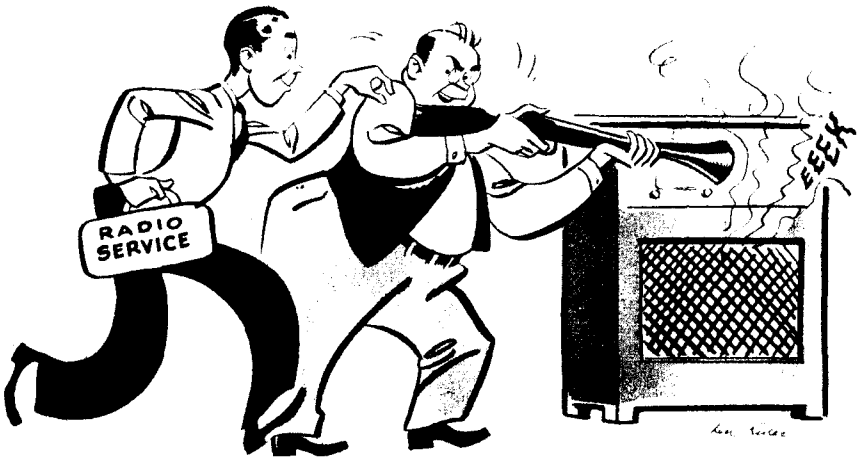


Double your money back . . .

. . . if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life. Get a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N.Y. This offer expires December 31, 1949. Only one refund per customer.

THE HEAVIER BRUSHLESS CREAM



"Good you came, I was about to do my own troubleshooting!"

RADIO SERVICE
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES Authorized Dealer

SIGN OF DEPENDABLE RADIO SERVICE

If your radio lets you down, don't *blow* up—*call* your nearest serviceman, the one who displays the Sylvania sign. Watch him get right to the bottom of your set's troubles with his accurate Sylvania testing equipment. Then listen to the better-than-ever reception you get when he puts in those dependable Sylvania radio tubes. You'll agree with thousands of other radio owners that the Sylvania sign is your guide to top-notch service at rock-bottom prices!

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the recent past the State Department has not taken kindly to having scholars represent us in the U.N. Instead, we depended on hardheaded politicians who were good at rough-and-tumble parliamentary tactics, but who occasionally would fumble the ball by saying such things as, "I am mighty glad to make the acquaintance of a gentleman from UNESCO, that brave little country that fought so gallantly at our side in the last war."

When Jessup moved onto the Security Council, the experts expected dull, erudite discussions that could be confounded by nimble-witted opposing debaters. But in addition to his ability to ad-lib more international law than most of the other delegates combined, Jessup exhibited all of the backstage footwork of a Warren Austin, and much of the effective hamming of a Tom Connally.

Putting the Dutch on a Spot

When the Dutch chose the Security Council's Christmas vacation period to begin their blitzkrieg "police action" to wipe out the Indonesian Republic, Jessup was in the south of France recovering from an almost fatal attack of bronchial pneumonia. He immediately sent for the military attaché's plane, flew back to Paris and made a dramatic entrance into the reconvened Security Council meeting. Completely muffled up in overcoat, scarf and gloves, he took his seat at the table. Nothing could have dramatized more effectively to the Dutch how important the United States considered the Netherlands' breach of U.N. principles.

His speeches had the same quality. On December 22, 1948, he began his address by pin-pointing the Dutch violations. Then, in plain, direct language, he said the one thing no one else had dared to say, "The Netherlands government has been proceeding unilaterally to establish a United States of Indonesia, on its own terms, without the Republic." Finally, he lowered his voice melodramatically and looking straight at the Dutch representative, he said:

"In the middle of the night on December 18th, the Netherlands delegate handed a letter to the United States representative in Batavia. The letter stated that the truce agreement would be terminated in less than an hour's time. It went on to say that the republican government had been notified accordingly. But in the course of the night on which this letter was delivered to the United States representative, telegraphic communications were cut off, and permission for aircraft to fly to the republican capital was denied. Thus no notice of the repudiation of the truce reached the Good Offices Committee and, so far as is known, none reached the republic in Jokyakarta."

Later, one of the Dutchmen is reported to have mopped his brow and said, "I was beginning to feel like a prisoner in the dock."

The interesting thing is that no one ever gets mad after being the recipient of such a Jessup roasting. The Dutch and the Russians have remained on good terms with him, and after a particularly scathing denunciation of the Arabs in the Palestine debate, Faris el-Khouri came up and said to Jessup, "With the others I am angry, but not with you. You were a technician doing your job."

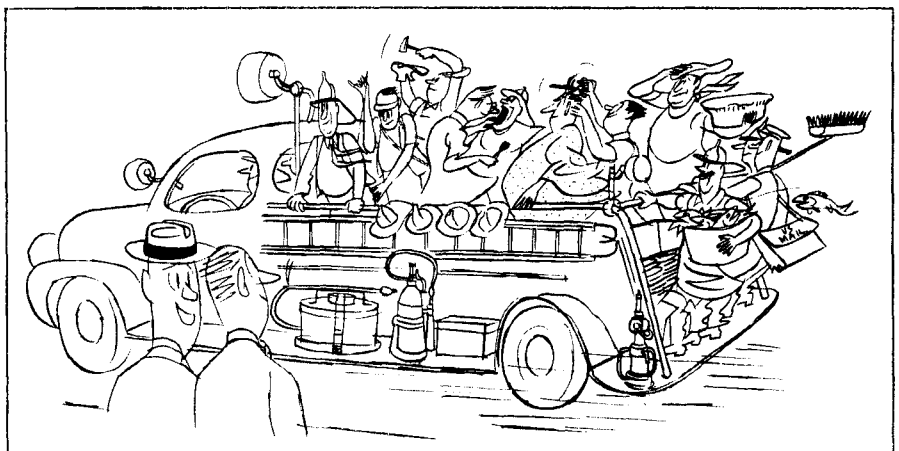
This, according to some of the outstanding authorities on international relations, is one of the reasons Jessup has become so valuable to America in the diplomatic bull ring. Charles Fahy, former U.S. Solicitor General and ex-legal adviser of the State Department, says, "They know his reputation and they have read his books. It is like arguing before a judge for whom you have great respect. There is no question of personal feelings being involved. It is simply the law."

Another expert, Professor Frederick S. Dunn, director of Yale University's Institute of International Studies, says, "He knows his subject so thoroughly that he can afford to free his mind to make a little joke in the heat of debate, and release the tension. You only lose your temper when you're not sure of your ground."

This Jessup trick of tension easing has worked time and time again. It is an extension of the ridiculing-with-kindly-smile method he uses in the classroom to tame recalcitrant students. Once, for instance, he said to Malik, with a grin, "Can we go to lunch now, or are you going to make an hour-and-a-half speech?"

Malik laughed and came back with: "If you Americans weren't so difficult, we could spend *all* our time having lunch." Then everyone laughed, and a crisis was weathered.

Often, when a debate gets hot, Jessup will say something in his correct but horribly stilted French. This invariably causes the French-speaking members to dissolve in mirth. Once, he turned the tables. After a speech by Britain's Hector McNeil, he broke up a tough situation by saying, "I just listened to the address of my esteemed British colleague in the French translation. I find that less difficult to understand than his Scottish version of English."



COLLIER'S "All our firemen are volunteers" MISCHA RICHTER

COLLIER'S "Yes, those were the good old days—bread was a nickel a loaf, eggs twenty cents a dozen, a good steak cost less than a dollar, and you didn't know from one day to the next how long you were going to have a job" CHARLES STRAUSS

Another reason that has been advanced for Jessup's rapid rise is that, unlike other savants, he does not operate in an ivory tower. He has always tried to make international law a practical science directly tied up with the realities of everyday life.

His philosophy is summed up in a report he made to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (he and John Foster Dulles are its foremost trustees) in 1941. He wrote: "I am unable to conceive of international law merely as a fundamental set of rules regulating such points as the privileges of ambassadors, the extradition of criminals and jurisdiction over ships. Nor can I agree that international law is only a bundle of moral precepts demonstrably impotent to restrain rulers lusting after power and prestige. International law is a term embracing all the rules, habits and institutions of the international society."

He learned early in his career just *how* closely his high-sounding profession really tied in with the rules, habits and institutions of people. In 1927 he wrote a technical volume about ocean fishing rights called The Law of Territorial Waters and Maritime Jurisdiction. He expected the work to be purchased by a few students here and there, but he discovered, to his surprise, that it was selling at a brisk pace at popular bookstores throughout the country.

Illegal Use for a Law Book

Intrigued, Jessup looked into this phenomenon. He found that his tome was being bought by tough, decidedly unscholarly characters, who looked like bootleggers. It turned out that they *were* bootleggers—who were relying on the book for authoritative information on such matters as the three-mile limit. Jessup's erudite work is known to this day as "The Bootleggers' Guide."

This wasn't the end of Dr. Jessup's lesson in the practical applications of learned research. He was threatened with a libel suit by a bootlegger named Bill (The Real) McCoy, because in the book Jessup had described this gentleman's capture at sea after a chase by the Coast Guard. The Real's complaint was that this held him up to ridicule in the profession, since it was he who had captured the Coast Guard. (When they had boarded his vessel he had run off to sea with them; and he was not arrested until later.)

After Jessup had had some timid, albeit friendly, conversations with The Real McCoy, he wrote a correction for the newspapers, and the case was dropped. Jessup's library in his office at Columbia University still contains a biography of McCoy, inscribed: "To a Square Shooter. Sincerely, Bill McCoy. August 25, 1932."

The Square Shooter was born into a scholarly family January 5, 1897, on a tree-shaded suburban street in what now is New York City's Harlem tenement district. His father was a lawyer who engaged in a surrogate's practice; his grandfather was a fiery Presbyterian missionary who worked out on the inhabitants of Syria for 53 years.

Young Philip led a normal city childhood. We went to the private Nathan Hale School, to public schools on New York's East Side, to Hunter College's experimental school, to the public schools in suburban White Plains, New York, and to a boarding school in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

"Only one thing was certain about my education in those days," says Jessup. "It was that I would end up at Hamilton College, where all good Jessups ended up." And so he did. In 1914, when his father's fortunes were in ebb period, he entered the famous little upstate New York college without a dime in his pocket—a situation which he soon rectified by establishing a highly profitable enterprise known as The Jessup Pants Pressing And Shoe Shining Service For Students.

He did well in other activities, too. His classmate, New York's Republican Senator Irving M. Ives, remembers him with overtones of hero worship. "I considered him to be the outstanding man in the college at that time," the senator says. "Whatever he did, he did well. He was one of the first students about whom the expression B.M.O.C. (Big Man On Campus) was used."

Ives was not exaggerating. Jessup was president of his class, a Phi Beta Kappa, leading-man actor, number one debater, power in the student government, Rhodes scholar-elect, captain of the track team and dater of the best-looking girls. One of said best-looking girls was Lois Walcott Kellogg, a Bryn Mawr undergraduate whom he later married. She became a remarkable career woman in her own right and proved to be of immeasurable help to him.

On the track team, the slim, powerful Jessup ran the quarter and half mile and, until he pulled a tendon during his senior year, anchored the Hamilton mile-relay team to some exciting Penn Relay triumphs over their archrivals—Hobart, Union and Rochester.

When World War I broke out, Jessup, still an undergraduate, closed his books, packed a bag and went off to Spartanburg, South Carolina, with New York City's 107th Infantry. He was not a B.M.O.C. here—he ended up a Pfc. in a line company, lugging a Lewis light machine gun. He fired this weapon at the Germans during the Battle of the Hindenburg line which did so much to end the war.

One day, an officer came around and gave examinations to the troops. Of the 2,000,000 or so soldiers of the A.E.F., Pfc. Jessup ranked among the top 30, and was sent back to the United States to become a plebe at West Point. This lasted for exactly six weeks. The armistice and his resignation came on the same day. "The Army life was not for me,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original formula developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

WRITTEN ON THE LABEL...TRUE OF THE WHISKY FOR 79 YEARS!

"There is nothing better in the Market."

As you enjoy Old Forester, remember that its superb richness and smooth, full-bodied flavor are the result of one family's determination since 1870 to produce only the finest Kentucky Whisky. Today, this same family is still carrying on this glorious tradition—still preserving the truth of that famous statement, written on the Old Forester label 79 years ago!—"There is nothing better in the market."

100 Proof
Bottled in Bond

© 1943—B. F. DIST. CORP.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he says, "but I still delight in startling generals by listing the U.S. Military Academy among my alma maters."

After the war, Jessup started building his list of alma maters. He got his bachelor's degree at Hamilton in 1919 and found himself the recipient of a Rhodes scholarship. Because he couldn't afford to go directly to England to study, he went to work for a bank in Utica, New York, to save up the money. Utica does not remember him for his banking ability. People recall only that he married Lois Kellogg there, and that he played the lead for the Little Theater in a production called A Game of Chess, in which he was a Russian nobleman playing chess with a Bolshevik at the time of the Russian Revolution.

His marriage threw out the Rhodes scholarship, since wedlock was against the rules for Rhodes scholars in those days. But he still had tall, beautiful Lois Kellogg who did him a lot more good than the scholarship would have. She knocked acting and tennis playing out of his head and trundled him off to Columbia University in New York, where he worked nights and studied law while she taught school. They did the same thing at Yale, and in Washington, where Jessup served an apprenticeship in the solicitor's office at the State Department.

While all this was going on, Jessup picked up his law degree, a master's degree, a Ph.D., and a job as an instructor at Columbia. He was specializing in international law principally because at Hamilton College he had come under the influence of former Secretary of State Elihu Root, the grand old man of the world peace movement.

One day in 1929, the eighty-four-year-old Root came to see Columbia's president, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. "I'm going to Europe at President Hoover's request," he said, "to try to work out a formula to bring the United States into the World Court. Can you recommend your brightest young man to go along as my assistant?" Dr. Butler promptly recommended Jessup.

Missions to Europe and Cuba

So Jessup went to Europe, and even though the mission was fruitless, he picked up ideas which were invaluable 16 years later. When he returned from the trip, he went to Cuba with U.S. Ambassador Harry Guggenheim to help that gentleman guide the United States through the sensitive period immediately preceding the bloody revolution against Machado.

After that, Jessup settled down to a long period of building up his reputation. He became professor of international law and diplomacy at Columbia; he practiced a little international law on the side (mostly in an advisory capacity); and he wrote books which, like his Volume IV of Neutrality, Its History, Economics and Law, are used as *the* basic source books all over the world.

He wrote one book completely in French, and another in Spanish. He represented the United States at international lawyers' conferences, and he lectured at the Academy of International Law at The Hague. Also, he became a big wheel in such organizations as the Institute of Pacific Relations, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the American Philosophical Society and the Academia de Ciencias Políticas y Sociales de Venezuela.

Jessup first made page one headlines in the newspapers in 1941—but for reasons far removed from international law. He was traveling in South America on a survey of universities for the Carnegie Endowment; and on August 19th he was dozing peacefully in his seat on an air liner heading for a landing at São Paulo, Brazil. Suddenly there was a terrific crash and Jessup found himself lying in the jungle among scattered pieces of plane. The pilot, apparently lost in a storm, had crashed full speed into the slope of a mountain. Of the 14 people on the plane, 10 were dead.

After taking stock of the situation, Jessup and two other survivors painfully crawled through the jungle and down the side of the mountain. The storm was with them all the way. In the morning the two other survivors were taken to a hospital. Jessup, however, went back *up* the mountain with the rescue party. Then he collapsed with a few broken ribs and a badly bruised leg. A few weeks later, Brazil's Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha presented him with a medal for his bravery—the Ordem Nacional do Cruzeiro do Sul—exhorting a group of schoolboys watching the ceremony to "follow the example of this man."

Shortly after this, the United States became embroiled in World War II, and Jessup found himself teaching military government officers for the Navy at Columbia.

Toward the end of the war he was drafted by former Governor Herbert Lehman to be director of personnel for the office of Foreign Relief, the forerunner to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration; and then by the State Department to help organize the Bretton Woods Conference. He really came into his own, however, with the birth of the United Nations in San Francisco.

Before the San Francisco Conference got under way one of the big questions was what to do about the World Court, which still was wheezing along—without any business—under its mandate from the old League of Nations. So an International Jurists Conference was called in Washington to make a decision. In casting about for experts to serve as advisers to our delegate to the conference, the State Department, of course, hit on Jessup—and again Columbia gave him a leave of absence.

Jessup's contribution here was monumental, for he proposed the "optional clause" formula that he and old Elihu Root had worked out in 1929. This resuscitated the old court by making it possible for the United States and other nations to join for the first time—through granting them two options. Each nation could either (a) unqualifiedly accept the court's jurisdiction in advance, or (b) the nation could adhere to the court, but only with its own consent could it be hauled up before the tribunal. This weakened the court a bit, but it was the only way the measure could get through the U.S. Senate.

Jessup did so well at this that he next was hustled onto a U.N. commission that had been set up to codify laws for the World Court to enforce, such as rules of warfare, piracy, extradition, etc. Here Jessup tangled with his first Russian opponent, the noted Soviet lawyer, Vladimir M. Koretsky. To the amazement of the State Department, he got Koretsky to accept Harvard University's international law research as the basis for the new code—a victory tantamount to getting Russia to permit a portrait of J. P. Morgan to be carried at the head of a May Day Parade.

When this job was over, Jessup went back to teaching at Columbia; but he soon was recalled by President Truman to be America's representative on the U.N.'s Little Assembly. A spot opened up on the varsity team when Herschel Johnson, deputy to Warren Austin on the Security Council, became ill. Shortly thereafter Jessup had his celebrated skirmish with Vishinsky—and that was the kickoff of his fast-moving State Department career.

Today the new formula of top-level U.S. diplomacy is for Secretary of State Dean Acheson to open an important international conference, hang around for a few days or weeks, then beat it back to Washington—leaving Ambassador-at-large Jessup to represent the United States as a sort of Associate Secretary of State. This formula wasn't applied at the recent Paris conference, where Jessup's main job was to see that the three Western Powers were in complete agreement on all points and did not split up against the Russians—a common error in the past. Jessup did all the staff work and ran the West's meetings at the Quai D'Orsay every day at noon, freeing Acheson to concentrate on the meetings with Russia later in the afternoon.

As the result of this sort of activity, Mrs. Jessup and the ambassador-at-large lead a gypsy existence, leaving behind them a trail of exotic forwarding addresses. However, sandwiched in among the fancy addresses you can find several incongruous ones, like Quaker House, on New York's East Fifty-second Street, or the American Friends Service Committee House in the ruins of Berlin.

This comes about because Mrs. Jessup, too, has a career. After the war, she was European Relief Director for the Friends (although neither she nor Jessup is a Quaker); and during the vital discussions with Malik in New York, when everyone went home to swank hotels and apartments, Jessup meekly repaired to a room in Quaker House, which his wife was managing at the time.

An Ill-Timed Mercy Voyage

Early in the war, Mrs. Jessup chartered a ship and personally set sail for Lisbon, bent on rescuing 500 children that the Quakers had spirited out of the hands of the Nazis. Unfortunately, she sailed on the date of the Allied invasion of North Africa and her ship got involved in the traffic jam of Allied assault vessels. Mrs. Jessup was eventually able to evacuate just 35 of the children.

Mrs. Jessup has curtailed her activities considerably since then, and today she gets herself assignments only where her husband happens to be.

The Jessups have little time for relaxation these days, and only occasionally do they get to see their son, Philip, Jr., a lanky law student who rowed on Yale's junior varsity crew. Once in a while, too, they manage to sneak off to their country home in Norfolk, Connecticut.

Jessup likes to chop wood in this pastoral retreat. He also likes to garden. When he is not engaged in this infrequent lounging in the country, he puts in a 16- to 18-hour workday, arriving at his office at 8:00 A.M. and staying until late at night. Where this work is taking him no one knows. Many experts believe that Jessup (a registered Democrat in Connecticut) is a ten-to-one bet to be Secretary of State someday—or higher. Others say that he wants only to retire from the government and return to his beloved academic life. If he does this, the odds are equally high that he will become president of one of our great universities.

In any event, all experts believe that he already has left a permanent mark on American diplomacy. A high-ranking State Department official says: "In a few short months, Jessup has helped prove that, despite its faults, the United Nations is invaluable as an international clearing house, where, in the delegates' lounge, a skilled diplomat can talk to a dozen nations in the course of a day.

"He has helped prove that this new type of legislative diplomacy needs personable yet learned men who can settle the course of nations by fast-thinking conversations in corridors or restaurants. The old type of stilted, slow-moving, unilateral diplomacy, where you deal solely through ambassadors, is becoming obsolete; and we must think now of training our Foreign Service officers in the new Jessup-type diplomacy."

Recently, this reporter had his own proof of the efficiency of the new, Jessup-type diplomacy. After trying unsuccessfully for days to make an appointment through channels to see Russia's Jacob Malik about Jessup, I went out to the United Nations and waited for the Russian in the delegates' lounge. When he came into the lounge and sat down alone, I walked up to him much as Jessup had done. Malik, the inaccessible, pumped my hand and slapped my back. "What I think of Jessup?" he said. "How do you say in English?—Jessup is good man, very good man, one of most able, brilliant men in the United Nations. He serves his government well." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDEAL *SUMMER* READING

HILARIOUS BLENDING of ROMANCE and PSYCHOLOGY IN

VICKI BAUM'S

Delightful Short Novel, "The SIZE-TWELVE TANTRUM"

This famous writer takes wonderful advantage of a setting with more high-powered histrionics, tempers and tantrums than any Broadway stage! It's a Department Store Complaints Office where an industrial psychologist is *paid* to get hired, fired, and rehired many times a day, to satisfy the blood lust of indignant shoppers. Enjoy the hectic events when the next girl in "Squawker's Alley" is a beautiful young actress—and the young psychologist overplays *his* part!

And Don't Miss the Battle of the Sexes *in*

"BRIDE OF DARKNESS"

Theo Hall, an irascible and wealthy scholar, starts a grim joke by marrying Angela, a night-club singer he knows is after his money! He mocks Angela for her weaknesses of background and character, then torments her to insane jealousy. When he dies Angela apparently inherits his money---and victory! But there's far more to this absorbing novel by CZENZI ORMONDE, and it makes absorbing reading.

HOW to TURN THE TABLES on RUSSIA

One of our most distinguished historians compares Russia to a catfish. Learn why!

"The cold war is keeping us on our toes," says the author of *Civilization on Trial.* By forcing us into a political super-competition, it is actually helping us put our democracy in order. You'll learn the significance of the Atlantic Pact, too, when you read this heartening and revealing article . . . .

by **ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE**

TELEVISION GIRL—See young, pretty Betty McCabe at her dream-job in America's newest, most glamorous field, in this month's Picture Companion. Learn how she got the needed experience, and enjoy all the other colorful features in the popular *Photo-Section.*

WHO NEEDS MARRIAGE COUNSELING?—There's no more disgrace in seeing a marriage counselor, than in seeing a doctor! In fact, seeking professional help may be the only salvation for marriages going on the rocks, says the distinguished head of our Marriage Clinic, Dr. David R. Mace.

THE LONELY HEART IS VULNERABLE—Mail-Order marriage isn't just playing harmless post-office for keeps! Read the startling story behind the shocking "Lonely Hearts" murder trial headlines, in a revealing article by Clarence Woodbury.

PLUS—Four modern short stories for pleasant interludes. Hollywood, Teen Alley, Patterns, Home Repairs, Courtship in Needlepoint, Separates to Knit, Your Friend—the Fuse, and cartoon chuckles!

YOU'LL FIND OVER 40 ENJOYABLE FEATURES *in the*—

August Issue - NOW ON SALE

Woman's Home COMPANION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BURGESS

Buy Burgess Flashlight Batteries and you buy the best! Made with the finest raw materials to give you more hours of light. Exclusive chrome protection keeps Burgess power fresh and ready.

The Outstanding Buy
in FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

SSH! I'M USING MOM'S OIL ON MY BUGGY!

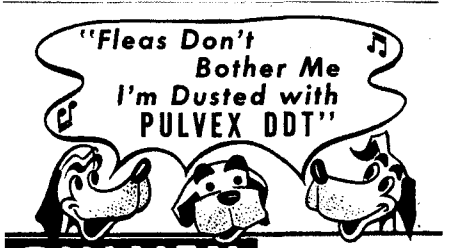
... MARGIE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

3-IN-ONE OIL

TM REG U.S. PAT OFF

"Fleas Don't Bother Me I'm Dusted with PULVEX DDT"



PULVEX FLEA POWDER ... KILLS FLEAS ... KEEPS 'EM OFF

MAKE EXTRA INCOME

by 'phone and mail!

Right in your own home, you can build up a profitable spare-time business by 'phone or mail. No door-to-door selling is necessary. Simply use the 'phone or mail to take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular magazines. For money-making supplies, *just mail a penny postal to*

Independent Agency Division—Desk C-65
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Richest Man in the Cemetery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

associate professor of psychiatry at Wayne University Medical College, in Detroit, lists four examples of neurotic drive found in the dynamo type:

Mr. A throws himself into work with slavish devotion. He eats, drinks and breathes his work. Why? "Because," says Dr. Bartemeier, "he is *punishing himself* with work." He doesn't feel he has any right to enjoy life. He must constantly pay penance by working, expiate his sins, justify his existence. Take this man on a vacation, and he has a gnawing uneasiness.

Deep down, he feels he is free-riding; he can't wait to get back to work.

Work Is His First Love

Mr. B is "married to his work." His work is his love. His wife frequently says, "You think more of your work than you do of me." And Dr. Bartemeier comments, "There is much truth in her complaint." Mr. B has not matured to the point of adult love, which stresses the mutuality of a relationship. He loves as an infant loves his toys. He hopes his work will fulfill an infant's dream: to amass more toys than any kid in the block.

Mr. C must "prove he is not a failure." He throws himself into work with grim compulsion, using the fear of failure as the whiplash across his back. "Often such men's fathers were failures," observes Dr. Bartemeier. "They're trying to prove how much better they are."

Mr. D is what Dr. Bartemeier calls the "anxiety-ridden man." He lives with a vague dread constantly inside him. The only way he can quell it is by all-consuming work. Work is his medicine. But it is not true medicine, which cures. It is dope medicine, which merely soothes down the symptoms. Let Mr. D stop working like a trip hammer—let him try to relax—and he finds he can't live with himself. He finally works himself to a frazzle, and then he doesn't have to bother living at all.

Good honest work, sensibly tackled, doesn't hurt anybody. It may cause fatigue, but it doesn't cause sickness. A man with a healthy attitude toward work stops automatically when he's had enough; he recharges his batteries. He plays.

The dynamo doesn't know how to play. Even when he goes through the motions of playing, he is *not playing;* he is simply switching all the tensions and anxieties of work to another activity. Sometimes he falls over dead on the golf course. "Yet the physical exertion in golf is almost negligible," Dr. Charles A. R. Connor, of the American Heart Association, points out. "But these men don't go out to *play* a game of golf. They *fight* a game of golf. They're working, not playing."

Of the 35,000,000 Americans over forty-five, an estimated 7,000,000 have heart weaknesses of one kind or other. The heart is their vulnerable spot. Start pounding away at that heart and—*pfft.* When the dynamo gets out on the golf course, playing every hole as though he had a $100 bet on it, he is sending emotional shocks at the heart in a murderous barrage. He is tense. He is riled up. A bad slice and he is ready to wrap his club around a tree. . . .

When one of these cardiac commandos drops dead on the fairway, please don't say, "Golf is so strenuous."

"The effect of emotional crises is much greater than that of physical exertion," Dr. John C. Whitehorn, of Johns Hopkins, declares. In 1935 he and co-workers conducted tests with the cardiochronograph which showed how the heart rate spurts during emotional tension. One subject's heart was beating at 78. When he was intentionally made angry by a question, his heart rate zoomed to 98 and held that rate for 15 seconds.

Imagine the effect on a weakened heart of repeated emotional shocks that send the heart spurting like a tired old mare with a spur jabbing at her loins.

Trains, planes and big black limousines have over the years carried a constant traffic of high-pressure executives to the Mayo Clinic. Their arrival at the handsome diagnostic tower in Rochester, Minnesota, reminds one of a small boy waddling up to his father with his electric train, saying, "Look, Daddy, I blew the transformer."

It is hard to believe that these "successful" men have worked such carnage upon their own persons.

I looked over the score sheet for a group of 142 executives of one of America's largest corporations. Fifty-three had cardiovascular diseases, 15 had serious heart conditions, eight had ulcers, 35 had digestive diseases, 52 had nervous and mental disorders, 23 were psychoneurotic, 22 had eye diseases, 10 had genito-urinary diseases, 20 had skin diseases, and 28 had diseases of the bones and organs of movement. Many spilled over into two or three categories. Only 12—out of 142—had clean bills of health.

Mayo's Dr. Habein, in a 1942 study called The Health of the Executive, stated: "The average executive . . . is frequently nervously and physically fatigued and emotionally tense, and his working hours are not governed by union rules, but by an inward drive which we call 'ambition' and by intense competition. I know many executives who are now working 14 to 16 hours a day. . . . Even in recreation the executive frequently retains his competitive instincts. He must be beating something or somebody. . . . Frequently, the executive returns from a vacation more tired physically and mentally than he was when he started."

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, one of Mayo's senior consultants, tells of a business executive who came to Rochester in a dire funk, reporting, "I've gone to pieces. I can't work any more. I can't even write a letter." The man was completely gray. He was only forty-six, looked at least sixty-six.

"What do you do with yourself?" Dr. Alvarez inquired.

The patient, with what remnant of pride he had, boasted that he had been a "terrific worker—tremendous capacity." Head of a chain of retail stores, he had worked night and day during peak seasons. "Sometimes I didn't have my clothes off for three days," he said.

A man of high intelligence, this executive could have told you what was wrong with any store operation, any sales campaign—or even the United States government or the world, if you asked him. There was only one thing he was stupid about: himself.

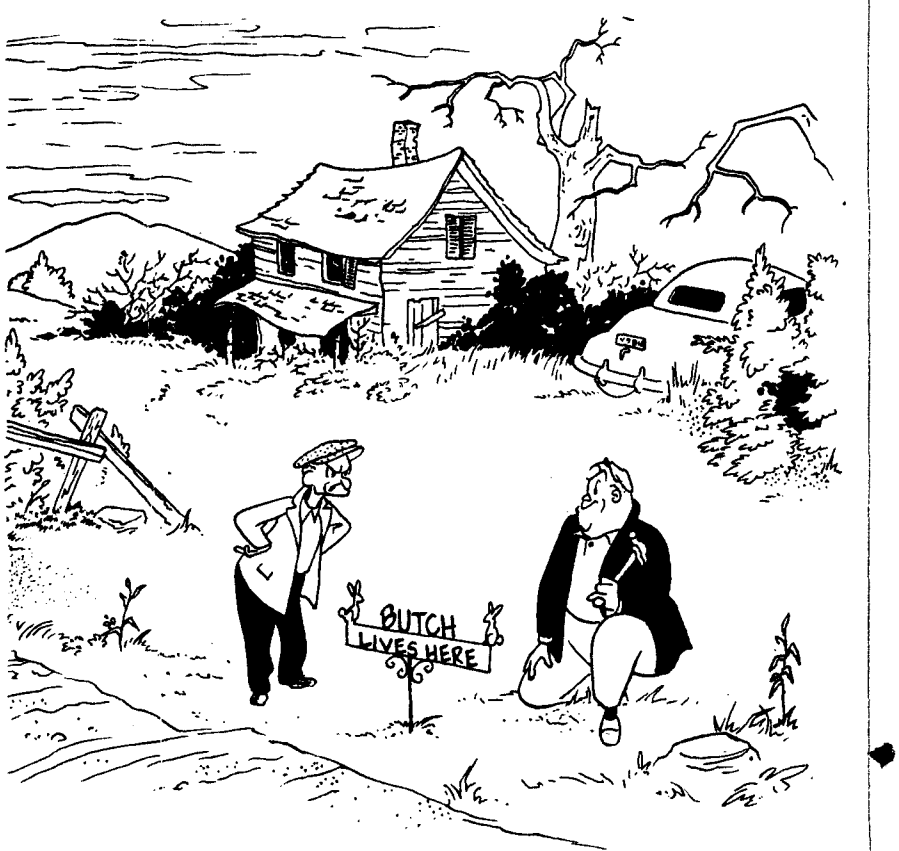
Four Jobs Weren't Enough

Another hard-driver went to Mayo's to be patched up and was told, as he took the train back to Chicago, "You'll have to take it easier from now on." He was already the head of four corporations. One day a fifth corporation was offered to him. Dr. Alvarez heard about it. "Well, did you take it?" he asked the patient. Red-faced, the big executive admitted, "I'm afraid I did."

One patient was even more assiduous in his pursuit of a cemetery plot. When told that he'd die in three years if he kept on being a department manager, while he might live another 20 if he'd step down and be a clerk, he replied, "No, Doctor, I wouldn't want to live 20 years under those circumstances."

Rigidity. Lack of adaptability. Dr. Howard P. Rome, of Mayo's psychiatric section, sees these qualities as hallmarks of the hard-driven. He lives under what

BUTCH



"Sure I like signs on front lawns, but this is a hideout. It's supposed to be secret, see?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Rome calls a "personal bureaucracy." He is a police state unto himself. He makes himself toe the line, goose-step, more severely than any tyrant could. He is, in short, his own worst enemy.

Life insurance companies are wary of the hard-driver. "When we see a man who can't walk, who has to run; who must do everything himself, who can't delegate a job—we give him a very special look," remarks William F. Stokum, top underwriter of the New York Life Insurance Company. Experience with "jumbo risks," the big policies that run $100,000 and up, has taught insurance men that the physical examination does not tell the whole story. They must watch out for that time fuse of compulsions hidden deep inside.

A Perfect Insurance Risk

Stokum tells of a big chemical operator, who at forty-nine, applied for the top limit of insurance with several major companies. Painstaking examinations showed not a thing wrong with him. He gathered in one jumbo policy after another, until his life was insured for three quarters of a million dollars. One morning two years later, his wife drove him to the train; he put his foot on the parlor-car step, turned to wave good-by, and fell over dead.

"There was nothing wrong with that man—nothing but pressure," Stokum says. "He had been driving himself without mercy."

Insurance companies know that the human constitution is like a building. Some parts are stronger than others. In a cyclone something is going to give way first—perhaps the roof, perhaps the walls, perhaps the girders. What is a man's danger spot for inner cyclones? That's what they try to find out.

In the last six years special attention has been paid to the aorta, the main arterial trunk of the heart. It is quite normal for it to enlarge, harden a little, and twist as a man gets older. But if it reaches questionable proportions (becoming a Type 1, 2 or 3 aorta, as the underwriters put it), the amount of insurance a man can get is strictly limited. Why? "Because a load of high tension, a few emotional explosions, might kill a man with that condition," Stokum explains.

These inner loads can be far more devastating than hard labor. They actually can be more tiring. Any doctor will tell you that laborers very rarely complain of fatigue. They work hard, tire their muscles, go home and get a good night's sleep. In the morning they're fresh again. The man who never gets rested, who is in a chronic state of fatigue, is the one whose *emotions* are working overtime. They drain a lot more energy than muscles.

A study by Dr. H. L. Smith, reported in 1937 in the Journal of the American Medical Association, showed that coronary disease was *twice as common* among bankers and lawyers—who work sitting down—as among sweating, toiling farmers and laborers. Dr. Smith concluded, "The incidence (of coronary disease) is lowest among those who do manual labor and highest among those who do mental work."

The body seems to have its own cutoff for physical labor. If we get tired mowing the lawn, we sit down and rest. If we've been digging in the garden all day, we go to bed early. But the mind doesn't seem to have any cutoff. We can go through the motions of going to bed, but if we're the dynamo type, our brain keeps churning. We toss on our pillow. We can't sleep. Sometimes we sleep fitfully. That sputtering brain wakes us up. How can we expect to be "rested" next morning?

Watching some of our best men race to the grave is no pleasant spectacle. Heart specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White declares, "My own recent experience . . . has made me believe that the situation is appalling and demands action on our part."

What to do?

Perhaps a change of focus is in order.

Perhaps we should concentrate less on *making a living*. Perhaps we should concentrate more on *making a life*.

Take the case of Louis R. Lurie, one of the most successful businessmen in San Francisco. Financier and real-estate operator, Lurie has piled up a most agreeable living; he has also piled up a most agreeable life. I met him at one of his famous "lunches at Jack's." Every day at noon Lurie meets a gang of his cronies—a banker, a judge, a merchant, perhaps a visiting actor from New York, a lawyer, a few vice-presidents—and together they eat over a big round table. They chat and dawdle. They enthuse over a new kind of omelet, or a schnitzel sauce.

"Up to ten years ago I used to get the gang out as fast as possible—now I keep them there as *long as possible*," Lurie remarks.

"From the time I was twelve years old up to the time I was fifty (in 1939), I worked from 12 to 16 hours a day seven days a week," he relates. "Then came the old coronary thrombosis.

"After I had been in bed flat on my back for about a month, the doctor, following his usual daily examination, said, 'Well, Louis, you're fine this morning. God certainly was good to you.'

"I yelled out, 'What do you mean, Doc—*good to me!* I had a heart attack, didn't I?' And he said, 'Yes, that's correct. But now you can live as long as you want to live. All you have to do is change your mode of living. . . .' "

So ten years ago Lurie slowed down. He kept in his breast pocket a memorandum from the doctor: "You must indulge in mental tasks only when your mind is fresh, and cease from them when you become mentally weary. In this way you will be able to give your best consideration to your business problems with least strain to yourself." In ten years Louis Lurie has had more fun than in the previous 50 years combined. He has made a lot of money too. It surprises some men that even in money-making, *easy does it*.

Maybe what we really need to do is *grow up*. There is much that is pathetically childish about our rush to keep up with the Joneses, to barricade ourselves with possessions, to race ourselves to death in the rush of materialism.

It's not *arteriosclerosis* many men die of. It's *materio-sclerosis*.

Adults with Juvenile Ideals

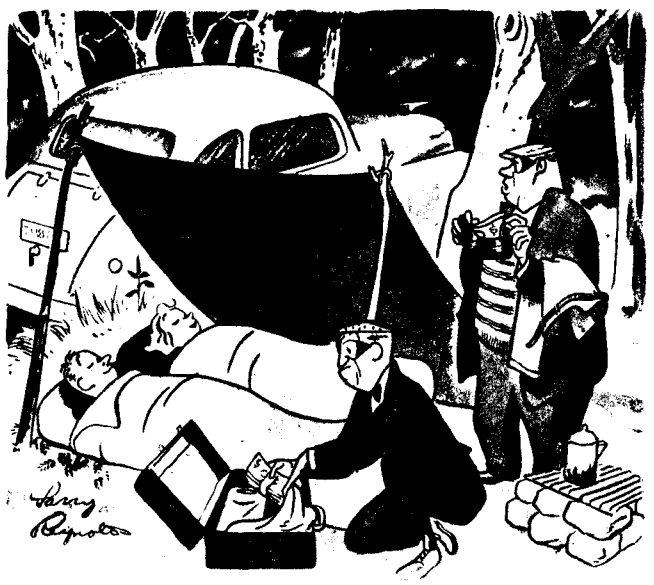
Says Johns Hopkins' Dr. Whitehorn, "Our modern culture stresses adolescent values—competitiveness, the striving for prestige symbols. The idea of a man spending his life trying to beat out the other fellow is hardly grown up." The hard-driving moneygrubber is psychologically like the bobby-soxer who must prove personal prestige by collecting dance programs, swizzle sticks, fraternity pins and Vaughn Monroe's autograph.

What is maturity?

"The grown-up man has his prestige and security within him," says Detroit's Dr. Bartemeier. "He doesn't have to make a million dollars. He doesn't need the biggest car. His joy comes from being a *person*, a fully realized human being. He is able *really* to love his wife and children, to give out to them. He has faith in them.

"He participates in his community, feels a kinship with all the people in it. He can play. He can even mix play with his work. There is nothing eating him up inside."

Such a man is not a money slave. He realizes that being the richest man on earth might have its advantages. But being the richest man in the cemetery?—there's no percentage in that. THE END



"They look like such nice people. Wouldn't you think they'd have sense enough to carry American Express Travelers Cheques?"

Whether you're vacationing in the country or seeing the city's sights, never leave home with more *cash* than you can afford to lose. Instead, carry American Express Travelers Cheques. If they are lost or stolen, you get a quick refund. And your signature is the only identification you need to spend them anywhere because *American Express* Travelers Cheques are the most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Ask for American Express Travelers Cheques at Banks, Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100 . . . 40¢ for $50 or less.

CONVENIENT AS CASH — 100% SAFE!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

Money!

NOBODY ever had too much—especially in these trying times. But members of the Pin Money Club have an easy, pleasant way to earn extra dollars in their spare moments. Why shouldn't you, too? Just send a card or letter today for our free folder for girls and women called, *"There's Money For You."* Do it today!

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, Department C-47
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"Here. You'll need these to see where it goes . . . I'm a Wheaties man."

Who wouldn't be confident after tucking away all the good nourishment in Wheaties? With milk and fruit—a famous training dish! These 100% whole wheat flakes enjoyed by Big Leaguers Boudreau, Mize—many others! Had *your* Wheaties today? "Breakfast of Champions!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARMANDO

RESPECT FOR OUR BETTORS

TWO MEN FROM MISSOURI were having a difference of opinion.

"Want to bet?" the first one asked, and then allowed that he was willing to bet a dollar. The second Missourian said he'd take the bet. And that's all there is to the story, except that the first Missourian was Pete Brandt of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and the second one was the President of the United States.

Maybe it isn't much of a story, but we liked it. We discussed it with a couple of people who didn't.

One of them said that Mr. Truman or somebody should have reprimanded the reporter for such a flip suggestion, especially since he neglected to preface it with the customary "Mr. President." The other thought the whole performance reflected on the dignity of Mr. Truman's high office.

We couldn't agree. The incident took place at a White House press conference, where the correspondents meet the President on a man-to-man and toe-to-toe basis to get the chief executive's firsthand report on what he's thinking and doing about the people's business. Sometimes the questions are pretty pointed, and the answers equally sharp.

We think this give-and-take is a healthy practice. We also think it is a symptom of a healthy form and conduct of government. The Presidency is a dignified office. But the man who holds the office inherits the dignity; he doesn't create it. His authority is great but limited, and he is always accountable for the way he uses it. He is neither hereditary monarch nor self-perpetuating dictator, but a private citizen turned public servant. And he can be treated like a human being without disrespect.

There are some who think a nation's highest office should be protected by a hedge of formality and aloofness. But as for us, we'd rather live in a country where a reporter can bet a buck with the President than in one where a cat considers it a privilege to look at a king.

Note to Congress

THE UNITED STATES has lost the services of a distinguished and devoted public servant. After several years in the State Department he stood at the threshold of a promising diplomatic career. He had already won international fame through services which increased the strength of the United Nations and the prestige of his own country. At a time when diplomatic wisdom is sorely needed, the government can ill afford his loss.

Fortunately, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche is not dead. But his highest capabilities are denied to the government as effectively as if he were. He has refused the post of Assistant Secretary of State, which the President offered him and which he properly should have, because he will no longer live and work in racially segregated Washington. He knew from experience that residence in the capital of the world's greatest democracy would have humiliated his family. He also must have known how much it would have embarrassed his country.

Suppose he had accepted. His position would have put him in frequent contact with representatives of other governments. But, as a Negro, he could not have eaten with them in a public place. He could not have taken part in many other normal social activities. And his absence would have pointed up the contradiction in the way that democracy is preached and practiced in Washington.

The contradiction is especially unfortunate because it detracts from the progress toward equality in other parts of the country. Theoretically, of course, there is no such thing as a first-class or second-class American citizen. So perhaps we shouldn't cheer too loudly when a Negro is treated as the Constitution says all citizens should be.

But this is a practical world. And there is encouragement in the practical fact that, during most of Ralph Bunche's life, the color of his skin has not barred him from the opportunities that come to a person of superior intelligence. He sailed through the University of California at Los Angeles and Harvard on scholarships. He has a wide choice of cities where he can be treated like anyone else. But Washington custom marks him as inferior.

Isn't it about time, then, that Congress, as the capital's city government, did something about this? Washington is not a Southern city. It is located in federal territory and inhabited by people from all over the country.

Washington once had a law prohibiting racial discrimination. It disappeared quietly from the statute books around the turn of the century. Congress ought to restore it. It is bad enough to flaunt a degrading, undemocratic practice before the eyes of the world's representatives. It is worse to rob the government, through this practice, of one of its most gifted diplomats.

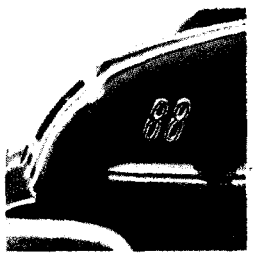
Word Battle

IT'S PROBABLY JUST AS WELL that the Joint Chiefs of Staff called off that test "battle" between the Air Force's big B-36 and the Navy's Banshee jet fighter. The advance publicity from the rival services created a suspicion that the proposed encounter might have been more showoff than showdown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You've got to drive it to believe it!

You can always tell an Oldsmobile "88"—not just by the numerals on the rear fender—but also by the way it *goes!* The first time you see that sleek Futuramic hood sweep ahead of the field, you get a hint of that "Rocket" Engine power. But to appreciate an "88," you've got to *try* it! Then—and only then—can you feel for yourself that swift-surging "Rocket" response . . . so smoothly delivered by Hydra-Matic Drive*. Only then will you experience the maneuverability that goes with the "88's" compact Body by Fisher. And only then will you know the unique "88" sensation—that soaring, airborne ease of travel! You've got to *drive* it to *believe* it—and your Oldsmobile dealer invites you to do so *soon!* Phone him—make a date with the "88"—discover the most thrilling "New Thrill" of all!



"88"

LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH "ROCKET" ENGINE

*Above: Oldsmobile "88" Club Sedan. *Hydra-Matic Drive standard equipment on Series "98" and "88," optional at extra cost on "76." White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.*

"The New Thrill"

OLDSMOBILE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUCKIES PAY MORE

to give you a finer cigarette!

Yes, at tobacco auctions Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine tobacco!

There's no finer cigarette in the world today than Lucky Strike! To bring you this finer cigarette, the makers of Lucky Strike go after fine, light, naturally mild tobacco—*and pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get it!* So buy a carton of Luckies today. See for yourself how much finer and smoother Luckies really are—how much *more* real deep-down smoking enjoyment they give you. Yes, smoke a Lucky! You'll agree it's a finer, milder, more enjoyable cigarette!

B. G. CONNER, *independent tobacco buyer of South Boston, Va., says: "I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco at auction after auction. I've smoked Luckies myself for 18 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette!*

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED